Liberty

JUNE 5, 1943

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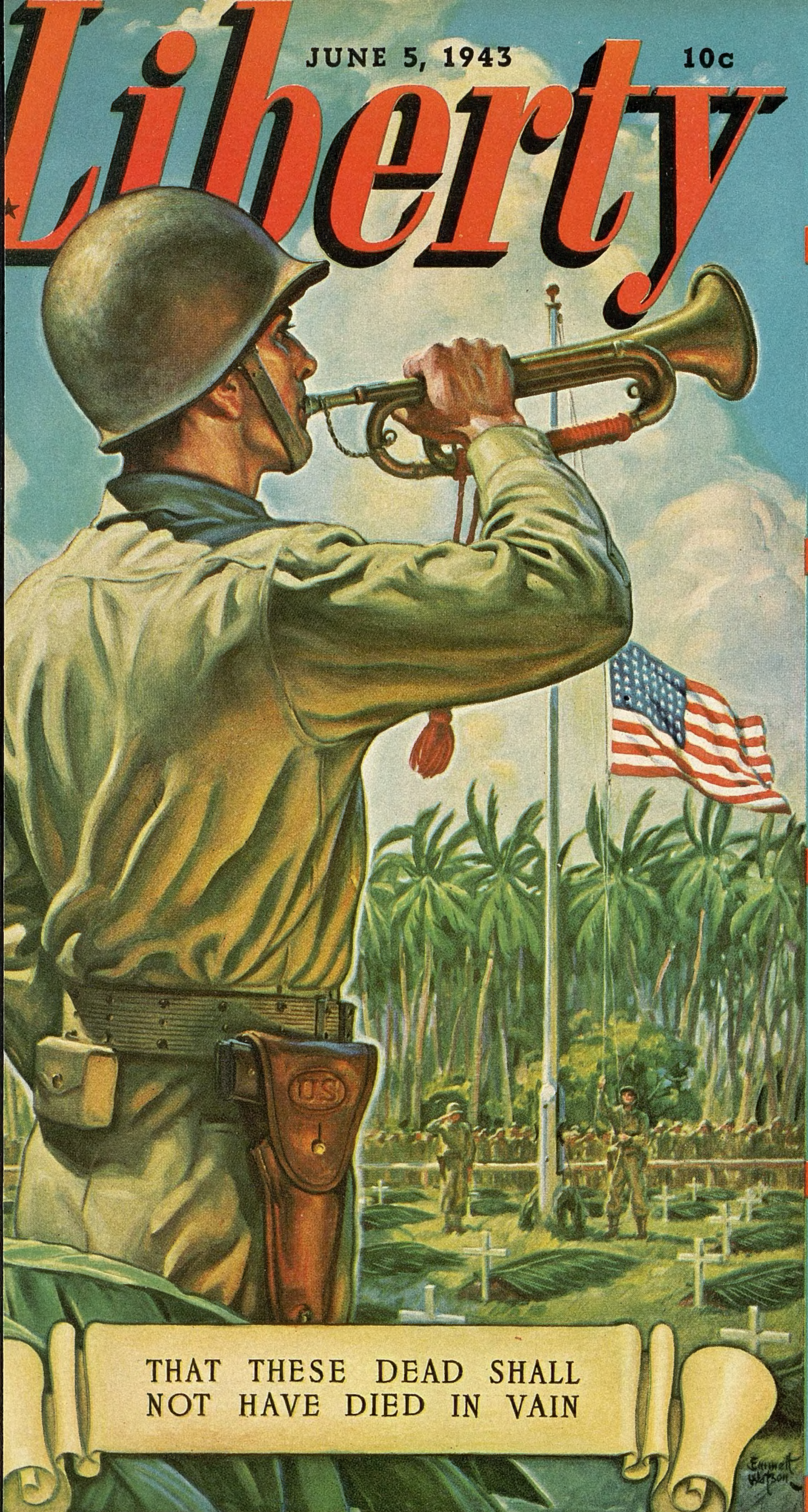

THAT THESE DEAD SHALL
NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN
Emmett Watson

BOOK:
INTO THE VALLEY
by John Hersey
An "Imperative"
Best Seller

LIBERTY

A NEW SERIAL
OF LOVE
AND NAZI INTRIGUE
by
Mitchell Wilson

LIBERTY

Monsignor Ryan
Rev. Talbott
Rabbi Wise
on
PUNISHMENT FOR
AGGRESSOR NATIONS

LIBERTY

WHAT "FREEDOM
OF THE AIR"
REALLY MEANS
by
Waldemar Kaempffert

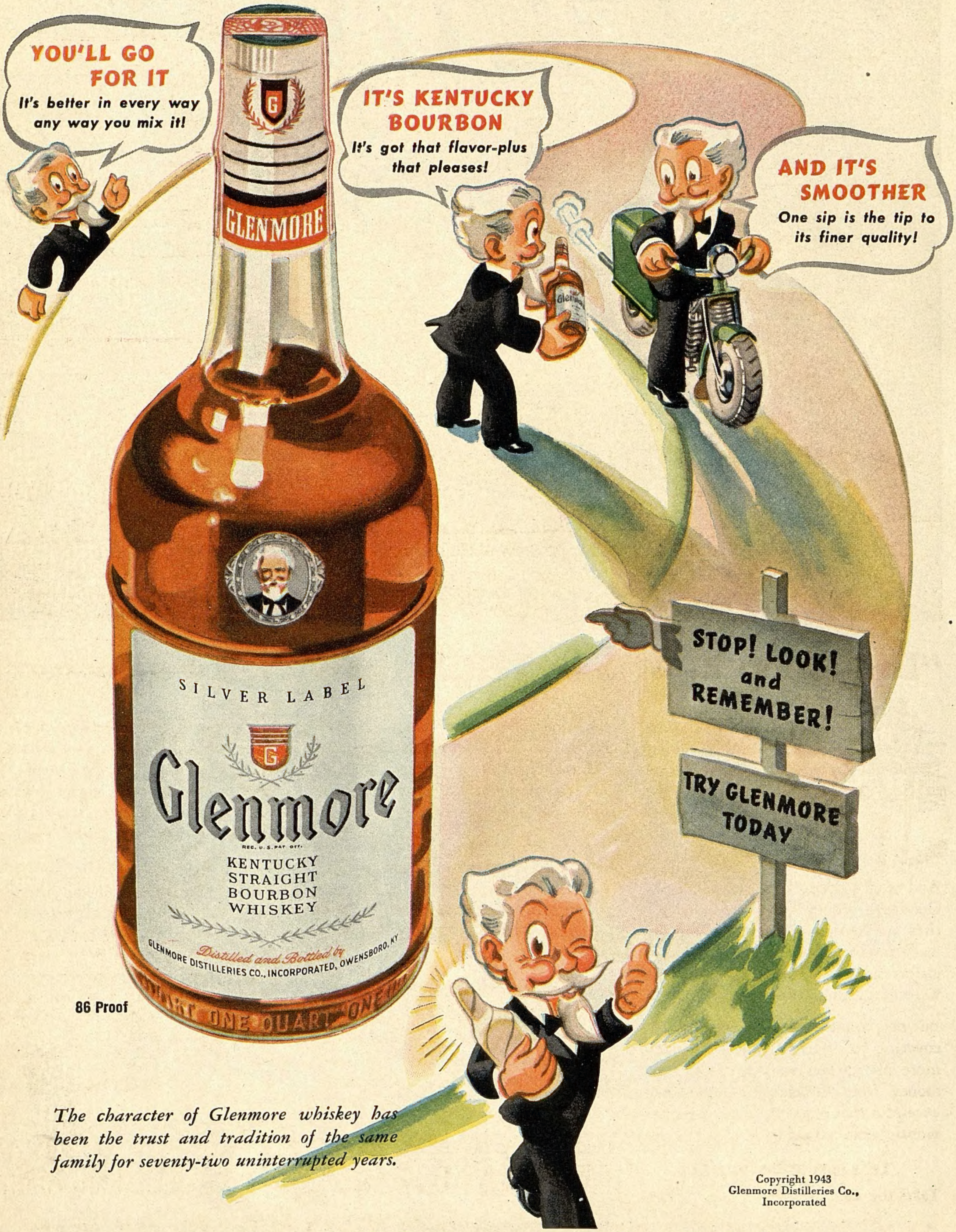
LIBERTY

HOW SCIENCE
OUTWITS
INDUSTRIAL FATIGUE
by
Gretta Palmer

LIBERTY

Choosey about your whiskey?

CHOOSE RICHER, MILDER GLENMORE!


YOU'LL GO FOR IT
It's better in every way any way you mix it!
IT'S KENTUCKY BOURBON
It's got that flavor-plus that pleases!
AND IT'S SMOOTHER
One sip is the tip to its finer quality!
GLENMORE
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, OWENSBORO, KY
ONE QUART ONE QUART ONE
STOP! LOOK! and REMEMBER!
TRY GLENMORE TODAY

86 Proof

The character of Glenmore whiskey has been the trust and tradition of the same family for seventy-two uninterrupted years.

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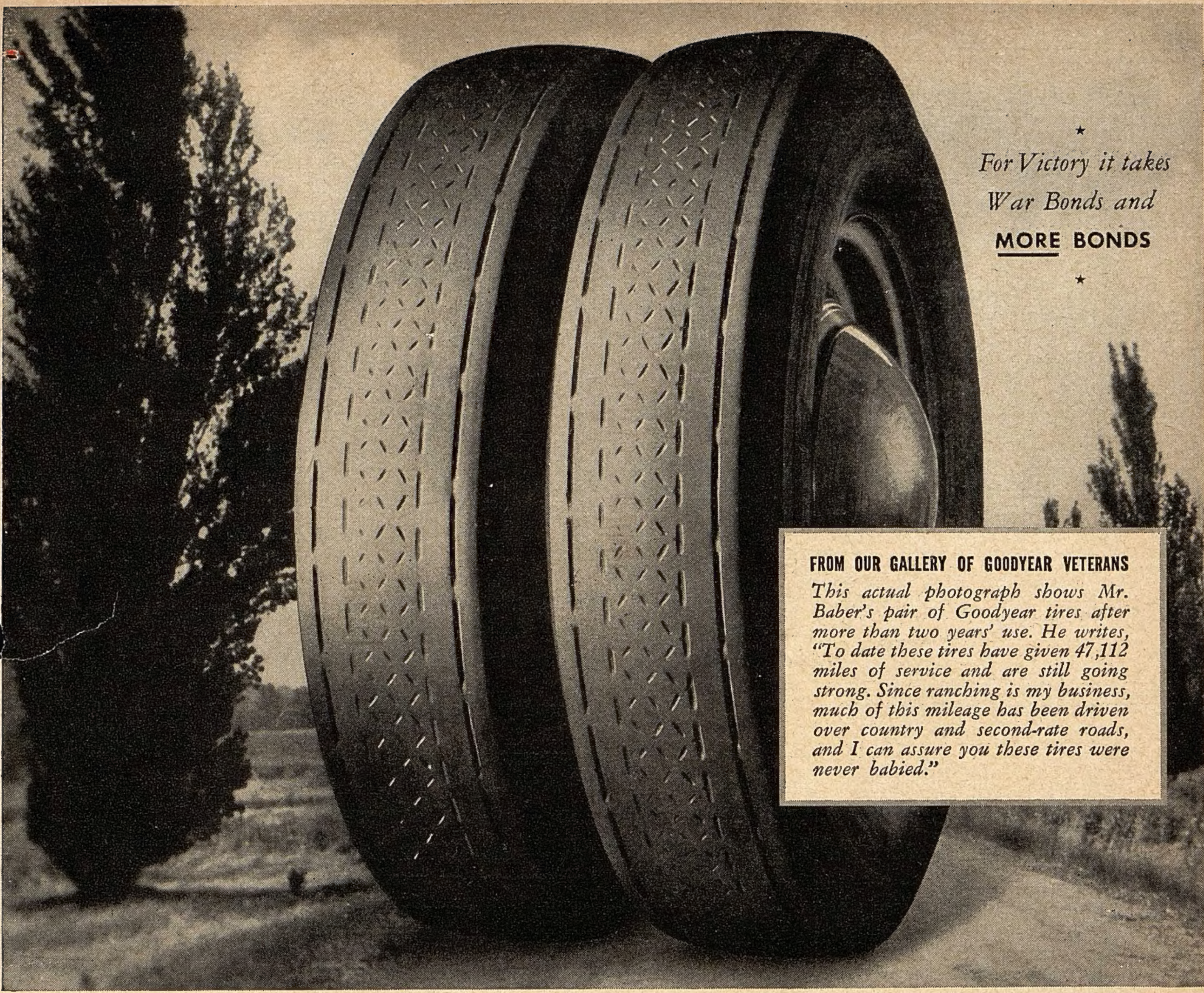
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE



FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

This actual photograph shows Mr. Baber's pair of Goodyear tires after more than two years' use. He writes, "To date these tires have given 47,112 miles of service and are still going strong. Since ranching is my business, much of this mileage has been driven over country and second-rate roads, and I can assure you these tires were never babied."

"In 18 months of war, TIRES show their true colors"

ONE of the brightest spots on the home front since Pearl Harbor is the magnificent job tires have done in keeping America's cars running.

And what's even more pleasing to us Goodyear dealers is the way Goodyear tires are living up to every claim we made for them back in prewar days -- claims some folks may have thought were exaggerated then.

But now countless car owners are discovering for the first time how much more mileage you really do get for your money from Goodyears – *a performance-plus that runs into many precious months' extra service!*

Let's look at the record

Take the case of Mr. W. H. Baber, Superintendent, Llano Seco Rancho, Butte County, California. Today he's riding on a set of Goodyears, purchased in February 1941, that have gone 47,112 miles over some pretty rough roads.

The pay-off is that these tires are still far from worn out, as you can see from the photograph above. And this is only one of many cases of veteran Goodyears in service today with 40,000 to 60,000 miles behind them.

What about tomorrow's Goodyears?

The same skill and quality that gave these Goodyears their long lease on life will go into future tires made of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum. Just when such tires will be available to the public is something for the future to reveal. But they're in the works. The Army is already using some Goodyear-built synthetic tires, so you can be sure they'll be proved and tested when you get them.

Meanwhile, count yourself lucky if you're riding on long-mileage Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly, obey the wartime driving rules that bring out their full quota of extra miles – and you'll see why so many car owners now say, *"When I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-i-gum)— T.M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

CRESTA
the crest of quality
since 1890
BLANCA
California red,
white, and sweet...
WINES

"bottle ripe"

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor of these wines. Since 1890 they have been hailed as the "crest of quality". Ask for them by name.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, CBS.

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make your dollars fight, buy war bonds and stamps

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Edward Maher
Edward Hutchings, Jr.
Sid L. Hydeman
Kathryn Bourne
Lee Pasquin
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Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey
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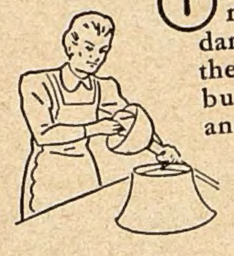
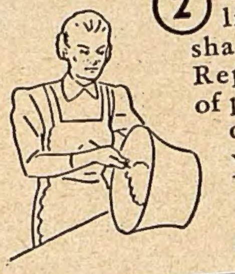
G-E Wartime Lighting Suggestions



① **Clean** your way to more light. Rub a damp, soapy rag over the G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs (unlighted) and reflector bowl of reading lamps, and you'll add 25% to 30% to your light.



② **Keep** shade linings light. Brush silk shades frequently. Repaint the inside of parchment shades or reline 'em with white paper. You'll get more light to help you see better.

③ **Turn** off lamps you are not using. This simple flip of the wrist will make your G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs last longer, thus helping to conserve critical materials used in lamps.

④ **Let** two read by the light of one. Arrange your lamps and furniture so each lamp can, if necessary, serve two or more people. You'll conserve light and sight.

⑤ **Move** your lamp nearer and get more help from it. A few inches farther away may mean 50% less light. But be sure shades are deep enough to shield eyes from direct glare.

⑥ **Have** your eyes examined by a competent eyesight specialist. While good light does make seeing decidedly easier, it does not correct eye defects.

G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

TUNE IN THE G-E MAZDA LAMP RADIO PROGRAM, SUNDAY EVENING, N. B. C.

The Easy way to Fight Toilet Germs—

Sani-Flush takes every speck of messy work out of toilet sanitation. It removes stains, film and incrustations that collect constantly. You don't scrub. Every application of Sani-Flush cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections.* Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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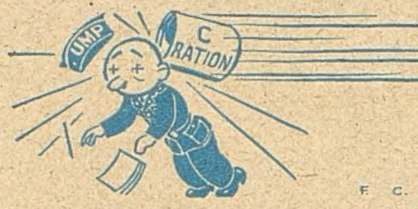
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THREE STRIKES

CAMP FORREST, TENN.—Your recent article on the Louisiana maneuvers was excellent. However, pity the poor umpire! He is badgered, cursed, reviled as one who would put Judas to shame, and generally made to feel as if the presence of Schicklgruber would be more acceptable than his own. The only difference between being an army umpire and a baseball umpire is that, instead of having a pop bottle thrown at you, you get a C Ration can heaved.—*Lt. E. L. J.*



MANICURE WANTED

DALLAS, TEX.—I am wondering if the Hon. Joseph W. Martin, representative from Massachusetts, liked the dirty fingernails you gave him in the picture accompanying his splendid article, How Election Wheels Turn (May 1 Liberty). —*Mrs. Ladd.*

We assure you, Joe Martin's fingernails were not dirty when the picture left this office to go to our printers in Chicago. They may have picked up a little soot in Pittsburgh—but actually the effect was caused by a slightly off-register printing job. Our humble apologies to Joe Martin. *We* did him dirt.

TWO—NOT NINE

PORTLAND, ORE.—In reply to Sidney W. Platt's letter, How Many Feet Has a WAAC? (April 24 Vox Pop): I know it's very easy to misunderstand things, Mr. Platt, but I'd like to get you straightened out on one thing. We WAACs do not get nine pairs of shoes; we are issued two pairs and a pair of sneakers for physical training. Of course, many of us have shower clogs and bedroom slippers, but we purchased them.

If it is at all encouraging to you fellows in the service, I'd like to tell you we are all with you in this thing to the finish.—*Aux. Carter, WAAC.*

THOSE GALS AGAIN

CANTON, OHIO—In answer to C. S. Mitchell on a nickname for Women Marines (April 24 Vox Pop).

Since the Women Marines *are* auxiliary, they are really Women Auxiliary Marines, and should be called, not Mermaids, but—WAMs.—*H. Curtis Miller.*

CAMP LEJEUNE, N. C.—Concerning a nickname for the Women Marines, we wish to state that if a nickname is or was proper, one would have been given to them by the Marine authorities. Furthermore, Mr. Mitchell erred when he stated that the Women Marines would serve on both land and sea. At present they are restricted to duty within the United States.

We appreciate their efforts to serve our corps, so that we will be free to serve our country where we are most needed.—*Pfc. Dean A. Hull* and *Pvt. William F. Sullivan.*

ONE MAN'S MEAT—

MERIDEN, N. H.—Don't you think that perhaps a few people might like to get away from these cheap though maybe thrilling war and mystery stories? I myself would like very much to see more stories like We Took to the Woods, by Mrs. Rich (January 23 Liberty). I have an idea that a great many other people who buy Liberty, but who feel it would do no good to write in, feel as I do.

During wartime people like to have something to read which will take their mind *off* the war.—*George Rich.*

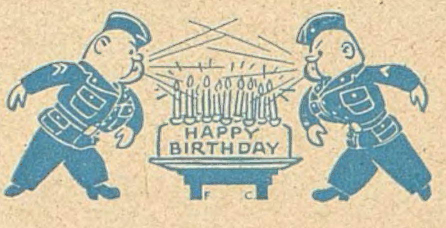
—IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

ELLENSBURG, WASH.—Please print more good mystery stories like The Phantom Lady, by William Irish (April 10 Liberty). This was an excellent mystery thriller with a capital E.

I'm sure the majority of Liberty readers agree with me.—*Clyde Porter.*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

GALVESTON, TEX.—I read the article by Helen Hover Weller of North Platte, Nebraska. (Patriots Without Uniform, April 10 Liberty.) I was there for three months and saw the work of the ladies of the canteen. It isn't only North Platte but the *small neighboring towns* that also take one day each for their turn in supplying one or two birthday cakes; and the boy whose birthday it is gets a cake, candy, magazines, sodas, and popcorn balls.—*Margie Ohlhausen.*



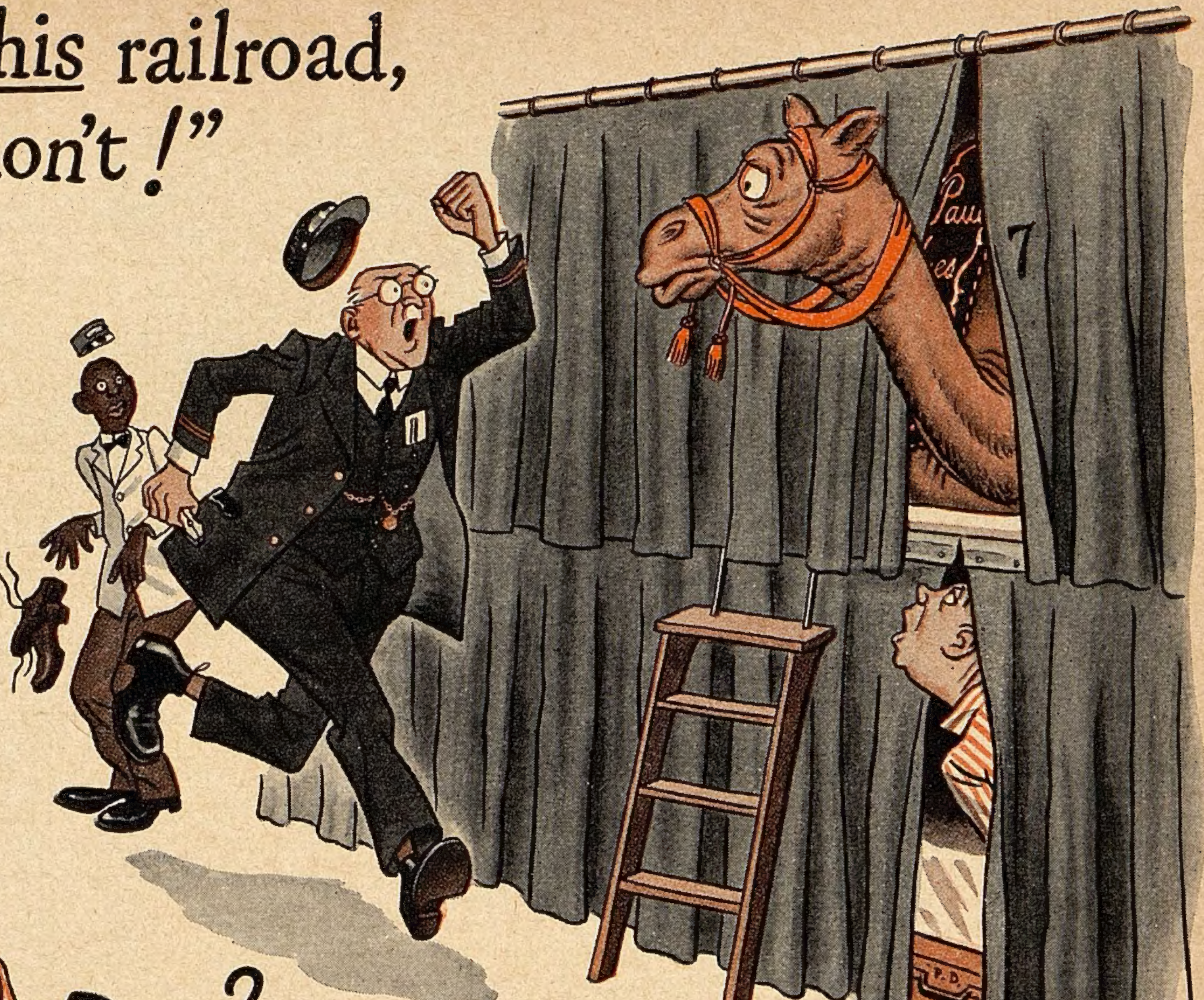
"Not on this railroad, y'don't!"

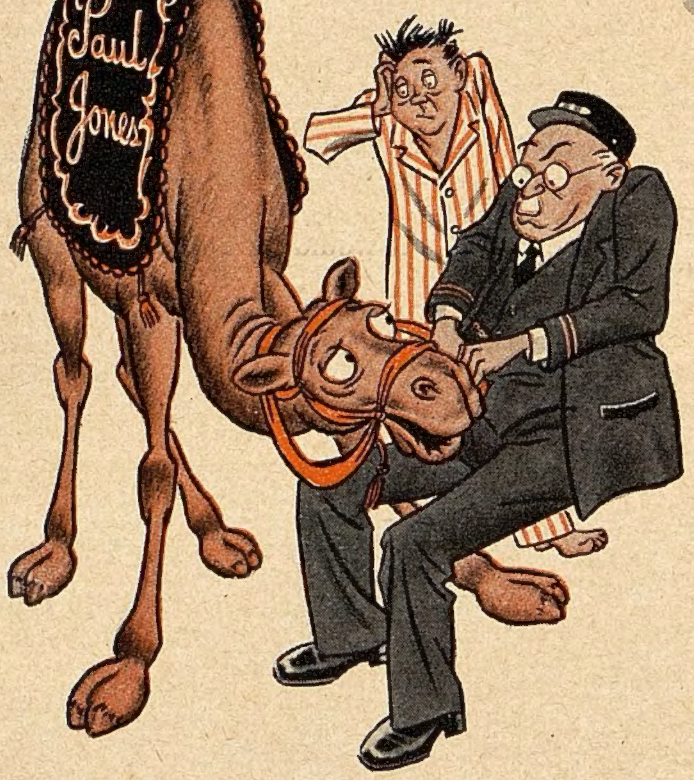
1.

CONDUCTOR: Now dagbustit, Camel, I will have to throw you outa here. I will have to give you the heave.

CAMEL: But, Sahib, I've got a ticket! I–

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel. Rules is rules. An' regulations is regulations. An' the rules an' regulations o' this railroad positively say you go in the Cattle Car!

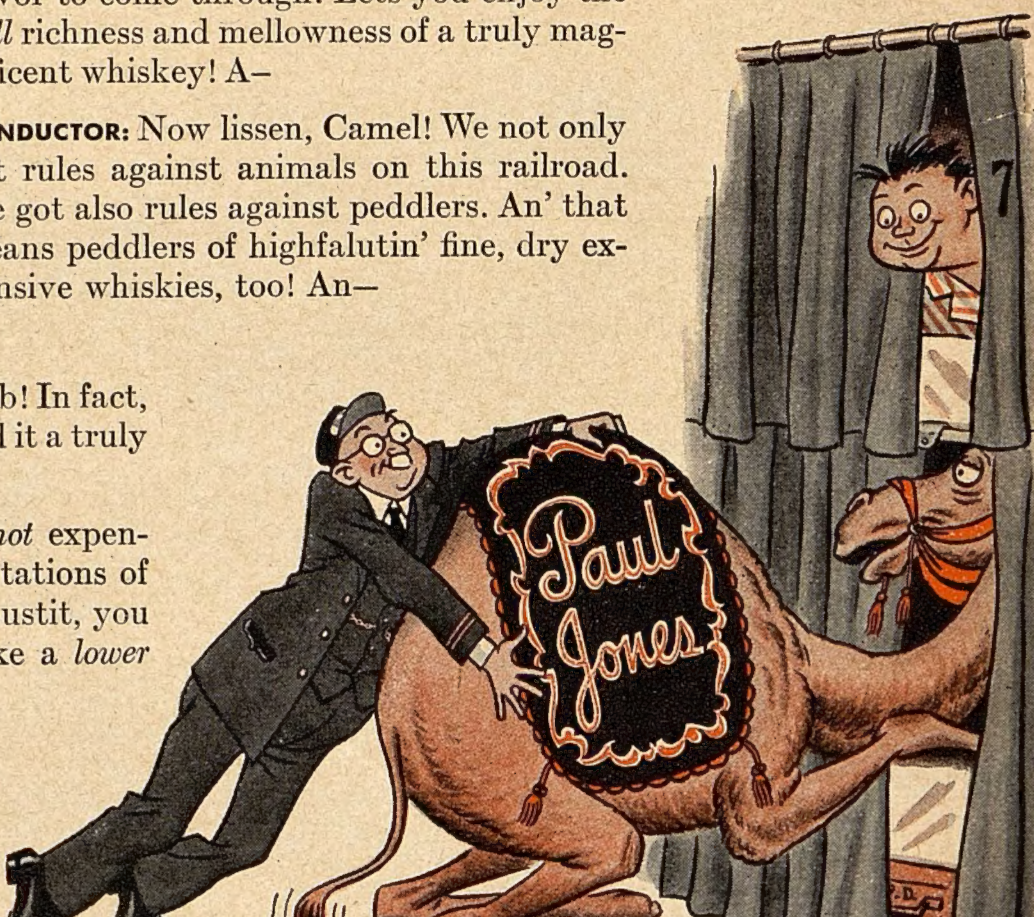




2

CAMEL: But, Master! My mission is *here!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this wondrous quality of *dryness*...this lack of sweetness in Paul Jones, permits *all* of its flavor to come through! Lets you enjoy the *full* richness and mellowness of a truly magnificent whiskey! A–

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel! We not only got rules against animals on this railroad. We got also rules against peddlers. An' that means peddlers of highfalutin' fine, dry expensive whiskies, too! An–



CAMEL: But Paul Jones is *not* expensive, Sahib! In fact, it is so moderately priced that wise men find it a truly *great* buy.

3.

CONDUCTOR: A *dry* whiskey, Camel! And *not* expensive? Well now, dag*bustit!* There's interpretations of rules and there's interpretations. An' dagbustit, you ain't no cattle, Camel! Take a berth. Take a *lower* berth. An' wait'll I tell the boys in Minneapolis about this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones.

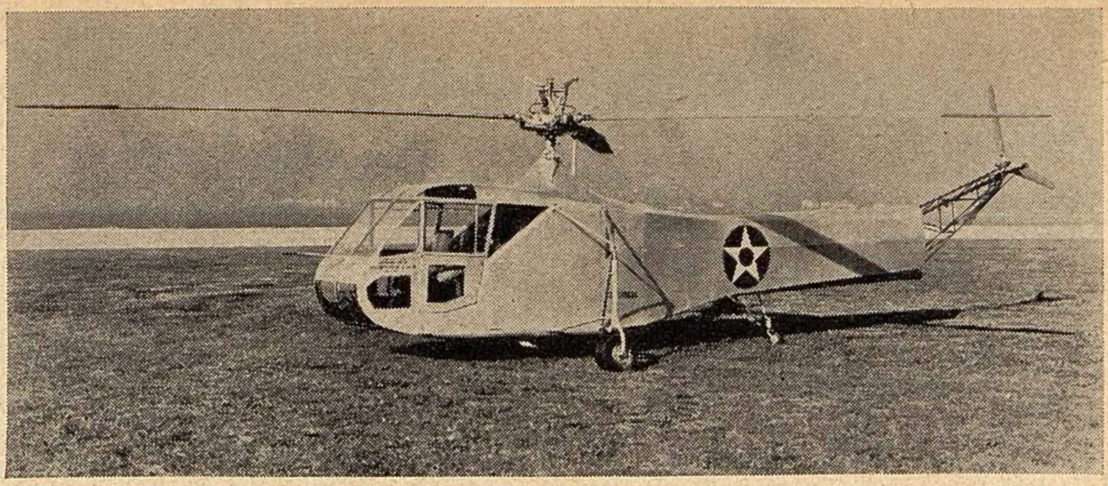
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Called by many the "family plane of tomorrow," the helicopter also has its wartime advantages. Nazi subs will learn to steer clear of it—or take a drubbing.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Too Much Ingenuity

With the world's greatest productive and engineering resources at their command, Americans never seem happy at doing halfway jobs. The striving for perfection moves onward unceasingly. Sometimes this striving has its drawbacks, and this is especially true in combat aviation.

One of the greatest headaches to manufacturers and Army Air Forces chiefs is the inclusion of countless gadgets and extra equipment on combat airplanes. The net result is that U. S. airplanes are weighted down with extraneous equipment like no other airplanes in the world. It seems inconceivable that two dozen types of radios could possibly be placed in one type of airplane, but it's true. Every conceivable type of safety improvement is added. Each item appears to be essential in itself, but the time comes when the plane's performance is cut sharply below its expectations simply because several thousand pounds of gadgets are added to the original specifications.

U. S. pilots have more instruments, gadgets, and safety equipment than any other pilots in the world. But in combat much of this equipment becomes a burden, for the weight cuts speed and performance. On the other hand, U. S. airplanes have landed back at home bases following combat that would have blasted to bits planes of other nations simply because of the "extras" added to the structure. Where to draw the dividing line is a very difficult question. There probably is no one answer. It's a matter of our pilots being embarrassed by "riches" that are sometimes lifesavers and at other times needless burdens.

Inter-American Training

On May 1 the second Inter-American Aviation Training Program got under way to aid hemisphere relations. From Latin-American republics have come fifty young men for training as pilots and seventy-five as aircraft and engine mechanics in a program jointly sponsored by the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the Defense Supplies Corp., the State Department, and the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. The United States is paying for the cost of transportation, room, board and tuition, and incidental expenses.

Pilots are being trained at the North Aviation Co., White Bear Lake, Minnesota—a far cry from the tropical climates from which some of the trainees have come. Mechanics are being trained at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, New Jersey. Pilots train until they earn their commercial pilots' licenses, while the mechanics' course runs 2,000 hours, sufficient to acquire the standard CAA certificate for aircraft and engine mechanics. The trainees are chosen by selection boards composed of officials of their own countries and U. S. mission members.

What Causes Accidents?

Which is the major cause of airplane accidents—the airplane or the pilot? The Civil Aeronautics Board investigated no fewer than 3,376 accidents during 1942, all involving civilian airplanes, and concluded after due study that 69 per cent, or 2,336, were caused by pilot errors. All of which goes to prove that the biggest problem ahead for aviation is to train pilots more thoroughly—or, better yet, to make private airplanes virtually foolproof. You've guessed it, pilot error is going to be eliminated by making planes easier and simpler to fly.

Of the 2,336 accidents attributed to pilot error, 1,401 were caused by wrong flying technique. Poor judgment on the part of the pilots caused 198, and 737 were due to plain cussed carelessness. Other causes were structural failure of the airplane in 166 accidents, or only 4.9 per cent, which speaks well for the airplanes themselves. Engine failure caused 412 accidents, or 12.2 per cent, while terrain (mountains, etc.) caused 137, or 4.1 per cent. One would imagine that weather was a big factor, but actually it caused only 179 accidents, or 5.3 per cent, while all other causes were responsible for 146 accidents.

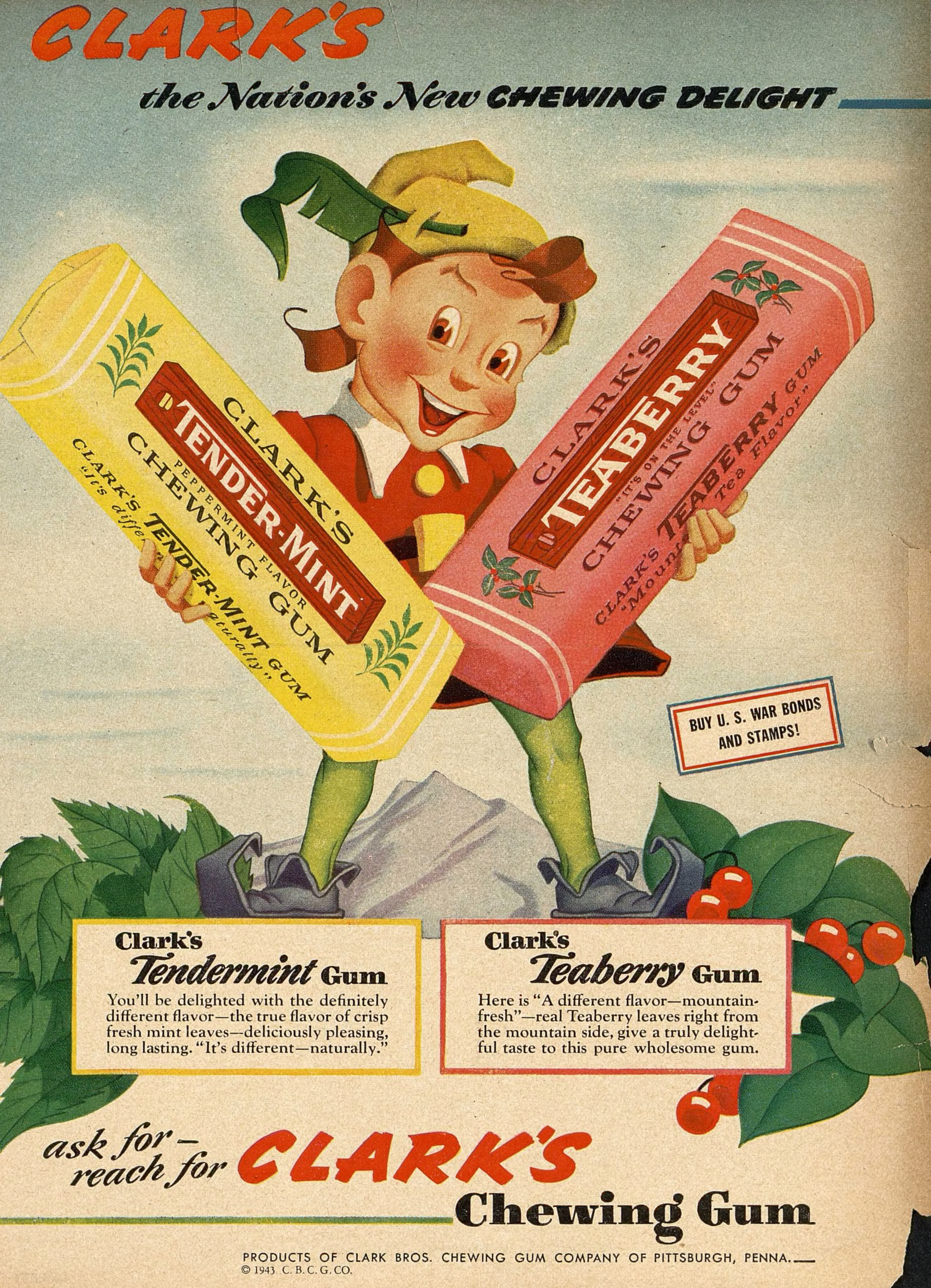
Don't be alarmed by the total of 3,376 accidents to civil planes in one year, for many of these were of minor consequence involving no injuries whatever. Also, civilian pilot training (prelude to army or navy training) was a big contributor. Just plain civilian flying contributed relatively few accidents.

Airplane Rest Cures

The air lines may have fewer planes than before the war, but maintenance standards are just as high as ever—thanks to highest priority on spare parts and classification of the industry as essential to the war effort. Many laymen wonder when an airplane takes time out for rest or to be overhauled. Here are some interesting facts on those rest periods for our commercial planes.

It used to be, in the old days, that an airplane engine had to be overhauled—taken out of the plane and dismantled for inspection of each small part—about every 200 hours of flying. Today on United Air Lines, to use one example, the engine (and the complete airplane) goes to the overhaul base every 725 hours of flying. If that doesn't seem like much flying time, translate it into miles and it will total over 120,000. An overhaul is a complete job. Engines, propellers, instruments, radio equipment, cabin furnishings—everything is removed and sent through the various shops for minute inspection and cleaning.

But long before the overhaul there are regular inspections, known as Nos. 1, 2, and 3 checks. No. 1 check is given at every refueling stop and is a routine inspection of critical parts such as the hydraulic and deicing systems. No. 2 check is given every 50 hours of flying and is much more detailed. No. 3 check comes every 125 hours of flying, when all the plane's mechanisms are carefully tested and the plane is given a very thorough once-over, second only to the 725-hour overhaul. Air-line plane maintenance is one thing the war hasn't rationed. And it won't be. Our air lines are doing a bang-up job.


CLARK'S
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
TENDER-MINT
CHEWING GUM
CLARK'S TENDER-MINT GUM
"It's differ naturally"
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
"IT'S ON THE LEVEL"
CHEWING GUM
CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM
"Moun Tea Flavor"

CLARK'S

the Nation's New CHEWING DELIGHT

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Clark's *Tendermint* Gum

You'll be delighted with the definitely different flavor—the true flavor of crisp fresh mint leaves—deliciously pleasing, long lasting. "It's different—naturally."

Clark's *Teaberry* Gum

Here is "A different flavor—mountain-fresh"—real Teaberry leaves right from the mountain side, give a truly delightful taste to this pure wholesome gum.

ask for— reach for CLARK'S Chewing Gum

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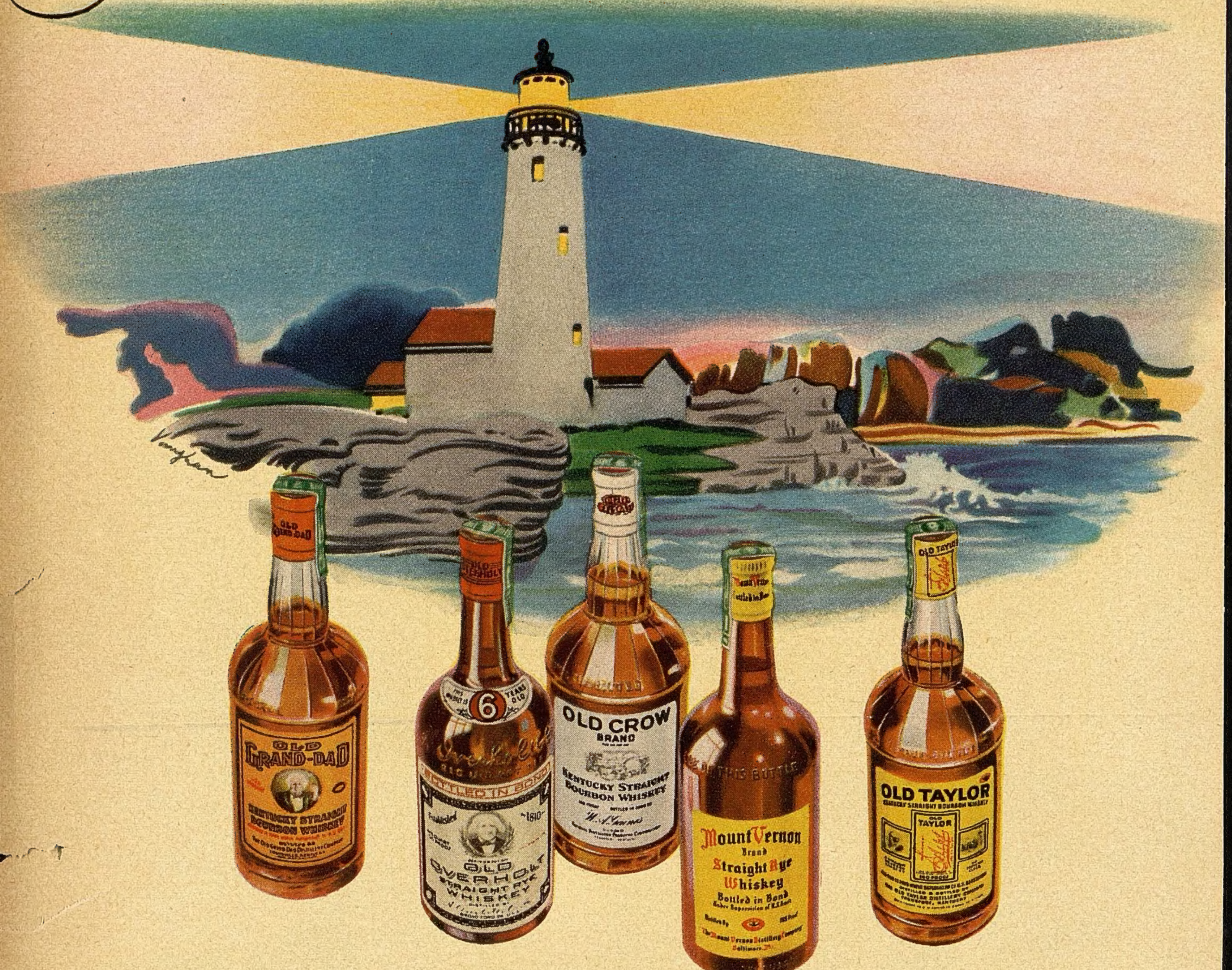
STILL ON THE COURSE OF QUALITY


Vaughan
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
1810
6 YEARS OLD
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

FOR nearly a century these five great whiskies have been the *quality* whiskies of America.

Today, in spite of war-time changes in your daily life, you may still have the very same assurance of quality. This is no special privilege or favor, but simply a matter of long-standing law. For these whiskies, which carry the *green* bonded stamp, must comply with the rigid provisions of the Bottled in Bond Act of 1894 which regulates details of aging, bottling, labeling and storing.

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OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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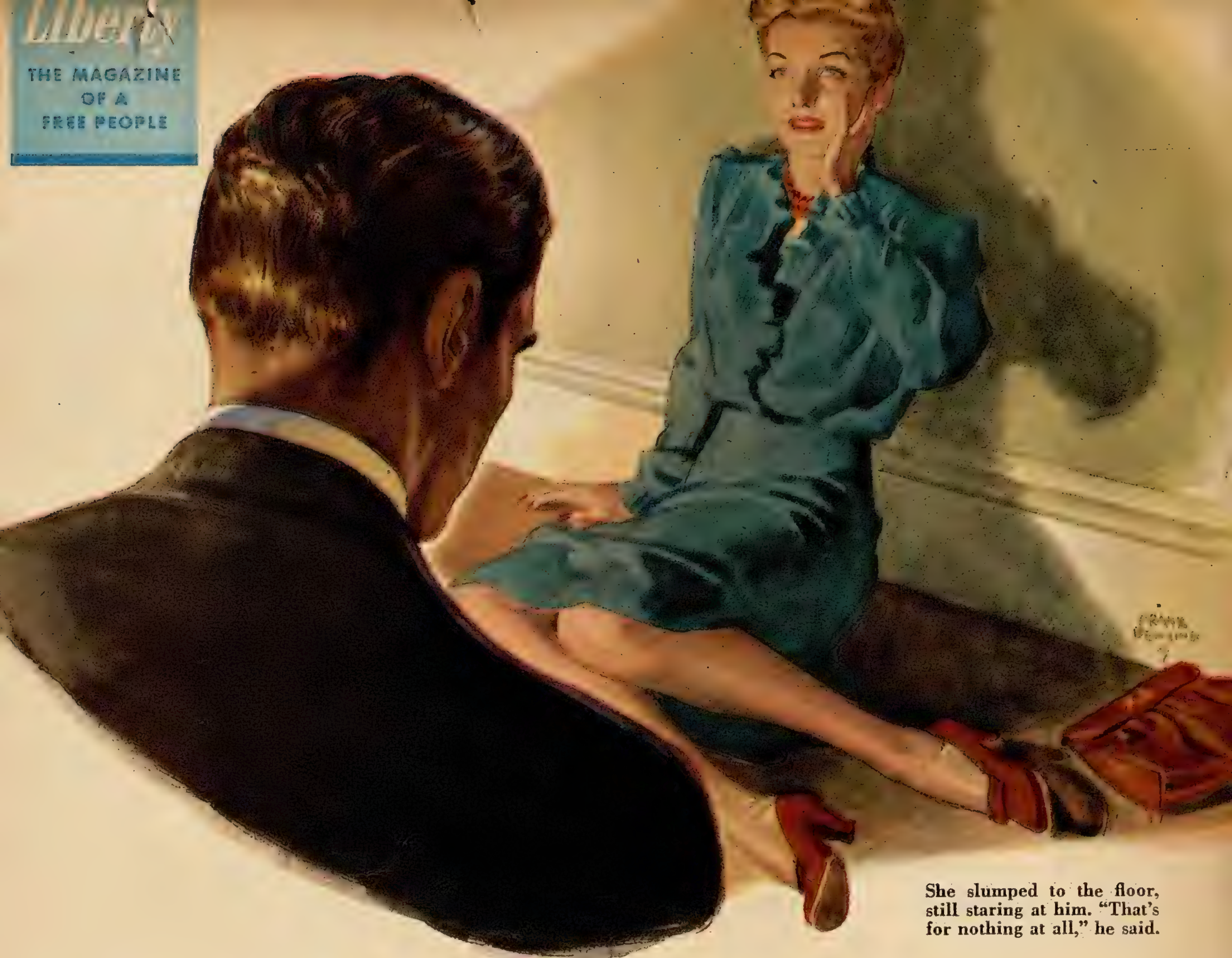
Liberty
THE MAGAZINE
OF A
FREE PEOPLE



She slumped to the floor, still staring at him. "That's for nothing at all," he said.

STALK THE HUNTER

Beginning a smashing new serial by the author of Footsteps Behind Her. The story of a girl dedicated to the cause of freedom who finds herself drawn into the web of Nazi treachery

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

THEY made a handsome couple. Paul was holding her arm, and they walked close together, oblivious of the crowd. Kit was excited; her color was high and her eyes gleamed blue with reflected lights. Her self-consciousness was apparent to everybody who had come to the museum to see the exhibition. They glanced at Paul and Kit with covert enjoyment of what seemed to be the beginning of a successful love affair.

"Oh, Paul!" Kit sighed. "Will you look at them! It's a success, and the success is all yours."

There was a trace of pride in her voice, as though she shared in his glory. The unanimous opinion was that the exhibition of Primitive Christian paintings was another victory for Paul.

"I hope they know what they're seeing," he said. "There hasn't been a collection like this any place before."

Most of the paintings were new to New York, since Paul had managed to get them out of Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, and Copenhagen a few days, sometimes only a few minutes, before these cities had been occupied by the Germans. In every case he was one jump ahead of them. Paul was reticent about the details, and nobody pressed him; but there was an air of adventure about him. After all, he was young, in his early thirties; he had a simple open charm and seemed to be completely untouched by the awareness of death and horror that every European of today is forced to display in spite of himself.

Kit was radiant. "They're wondering who I am," she said. "'Who is that wonderful creature with dear Paul? Isn't she generous to allow him to walk with her!'"

"'I think she looks more like a cow,'" Paul said, mimicking her.

"You're not very funny!" He pinched her arm. "I take it back; you *are* very funny!"

"Laugh, then."

"I'll smile, but I won't laugh."

"This must be bargain day," he remarked. "However, if they should ask me who is the mess I'm saddled with, I'll tell them that at least you have a lovely soul."

The people present knew much less about Kit than about Paul. They could see that she was in the twenties, attractive, and tastefully dressed on a small income. They knew in a vague way that on the museum roster she was listed as an adviser on musical instruments, with past positions at the National Museum at Prague, the Royal Academy of Arts in Copenhagen, and the British Museum. Her accent was vaguely Continental in the sharpness of her consonants and British in her inflection. In general, she was considered a very talented and personable young lady who happened to be the latest of Paul's conquests.

Paul and Kit walked through the room to the door at the far end which led to his office. He stopped as he saw two women examine a small picture that hung right next to the entrance, and laugh. Turning, they saw him.

"Oh, Paul," one of them said, the amusement still in her voice, "what is this daub doing here?"

A suggestion of annoyance passed over his face. "What's the matter with it?" he asked.

"It certainly doesn't belong here," she said. "It's nowhere near as old as the others."

"If you'll read the catalogue," he said coldly, "you will see that it was painted ten years ago by an Austrian peasant, a religious fanatic, who had stumbled on some artists' materials. This picture was the symbol of his devotion. He refused ever to paint anything else. I thought it was interesting."

"The story is," the woman said, "but the picture isn't. You're sentimental, Paul. Shame on you!"

STILL laughing, she walked away with her companion. Paul was quite pale as he stared after them.

"What's the matter?" Kit asked. She had never seen him like this.

"I told you they wouldn't understand," he said. "I knew it!"

"Don't pay any attention to them," Kit told him. "Most people will appreciate it."

He glanced at her mutely for encouragement, and then seemed to recover his aplomb, smiling at several people as he held open the door to his office for Kit.

When the door closed behind him, he took her cool hands in his and turned her around so that he faced her squarely. He raised her head a little with his large immaculate hand, so that he could see her eyes. Then he slapped her face so hard that she staggered back across the room to the far wall, where she slumped to the floor, still staring at him.

Paul stood there in the dying light, watching her with the slightest of smiles in his eyes, as though fascinated by the white imprint of his hand on her flesh. The white receded slowly, and he waited a few silent seconds before he spoke.

"That was for nothing at all," he said. "It's a hint of what'll happen, though, if you ever try to be clever with me. Also, remember," he went on, as though speaking from memory, "no matter how clever you may be, a slap in the face or a whip on the back is much more convincing."

For a moment Paul measured the paralyzed horror in her eyes, then walked across the room, took her listless hand, and yanked her to her feet. There was still no change in her horrified expression. Her eyes were fixed on him as though she were hypnotized.

Paul looked at her again, and then turned away abruptly to his desk as though to break the spell.

"Take it as a gentle hint and bear me no ill will, sweetheart," he said. He pointed to the chair next to his desk. "Sit down!"

It was a command.

It was two months since Kit had sat in that room with Paul for the first time. Then she had believed in his friendliness, his charm; had relaxed in it. After the years of stress in which the sensation of flight and eternal pursuit had become an everyday affair, he came as something solid—an anchor, a refuge.

Two months before it had been the middle of December. The war for America was almost two weeks old and the first uneasiness was wearing off. Central Park was crowded again with nursemaids and children. The trees were bare and the rolling lawns seemed patched with old green.

"Be careful, Jane; don't get yourself dirty," she said to the child walking with her.

Kit took her duties as nursemaid very seriously. It was her first job since she arrived in New York, and the fact that the sort of work was entirely foreign to her made no difference. The Hogarths had been rather generous with her, since she could offer no references. For seven afternoons a week she received two meals a day, and money enough to pay for a room, with a little left over.

"No, Jane; we're going this way—to the grounds behind the museum."

The child skipped along happily, and soon Kit had a seat on one of the benches. Jane was a little way off, teasing another child for a ride on a scooter.

A young man passed in front of Kit, turned hurriedly to look at her,

and then stopped staring. “Hello!” His voice was surprised.

Kit looked up at him, vaguely annoyed, until she realized that there was something familiar about him.

“You're Kit Gruenholz, aren't you?” He was smiling; a tall young man with a briefcase under his arm.

“I am,” she said slowly.

“Don't you remember me? My name is Shay—Dan Shay. The last time I saw you was in Copenhagen in 1936.”

He took off his hat and brushed back his hair with a nervous gesture.

Kit laughed suddenly. “Of course. I remember you now. It was your hat that made you look different. We had beer together in a little restaurant near the Copenhagen Museum.”

He took the seat beside her, grinning his pleasure at recognition.

“Yes, I haven't forgotten. It was a lovely spring day, almost as nice as we have in New York.”

“Really?” She was delighted to see him, to see any one who knew the kind of people she had once known. “You're the chemist, aren't you?”

“That's right! I worked in the laboratory there, under Mikkelson.”

Kit found his enthusiasm curious.

“Mikkelson?” She could hear the altered tone in her voice as she tried to check it. She was suddenly afraid of this young man.

“Yes,” he went on. “I think that he was all I spoke about when we saw each other. He's a wonderful technologist.”

A shock of fear went through her.

“You still think so?” she asked. It was an important question, and she succeeded in making it sound merely conversational.

He laughed. “Of course I do. I think he's one of the best.”

She didn't answer, and turned slightly, waiting for him to go. He went right on talking.

“How long have you been here?”

“A few months,” she said evasively.

“Where are you working?”

“A private job.” She catalogued excuses for escape.

“Really? I'm over here now.” He nodded toward the gray building. “I've a lab upstairs in the middle of all the junk, but I've got all the equipment I need. What do you think of our museum?” he asked.

“I—I haven't seen it yet.”

“No!” He couldn't believe it.

Just then Jane came over, ignoring him completely.

“I broke my lace,” the child said happily. She held up her foot as though a rare and wonderful accident had happened to her. “Here's the other piece; I saved it.”

“That was very good of you,” Kit said. She took the child in her lap as she made the knot. “There now, it's all fixed as good as new.”

The child wriggled down and walked away stiff-legged, fascinated by her mended shoe.

The young man was smiling. “Is she your daughter?”

She turned to him in surprise. “Daughter? Why, no.”

There was a puzzled expression in his eyes.

“I don't understand— Why, you're her governess!” His face was somber, as though he had just said something terrible. He seemed so naïvely upset by her defection that she had a hard time remembering to be on her guard. “Why?” he asked.

“I don't mind the work—and I must do something.”

“Don't tell me that!” He waited for a moment. “Haven't you tried the museum? I know they can use you.”

“I haven't tried.” It was exhausting to live this way, erecting defenses against chance acquaintances just on the mere mention of a name. You could trust no one, it seemed. These people had worked their way in everywhere.

“I don't understand,” he was saying. Suddenly his voice altered. “Look, did I say anything to offend you?”

“What makes you think that?” she asked indifferently.

“Oh, I don't know. You seem so much cooler than when I first spoke to you. Whatever it is, I'm sorry.”

KIT watched intently, waiting for him to make one false gesture, to overact. She detected nothing.

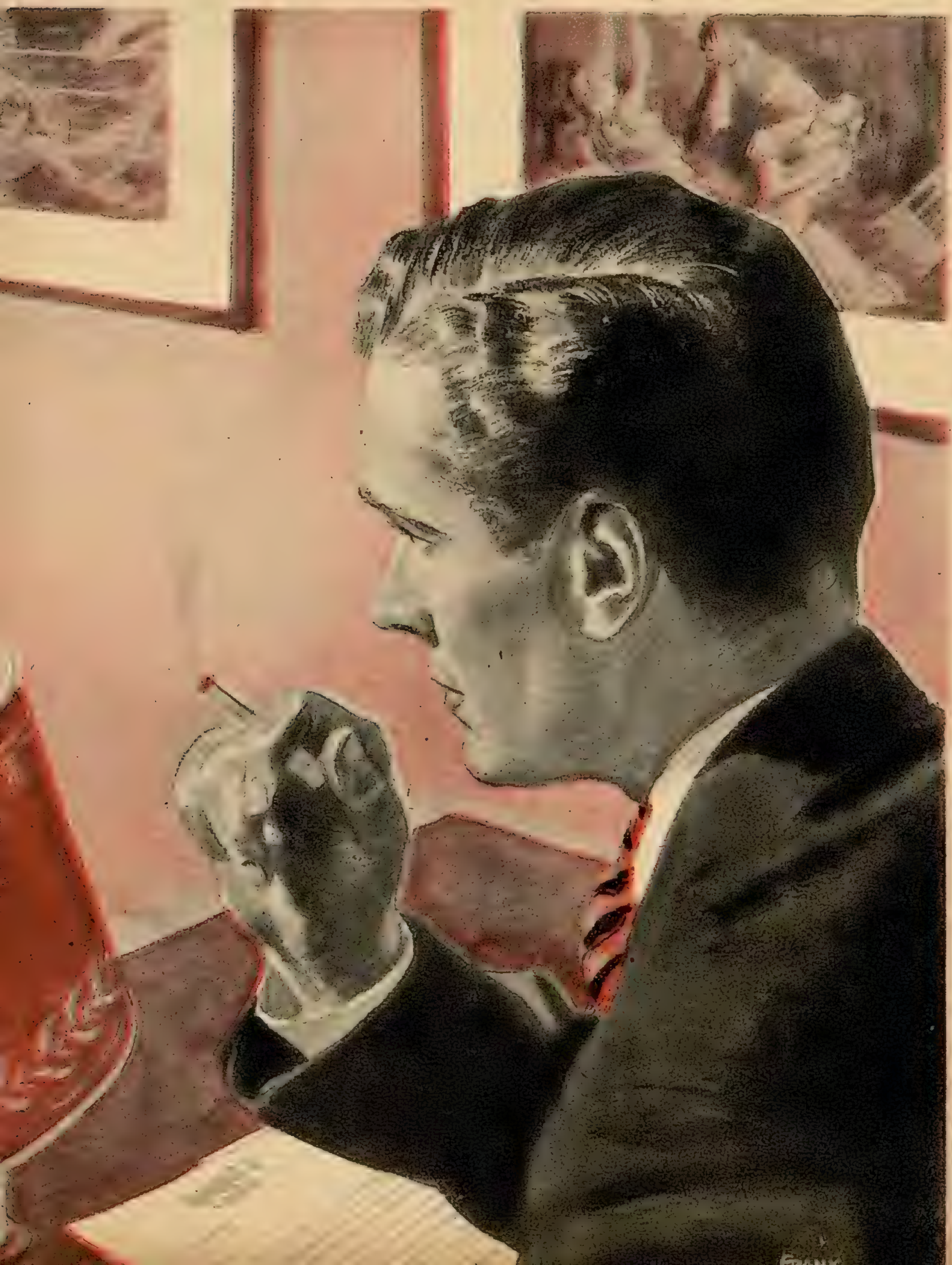
“I'm sure you're mistaken,” Kit said carefully. She examined his face as she asked, “Have you heard anything from Mikkelson recently?”

“No,” he said. His voice was absent. “Not in years.” He shrugged it off. “Look, I don't know why you haven't looked for a job where you belong, and I don't intend to ask. But if you *do* want something, call me tomorrow and I'll make an appointment for you. There's something open now that's made to order for you.” He sounded a trifle angry as he got up and left.

Kit watched him until he was out of sight, and when walking back across the park with the child she took the longest path possible. When she was positive that she wasn't being followed, Kit felt much happier.

By morning she convinced herself that she had misjudged the situation. The squalor of her bedroom, its

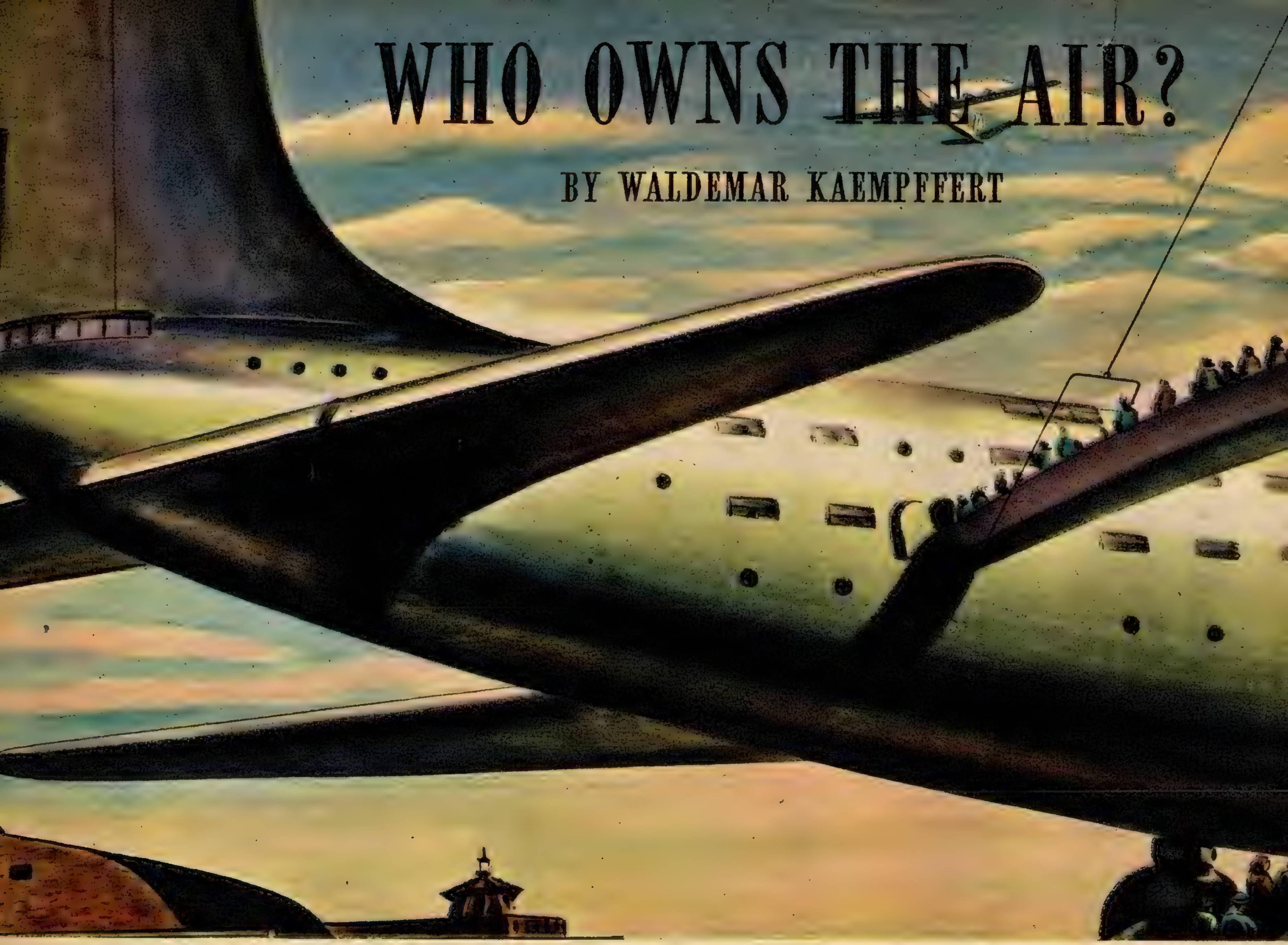
(*Continued on page 36*)



“And you?” he asked. “Do you dare go to the police?”

WHO OWNS THE AIR?

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT



FROM UNITED AIR LINES

Newer, bigger planes will carry passengers and freight to places that cannot be reached now by rail and steamer.

LAST March, Captain Joseph H. Hart of Pan American Airways flew a clipper twice in twenty-four hours between Natal, Brazil, and an unnamed West African port, just as if the South Atlantic were no more than a lake. Before that, an army Liberator bomber established a record of six and a half hours between North America and the British Isles.

Compared with the stratosphere leviathans which are now on the drafting board and which will make 500 miles an hour top speed, these machines are primitive. But they drive home the point that the world has shriveled into a little ball. Even now no place on earth is more than sixty hours distant from any other. And no major industrial center of the world or source of raw materials lies more than 6,000 miles by air from our Atlantic or Pacific coasts. Increase the distance to 10,000 miles, and you find the capitals of all the important countries are within nonstop flying range of almost any place in North America.

Airmen talk of planes that will fly 15,000 miles on a single charge of fuel—more than halfway around the world. These are not dream ships but tomorrow's realities. Six years ago the Maritime Commission reached the conclusion that fast luxury liners of the Queen Mary and Normandie type would have to compete with planes that could carry 150 passengers. In its last report the Cunard-White Star Line stated it would have to establish air lines of its own if it wanted to stay in the luxury trans-Atlantic passenger-carrying business.

There is sound reason behind these conclusions. Two 150-passenger planes flying daily across the Atlantic can carry 200,000 persons in a year, about the number that crossed in steamers first class to Great Britain in an average year between 1928 and 1938. A dozen such planes can displace all the passenger steamers that normally ply between this country and Europe. And, even today, planes are in the "mock-up" stage which will carry 400 passengers. As to cost, you can fly today from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 2,683 air miles—almost as far as Europe—for only $164.95, including a tax of $15. This is about half the price that was charged for a first-class ticket on the Queen Mary or the Normandie.

When the 150-passenger long-distance planes are in service—and you can fly several thousand miles for less than $200—it is easy to see what will happen. It will be commonplace to have breakfast in New York or Boston and lunch in Ireland or England. Business men who need a change will think nothing of spending a week-end in England or France. And many of us will while away our vacations not only in Europe, as we once did, but in India, China, Bali, Java—wherever life may be pleasantly strange and the scenery attractive.

Obscure Pacific islands and Asiatic and African communities will be of international importance if they have undeveloped resources to exploit or are worth visiting for their own sakes. Ideas will be exchanged, old prejudices broken down, and we shall look upon ourselves as inhabitants of a planet and not only as subjects of a state.

The change will not come overnight—but the first signs of it are already here. Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister, Department of Mines and Resources of Canada, reports that he traveled from 1899 to 1903 on foot and in canoes over 1,400 miles of Arctic territory, and thirty-five years later covered the same distance by plane in ten flying days, with overnight stops. On his first journey he saw Eskimos who had no iron, whose lances and knives were of sharpened walrus tusks, whose light came from seal-oil lamps, whose clothes were of skin sewn

What is "freedom of the air"? Why are Washington and London gravely concerned about it? An expert gives you the facts behind the bickering

with caribou sinews. On his second visit the men had rifles, outboard motors, and cameras—all transported by air. Some of the women wore corsets.

It is not likely that the world can use all the airplanes it can produce after the war. But airplane building is destined to be one of the big businesses of the future. Pilots by the thousand are acquiring experience in flying over strange routes, over the Atlantic and Pacific, over mountains never crossed by air before, and over deserts. American pilots are getting far more of this experience than those of any other nation. Newer and bigger planes will carry not only passengers but freight to places that cannot be reached at present by railway and steamer. Wings will thread the air like shuttles, and over the pole is the shortest route from much of the United States to Europe.

All this explains why we hear so much about "freedom of the air." Mrs. Luce calls it "globaloney." Representative Joseph Martin tells Congress that "America must rule the air." British M. P.s are alarmed at our growing activity in aviation, and Lord Londonderry declares Britain must take immediate steps to secure what he calls her "due share" of postwar aerial traffic.

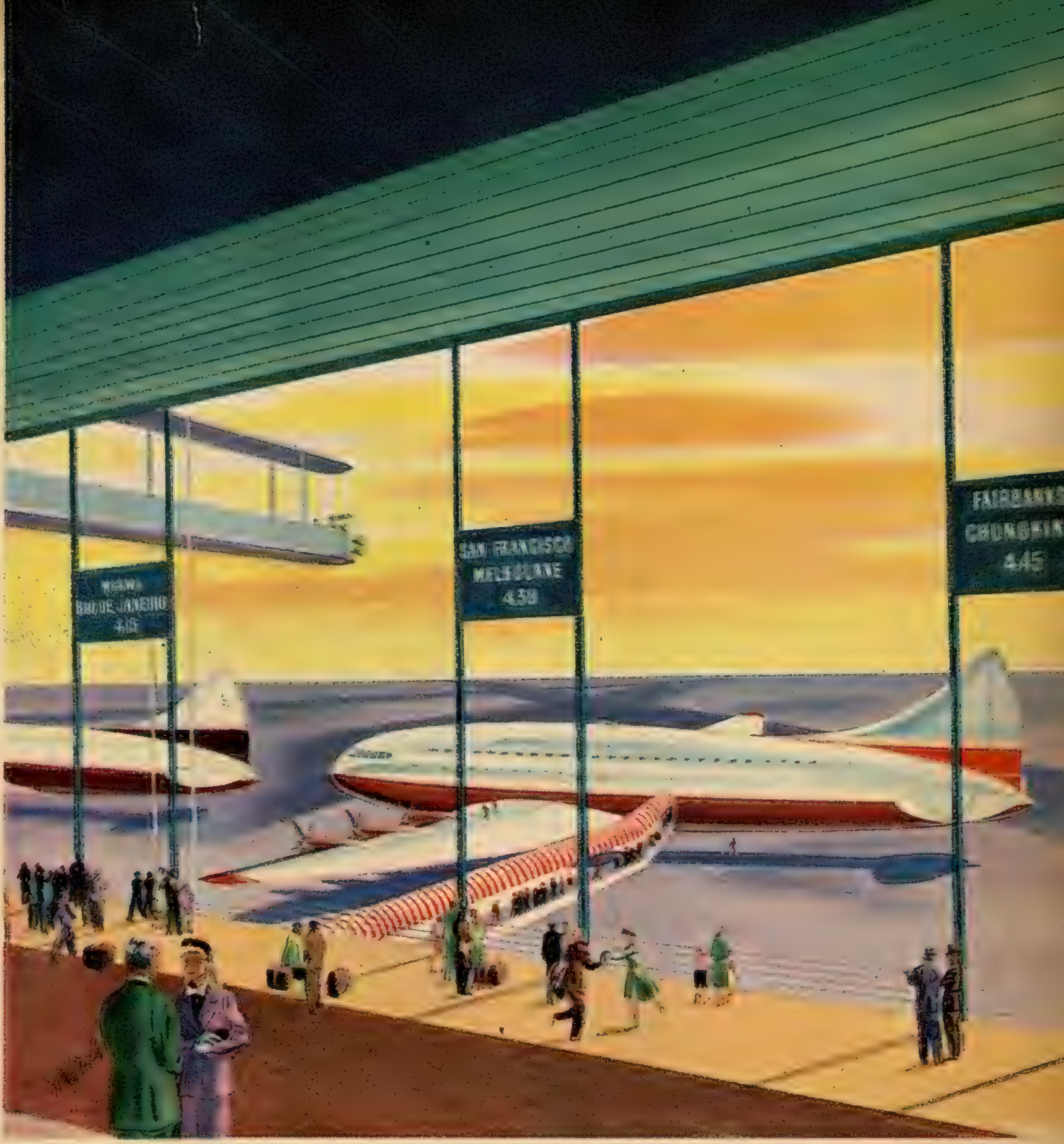
THUS we have the seeds here of the same sort of trade rivalry which kept the world in a turmoil for hundreds of years and led to innumerable wars. Unless future international aviation is wisely handled, some eventual World War III is all too likely to be the result.

There are two schools of thought: The "freedom of the air" school believes nations should lay aside their claims to sovereignty of the space above their lands in order to permit the fullest possible development of the airplane as a vehicle of commerce. Its supporters ask that any international airplane be given the right to fly and land without permission anywhere, subject only to local rules. Competition for traffic wholly within a country would, of course, be prohibited.

The other school believes in each nation's retaining control or sovereignty of its own air and allowing the planes of other nations to come in only by agreement.

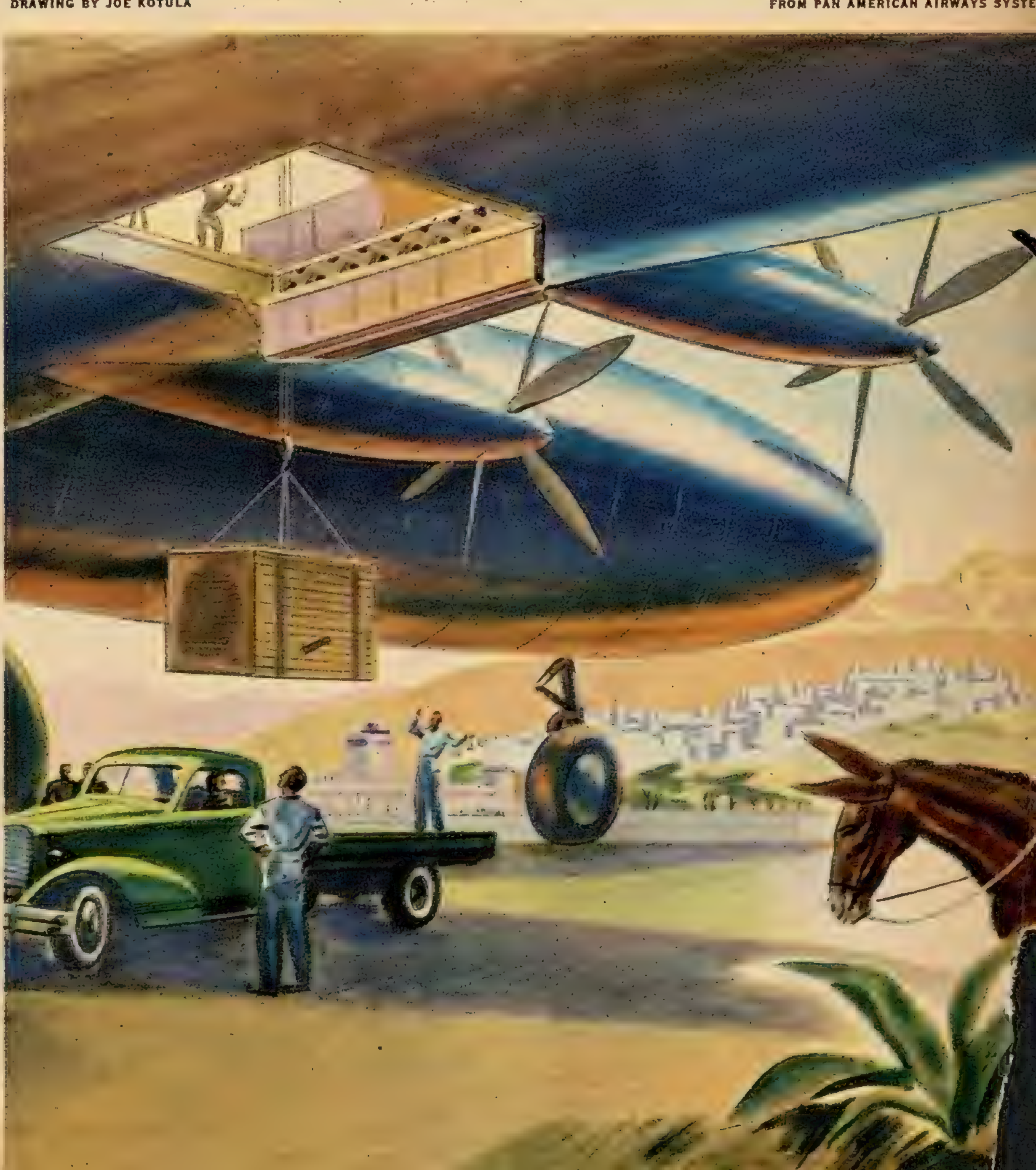
Let's compare the ocean of air

(*Continued on page 67*)



DRAWING BY JOE KOTULÁ

FROM PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTE



LANDLUBBER

They despised Bert for a dry-land sailor, but when the chips were down they found out who was top sea dog

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

BERT lifted his head above the gunwale of the lifeboat. Through the heavy curtain of driving snow he saw the Anabelle going down fast, her decks awash, her rigging torn and twisted like the branches of a lightning-struck tree. Waves pounded over her, then continued their heaving rolling course until they were right in front of Bert's face. They dipped under the lifeboat, lifting her lightly, then passed on, forgetting that she was in mid-air.

The first wave of nausea tightened again in Bert's stomach, his eyes rolled, his lids drooped heavily over them, and he sank back once more to the bottom of the boat. The prayer that had worn a groove in his mind since the Anabelle had left port two days ago started in again:

"Please, Lord, let me die. Let me die quick!"

It was the most comforting thought he could have in the misery of his seasickness. Huddled in the stern of the boat, his small wiry body limp with nausea, his lean high-boned cheeks pale, his alert bird's eyes closed against the motion of the sea, Bert heard above him the groaning and straining of the men as they swung the lifeboat away from the doomed ship. There were seven of them left of the twenty-two aboard the Anabelle, and of those seven, the captain and himself were as useless as dead cats.

The captain was lying beside him, still unconscious, his leg broken, his ribs staved in from the fall off the bridge when the mine had suddenly torn the ship apart. And he himself better off dead than so full of the misery that he could hardly move.

"We'd better set a course," Big Pete said. "We're off Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. If we head west, we'll hit something."

"Don't talk about hitting things," Brooklyn said dryly.

"We're alive, aren't we?"

"Sure. What's left of us! Makes me sore!"

"Say, how about the landlubber taking an oar?"

"No, thanks! All I need is that guy sitting in back of my neck."

"He's a Jonah, that guy!"

Bert wanted to sit up and tell them that he could pull an oar with any of them, and prove it, too! Certainly he was better than Windy Windell, the newspaper fellow who was gasping with every stroke. Why, he could remember the time when he had been caught on the other side of Bear Trap Pond when the Big Wind hit, and he had rowed the guide boat safely across, loaded down with a dead buck and two hundred pounds of traps and duffel. He wanted to sit up and tell them, but he couldn't. Not with the crazy spinning in his head and the helpless sickness in him that brought tears of frustration to his eyes. It was as bad as the time he found out that the navy did not want him, on account of that bullet that had busted up his left hand and tightened up muscles and nerves.

Ever since Bert had been knee-high to a chipmunk he had wanted to go to sea. Maybe living in the mountains did that to people. But he didn't go to sea because there was a mountain valley farm to care for, and fishing parties to guide in the spring, and hunting parties in the fall. Then there was the trapping and the sweet maples to tap and wood to draw, so that the days were full and there were only the nights left for dreaming of the sea. It might have gone on like that until his hair was gray all over instead of just that patch at his temples. But when somebody took to pushing Uncle Sam around, it was no time to just sit around nights dreaming of the sea. It was time to do something and do it quick. He'd have made the navy, too, if that darned tenderfoot hadn't blasted a deer slug through his hand that time.

THEN one night the Biddletown Evening Journal had run an article, copied from one of the city papers, on the merchant marine, and how America's life depended on it, and how they needed men. Bert packed a bag, took the train to Boston, lied like a good hunting guide, and got himself a berth. He might have gotten by, too, but he had not calculated on this seasick business that turned a man inside out like a mink skin drying on a spreader and twice as useless. Then, too, he hadn't calculated that the men he worked with would see right through his bluff. Big Pete, especially, had been a torment. Big Pete had no right befriending him and egging him on with smooth talk that pretty quick turned as sour as last year's cider. He'd have called Big Pete for it, too, size or no size, only the ship had pulled out of port and hit the smashing sea. There was no fighting Big Pete then. There was no nothing but lying in a bunk, hoping to die quick.

Now the captain groaned beside him and Bert turned on one elbow and opened his eyes very slowly. The skipper looked bad. A slight tremor twitched his body. His lips were blue with the cold.

"The skipper needs a cover," Bert managed to call at last, through lips that were stiff and dry.

Some one heard him above the howling of the wind and tossed him a blanket and he wrapped it around the skipper, moving carefully so the sickness would not start spinning again inside of him. Doing something made him feel better, and he dared to turn his eyes and look at the men.

BIG PETE had his mouth half open and his lips drawn back so his square teeth showed. Gus was rowing with his eyes closed. Brooklyn was swearing out of the corner of his mouth. The dark man who looked like an Indian but was probably Spanish had his tongue stuck in his cheek like a big wad of chewing tobacco. Windell, the newspaper fellow, looked pale. Well, he'd been looking for a story and now he had it . . . if it would ever do him any good.

The wheels started spinning inside of Bert again. He turned to make the skipper more comfortable before it was too late, then he was terribly sick. He hunched down miserably, folding his arms across his chest for warmth, and fell into a stupor of internal exhaustion.

The cry of "Breakers!" startled him into wakefulness. It was snowing harder than ever. The air was a full gray blanket crawling with snowflakes, but high in the blanket there was a patch of gray dirtier than the rest.

"That's a mountain!" Bert wanted to shout, but his throat was too tight to utter a sound.

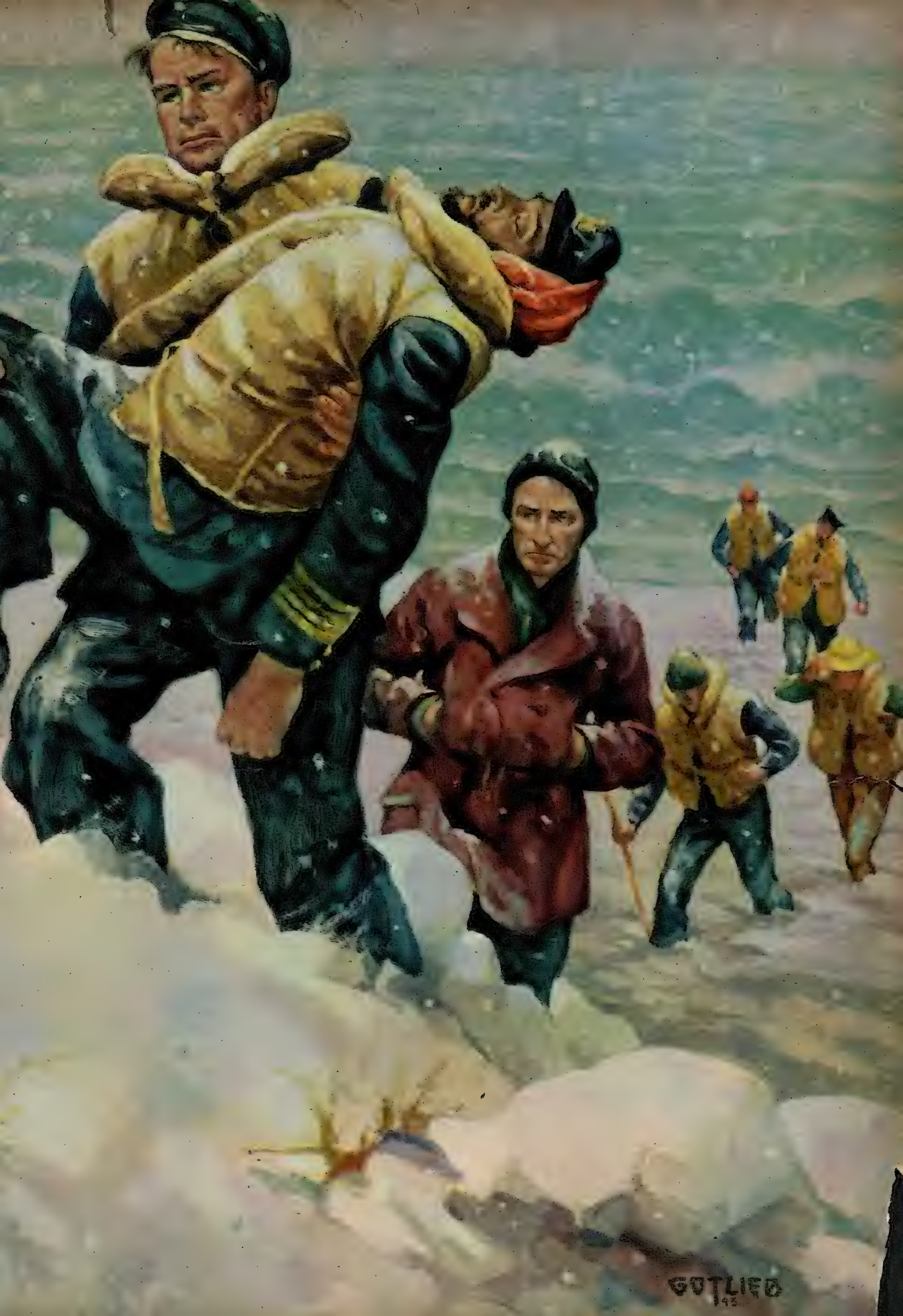
"Land!" Big Pete's laughter was high-pitched. "That's land! We foxed the jerry again! Three times down and three times up, by heaven, and ready for another go!"

The breakers sounded bad. The men were silent, their eyes slitted against the snow, their lips drawn with the effort of guiding the boat through the waves that smashed against them. Then, without warning, a hidden rock grated through the planking. Water poured through the hole. For a fraction of a second the rock held them, and a following sea spilled its top into the boat, weighing her down, holding her paralyzed until the next wave came and swamped her.

The shock of the cold water

(*Continued on page 58*)

They stumbled through the drifts until the sound of the surf was lost in the softer sighing of the snow.


GOTLIEB
43

“GE

Crapshooters surround one of Harold's tables. The girls at right are dealers.

I WAS in Reno and I needed a job. I had been a reporter, but the woman at whose home I lived told me that looking for work on the local papers would be a waste of time.

“Why don't you apply at Harold's Club?” she said. “It's one of the big twenty-four-hour gambling houses. Girls work there as dealers.”

I had never been in a gambling house. A job there sounded like fun. I put on a gray-and-white sports dress, got a finger wave and manicure, and walked into Harold's.

It was a long L-shaped room with a bar in the rear. The air smelled of smoke and beer. People were playing roulette, twenty-one, poker, and what I learned later were chuck-a-luck and the Big Six. A sharp-faced man in shirt sleeves told me that Harold Smith, the owner, was not in. Yes, if I wanted to, I could fill out an application and wait.

I waited three hours. Harold Smith was a lean long-nosed man with shrewd gray eyes behind glasses. He glanced at my application. “Sorry. No vacancies at present.” I turned to go.

“Wait a minute.” He looked at me again, sizing me up. “So you're a college graduate. Well, it's education and personality that count. Know anything about shooting craps?”

“I never saw a crap game until today.”

“That's O. K. We'll teach you. Are you quick at figures?”

“Yes,” I lied.

“How much is six times seventeen?”

I might have multiplied more quickly if his eyes hadn't been boring into mine. “Hundred and four,” I said, without confidence.

He looked pained. “Are you here for the cure? It costs two to five hundred dollars to train a dice dealer. Can't afford to do that if you stay only six weeks. We pay twenty-five to start, with raises to sixty if you make the grade.”

“Sixty a week sounds good to me.”

“O. K. Report at nine in the morning for a try-out. Tell Matt Goodwin to teach you the back line.”

I had thought a back line had something to do with football. Suddenly I had misgivings. “I've played blackjack,” I said eagerly. “I'd be better at that.”

“We don't need any twenty-one dealers,” Harold said with finality. “It's dice or nothing.”

Because I wanted the job desperately, I looked up an acquaintance who took me to the Bank Club and tried to explain a crap game.

“When you bet on the front line,” he said, “you take the same point as the shooter. Odds are two to one on four and ten; three to two on nine and five; six to five on eight and six. The shooter wins if he rolls seven or eleven before he has a point. Once he has a point—say it's ten—in order to win he must roll another ten before a seven. If he rolls seven before ten, he loses.

“Playing the back line, you align yourself with the house against the shooter. Back-line odds are one to two on four and ten; two to three on nine and five; five to six on eight and six. A come bet is the same as a front-line bet, except that your point is the next number turned up on the dice after your bet is placed. Field bets pay on two, three, four, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. At Harold's Club two pays double, and twelve pays triple.”

Play at the table was heavy. Stacks of silver changed hands swiftly. My confusion increased. After two hours I had learned only odds on the front and back lines.

It was enough. Next morning Matt, the plump jolly Texan who instructed me at an empty table in Harold's for three hours, said I caught on a hundred per cent faster than most girls. His praise made me glow.

“Remember to call even numbers easy or hard,” he said. “Like ‘Eight easy,’ if it's a six and two, say. Or ‘Eight the hard way,’ if it's two fours.”

Saturday night I reported for work, my hours six thirty until two in the morning. The straw boss gave me a locker key and took me down to the basement. I hung up my coat and hat and tied on a green felt apron.

“Leave your purse in your locker,” he said. “Employees aren't allowed to keep purses with them.”

Through the noisy crowd of construction workers, miners, ranch hands, soldiers, tourists, and professional gamblers I followed him to a dice table. He introduced the dealers to me. “Mary, this is Blackie and Andy. Stand on that side of the table in the center. Play a dollar at a time, front line and field.”

Blackie shoved a stack of silver across the table toward me. “Keep your money back against the edge of the table, so players behind you can't see you're shilling.”

All new girls began as shills, the name given to employees playing with house money. Shilling is the quickest way to learn the games. Because gamblers do not like to play alone, all Reno gambling houses use shills when business is dull. Experienced players, of course, know when one is shilling, because a shill must keep house money in plain sight on the table.

WITH every roll of the dice I had a bet on the front line and field. It became monotonous and I put a dollar on the come line. Blackie pushed it back to me. “Stick to the line and field when you shill,” he said. “It's less work for the dealers.”

By nine thirty I had “lost” the twenty-odd dollars he had given me. I caught the eye of the straw boss, who told me to take forty minutes for lunch. At a drugstore I ordered a chocolate malt, thankful to be sitting down. My back and feet ached. I wondered how I would be able to stand up until two o'clock.

After lunch the straw boss took me to a roulette wheel and asked the dealer to show me how to rack checks. Checks, I learned, were little colored disks—red, white, blue, green, brown, pink, yellow—used to place bets. A stack of twenty cost a dollar. When the ball fell on a number in the wheel the dealer swept all checks

OUR MONEY DOWN, BOYS!"

No dice girl swears, drinks, or is overly familiar with the customers. The low-down on Reno's gambling houses by a girl who knows

BY MARY BARNSLEY

off the board except the winner's. My task was to sort colors and stack them in twenties.

Flora, the dealer, was a brisk gray-haired woman in her fifties. She showed me how to flip checks over in picking them up with both hands; how to make stacks firm and smooth.

"You're new, aren't you?" she asked. "Well, if you don't never meet anybody here worse than I am, you won't get hurt. I never hurt nobody in my life."

Flora had worked at Harold's three years. She had one grandchild. The dream of her life, she said, was to buy a farm and adopt a dozen orphans.

WEARING a green eyeshade above his glasses, Harold came through the crowd toward me.

"Who put you down here? Whenever anybody puts you up front to shill or rack checks, kick him on the shins. I want you to learn dice."

He took me to the busiest dice table and unlatched the chain which held back the crowd from the dealers. "Stand here," he ordered. "Notice how Connie takes in house money first, places her bets, then pays customers. They wait to be paid, but they won't wait for you to get yours. Get your money first."

Take, place, and pay. It sounded easy. But the lightning rapidity of Connie's performance left me bewildered and discouraged. I felt sure I never could learn.

Connie wore a skirt and white blouse. Her co-dealer, Phyllis, had on riding breeches. Both girls, I thought, looked dissipated. So did many other girls. Later I learned that in most cases it was just fatigue. Dice tables were known as woman killers. It is extremely hard work reaching and stretching across the tables, standing up for a seven-day forty-eight-hour week. Within a few weeks, although I slept ten to twelve hours a day, I looked as dissipated as Connie.

Connie and Phyllis were having as much fun as the customers. A good dice dealer enjoys running a brisk game.

"Don't give me no trouble—if you know what I mean!" Phyllis cocked an eyebrow at a man in a plaid shirt and ten-gallon hat.

"Don't *you* give *me* no trouble," he laughed, throwing the dice. "Help me make that ten!"

He rolled seven. "Money down the drain," called Connie, raking in the dice, "cattle on the range!"

"Wahoo!" shouted a man who had won on the come line.

A man wearing a gray suit and hat pushed his way to the table and put down a roll of bills.

"Five hundred," he said. "On the line."

"Fifty's a bet," Connie told him. "That's the limit for this table."

He was insistent, and she called Harold, who tried to persuade him to bet only fifty. The man, whom every one called Red, became argumentative.

"You're the whitest man in this town, Harold," he said. "But I want to bet five hundred." Harold finally agreed.

A woman was shooting the dice. Her point was nine.

"Come on, seven!" Red said.

She laughed. "You want nine. You lose on seven."

"I don't care," Red said. "It's just fun. I bet I have more fun just walkin' down the street than most people do their whole lives."

She rolled a seven. In less than five minutes he lost two thousand dollars. Enough to support a family for a year! I felt a little sick at my stomach.

I was wearing a necklace of foreign coins. Suddenly Red reached across the chain separating me from the players and clutched it. "What's this?" he yelled. "Money?"

Swiftly Connie extricated me. Red strolled away.

"I'll be around in the morning," he said to Phyllis, "to borrow a dime for coffee."

She laughed. "It's a deal."

A few minutes later I saw Harold write a check and give it to Red. He often loaned money to players who went broke.

Three nights later I was dealing. I had an acute attack of stage fright. How could I remember how to pay off the dozens of ways to bet, call the dice and "talk" the game at the same time? Desperately I tried to recall phrases I had heard dealers clip off while I shilled.

"Out now on the main line, coming out for a new point!" My voice sounded unnatural—high, shrill, quavering. "Get your money down in time, boys. Don't get shut out! There's two ways to gamble, they do or they don't—they will or won't. Ten easy. Ten a point."

"Nine," said Blackie, my co-dealer. "You miscalled the dice. That's the worst mistake a dealer can make. Now, then, rake in the dice, lay down your stick. Put your marker on nine. Take in that dollar from

The street entrance to Harold's Club as it looked in the prewar palmy days.

HAROLDS the FRI
HIGH LIMIT

any craps, place that back-line bet behind nine. Then pay the field."

He must have seen how scared I was. "Take it easy," he said kindly. "We expect you to make mistakes at first. Don't worry about talking the game. That'll come to you. Just call the numbers."

I felt as if I were playing a minor role in a movie melodrama, and had forgotten my lines. I half expected to glance up and see Humphrey Bogart and his mob of shifty-eyed henchmen. I did see men who looked as if they belonged in Bogart's mob.

A young corporal was betting heavily and losing. "Here goes one of pa's calves," he said, throwing a twenty-dollar bill in the field. He lost, and put down two twenties. "Here goes one of pa's cows!"

A woman who won fifteen dollars on eleven tossed me a dollar tip. Blackie showed me a little box beneath the money rack. "Dealers put all tips here and split at the end of the shift."

That night I dreamed I was behind the dice table. Twice I woke up saying, "Seven, a front-line winner!"

A list of rules for employees hung beside the time-card rack. Among other things, it stipulated that intoxicated men in the armed forces and minors were not allowed to gamble in the club, and that we were to report any woman who was soliciting. All new employees must be fingerprinted at the sheriff's office.

When I stated my occupation there, the man who took my fingerprints wrote, "Clerk."

"Just before the fingerprint rule for gambling-house employees went into effect," he said, "over forty people left town very sudden."

All dealers at Harold's worked on a straight salary, and their earnings were not affected if the house won or lost. I never saw a dealer try to cheat a customer, but I saw plenty of customers try to cheat.

WHEN I took Connie's place on her lunch hour, she said, "Watch that man in the red shirt. He's trying to pick up back-line bets."

I kept an eye on him, and he didn't get another chance to cheat. But one night I saw a man slip a two-dollar bet on the front line after the dice had rolled and the front line won.

"The dice rolled before you placed your money," I challenged.

"You're crazy," he said angrily. "I had it down long before."

Clem paid the bet. "This time we'll pay you," he said. "But next time get it down sooner."

Later Clem said to me, "If it's a small bet, always pay a customer the first time he puts up an argument. Arguments drive other customers away. Harold would rather lose a few dollars than good will. The sucker will bet it again and lose it anyhow, probably."

Few customers were troublesome. The bouncer, a soft-spoken man who formerly had been on the Los Angeles police force, wore a gun but said that he had never had to use it. He put five or six men, mostly drunks, out of the club every night, but so quietly they seldom attracted attention.

At first I expected to get fired each night. But after five weeks my salary was raised to thirty-five dollars, and the sixth week it was fifty. Because I worked mostly at tables where dimes and quarters were bet, my tips never amounted to more than five or six dollars a week. One girl who dealt at the $200-limit table said she made a hundred a month in tips, in addition to her sixty-dollar weekly salary.

"The way people talk about us makes me laugh," Bernice, a roulette dealer, said one night in the dressing room. "They say that since the Stockade closed, all the girls from there are working at Harold's!"

The Stockade was Reno's legal red-light district, closed when the army built an air base near town.

Most of the girls were amused. One redhead was angry. She said, "I should think they'd realize that girls earning the good salaries we do wouldn't have to do that kind of work!"

MOST customers were pleasant and respectful. But a few propositioned girls during working hours.

"You hadn't ought to work in a joint like this," a man who needed a shave said one night when I was shilling at the Big Six. "Let me stake you." I told him I was crazy about my job.

Another, at the craps table, admired my slack suit. "I'll buy you one just like it, only blue," he whispered, "if you'll come over to my place some time." I gave him a startled glance, and he walked away quickly.

Over a coke at the bar a man started a conversation with "Where did you get those big blue eyes, baby?" Five minutes later he suggested that we get married. "I'm takin' nine hundred a day out of the R—— Mine, sixty miles out on the desert," he said. "I'll give you a thousand a week."

I declined, saying I couldn't cook.

"That's O. K., baby," he said. "We'll eat out."

At the end of ten weeks I told Harold that I was leaving. I felt that I had not become as proficient as he expected, and I was sorry that his naïve faith in a college education was shattered.

When I mentioned this, he smiled. "There are other qualities besides efficiency, Mary. I'm an expert dealer, but customers wouldn't want to play at my table. They think I know too much about the game. Now, you—"

I think I know what he meant. I look like the amateur I am. Customers thought I was so green I couldn't be anything but honest.

The customers were right.

THE END

MATINEE

The old soldier had lived long, but a few short minutes almost broke his heart

THE bus had already pulled away when Old Nate reached the corner. He yelled and frantically waved his son-in-law's hat, but the great gray animal lumbered on down the shady street, and with a fina mocking snuff of the exhaust, disappeared.

Old Nate's heart sank. Dragging a thick silver watch from the pocke of a suit much too large and much too jaunty for such a wizened gnome of a man, Old Nate's drowned blue eyes squinted anxiously. It was five thirty. He would have to reach the Rialto before six o'clock if he was ever to see the picture for which he had waited so impatiently so long.

For this was the last day of Gone with the Wind, that epic of a war in which Old Nate himself had fought. When it had first played a the Palace on Main Street it had been for the appalling admission o a dollar and a half. "You can go later, pa, when it comes back," his daughter had promised. But the nex time it had shown for seventy-five cents, which was still too much, his daughter and her husband had agreed. "It'll come again," they said

Now the picture was nearly two years old. It would probably never return again—not even to the Rialto for the final humble price of twenty-five cents, matinee.

Old Nate calculated. It would be twenty minutes before another bus came along. He could be almost to town by then, if he walked fast and cut through the park.

Jamming the dapper straw sailor ludicrously atop his little bald white-fringed head, he took a firmer grip on his cane and set off, bending slightly forward in his haste. His great beak of nose and ferocious mustache, from which a meek little chin had backed away, bobbed and pecked at the air as he pattered along. The cane, too, tapped smartly and rhythmically at the walk, like a paddle pushing space behind it.

It was a hot afternoon and his son-in-law's shoes were tight. When Old Nate heard the next bus roaring up from behind, he was tempted to flag it down and ride, after all. But he was reluctant to part with the nickel, now that he had already

RICE

MARJORIE HOLMES

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

walked so far. It would buy him an ice-cream cone to cool him off in the show. Stimulated by the thought, Old Nate quickened his pace.

He was mopping his streaming face with a handkerchief as he came panting up to the box office. "One," he said eagerly, putting down his quarter. Heat and haste and his excitement made spots before his eyes. "One, please," he repeated, for the girl was reaching up, turning a little crank, and he was afraid she hadn't heard. "Hot, ain't it?" he apologized, clutching the cool marble ledge for support.

Now the girl became aware of him. She lowered her hands and her eyes and coldly regarded Old Nate's quarter. Her polished fingertips poised upon the lever that would make his ticket snap forth. "Forty cents, please."

Old Nate's meek little jaw dropped. He stared at her with his faded blue eyes. "But—but I thought—the paper said—"

"Twenty-five cents is our matinee price." The girl glanced at the clock overhead. "It's two minutes after six o'clock."

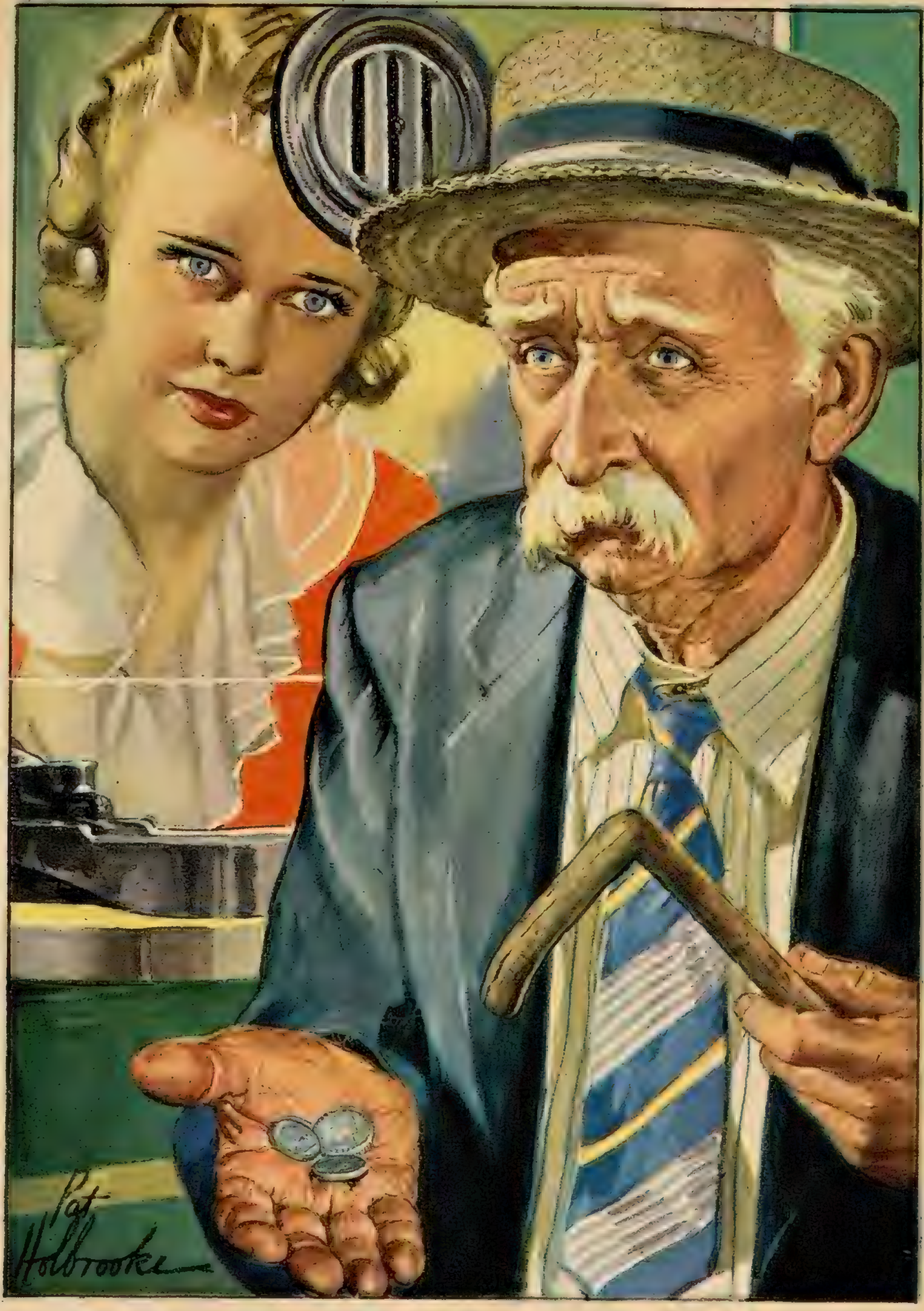
Old Nate stood there a minute, still clutching the shelf. Amazed incredulity was on his face. Then, hitching the cane up under an arm, he groped in his pockets and brought out the two nickels which were to have been his bus fare and laid them beside the quarter. "I—I got thirty-five cents," he said in a shamed and hopeful tone.

"Sorry, but all seats in the house are now forty cents."

Old Nate still didn't move. He seemed unable to comprehend that his long-awaited adventure was not to be his, after all. He felt tired and old and hot and sick with disappointment, sick clean through.

Then a blast of cold air from the cooling system, as a patron came out, revived him. He was suddenly mad. The ferocious nose and mustache jutted forth. "But I *fit* in that war!" he insisted with righteous indignation. "And I—I been waitin' two years."

The girl leaned forward. Her voice and her young painted mask of indifference softened. "I'm sorry, gramp," she said. "Honest I am. But this is my first day on this job and I don't dare risk losing it. You see, I'm broke—so broke I haven't even got a nickel I could lend you."



"That's all right," he said. "You ain't responsible. Thanks just the same."

Old Nate nodded. His hand shook as he reached for the coins, and his thick fingers, clumsy with age and apoplexy, had difficulty picking them up. "Oh, sure, that's all right," he said. "You ain't responsible. Thanks just the same."

Old Nate shuffled over to the display boards, stared blindly at Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable for a minute, then started slowly down the street.

"Oh, Miss Marshall"—a young man with glasses had just come into the box office from the rear—"I think we forgot to tell you that in honor of Memorial Day, any soldiers are to be admitted as guests of the house."

"Soldiers?" She turned about to stare up at him. "Do you mean old soldiers too, old veterans?"

"Old soldiers? Good Lord, are there any of those left?"

"There was one, just a moment ago. He lacked a nickel of having enough money and I—I turned him away." The girl sprang up. Her face was anxious. "Mr. Blair, I know I'm new here and you'll think I've got a nerve—but if you'll excuse me a minute I think I can catch him. He can't have gone far."

The man glanced at his wrist watch and then at the clock overhead. "O. K.," he said. "And while you're gone I'll set that clock back. It's been running fast all day."

THE END

Do you feel fagged out on the job? Science tells how you can avoid fatigue—and at the same time work faster and better

DON'T TIRE YOURSELF

BY GRETTA PALMER

Music while they work increases production and cuts down fatigue.

SCIENCE is outwitting fatigue! Industrial researchers have explored the most economical and least tiring way of performing practically every operation any of us do for hire. What they have found out can help you to do your work more pleasantly and efficiently—whether you're a housewife or a student, a salesman or a man in overalls.

First of all, are you happy? Scientific tests have proved that happiness among workers is the best known way of boosting production.

At the Jack & Heintz Company factories in Ohio, for example, almost everything that makes for irritation and discontent among workers has been removed. There are no time clocks. Nobody is docked for tardiness. You can smoke and talk all you like at your work. Every one is given free medical and dental care, free anti-cold and vitamin tablets, free coffee, free candy bars. And every one calls the foremen and executives by their first names.

The result? The happiest lot of employees in the United States, if they're measured by results; for the Jack & Heintz plants turn out more goods per worker than any other factory in the country!

Interest in one's work is another important factor in efficiency and the fighting off of fatigue. That's one reason why industrialists try not to put a man to work at a job which is below his capacities. Dr. A. T. Poffenberger, the psychologist, reports on a study in which men were first tested for intelligence and then for rapid performance of a dull, repetitious factory operation. To the highly intelligent man, this task was so boring that they made lower records than dull workers—although in spurts they showed their ability to make the highest records.

So if you are not getting along as fast in your job as your competitor, who seems a little dull to you—if you finish the housework an hour later than your empty-headed neighbor next door—maybe it's because the tasks are too small to command your best efforts. Better set your standards high enough to make your job harder, and therefore more interesting!

The atmosphere in which you do your work may be tiring you unnecessarily. The Du Pont Company recently announced the results of its new scientific paint jobs in war plants. After increasing visibility by having everything colored in soft light shades, production went up in all cases, with less fatigue and fewer accidents.

Another new wrinkle in work engineering is the use of music. Yes, the schoolboy who insists that he studies his algebra better with the radio turned on may be telling the truth! Radio Corporation of America now has an Industrial Music Division, which serves several thousand war plants with jazz, piped into the production rooms to increase output and cut down fatigue. Music keeps the worker amused and it probably sets up a rhythm which makes his motions smoother and easier. Output in British factories has been increased between 11 and 20 per cent since work has been accompanied by music. There is one tune that has been barred from all factories, after bitter experience—Deep in the Heart of Texas: everybody stopped work to clap!

Have you ever looked at your desk or kitchen with the cold, critical eye of an efficiency expert? Some time ago the Brooklyn Gas Company set up a model kitchen. Measurements of the movements made by a woman baking a cake in this kitchen demonstrated that she saved more than 200 steps—just by having the needed materials within easy reach of a single working position. And experiments made by Lillian Gilbreth, the industrial engineer, once showed that there was a 50-per-cent increase in speed of clerical work when slight changes were made in the height and slope of the working surface.

Keeping yourself physically fit, of course, will greatly help you fight fatigue. British experience points to the fifty-six-hour week as the most productive. Any self-employed man or harassed housewife who works more hours than this is probably paying the price in reduced efficiency, bad health, fatigue. A rearrangement of the schedule to cut down on the hours of work will usually result in a greater performance at less cost.

But even in the best arranged working week the performance of a task drains off some of the early-morning energy, leaving you a less productive person as the day goes on. This is true of both mental and physical work.

The same loss of buoyancy occurs throughout the week. Monday morning the workman is slow in getting back into his stride. By Monday afternoon he's going great guns, and on Tuesday he accomplishes more than on any other day. From then on his output is a little less every day, reaching a low on Saturday.

So if you have an important job to do, it's best to tackle it on Monday afternoon or Tuesday.

Many scientific studies show that if a man is allowed a breathing spell, to recover from a slight tiredness, he will accomplish much more than if he works through the day, without relief, allowing his tiredness to pile up. Scientists recommend for most factory operations that one sixth of the day should be spent in short rest periods.

Proper posture and sensible clothes

(*Continued on page 52*)

INTO THE VALLEY

THIS I IS A
War Book Panel
Imperative
Endorsed by the Council
on Books in Wartime

By JOHN HERSEY

This is the second book to be named an "Imperative" by the Council on Books in Wartime. The first was They Were Expendable.

When a book is awarded the "I" you see at the left, it means that the Council considers it essential to America's war effort — a book, in short, which every American should read.

Liberty is proud to present Into the Valley to its readers — a fine, stirring book about Americans fighting.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK
CHAPMAN

ON the eighth day of October in the first year of our war, I went down into a valley with Captain Charles Rigaud of the United States Marines. A small skirmish took place down there.

The valley was on Guadalcanal Island, but it might have been anywhere.

The skirmish was just an episode in an insignificant battle. The whole battle, which lasted three days, did not bring as much reward to our arms as several other battles on that island and elsewhere have done.

But the battle, and especially the skirmish with Rigaud, illustrated how war feels to men everywhere. The terrain, the weapons, and the races of war vary, but certainly never the sensations, except in degree, for they are as universal as those of love.

This book is an attempt to recapture the feelings of Rigaud, his men, and myself when we went into that jungle valley. If people in their homes could feel those feelings for an hour, or even just know about them, I think we would be an inch or two closer to winning the war and trying like hell to make the peace permanent.

The characters of this book all are or were real men, and any resemblance to characters of fiction is purely coincidental. In order to spare the feelings of next of kin, I have changed the names of three men—the ones who are called in this book Utley, Bauer, and O'Brien.

The action was called the Third Battle of the Matanikau River. Few Americans have ever heard of the Matanikau River, to say nothing of its Third Battle. The river is a light brown stream winding through a jungle valley about five miles west of Henderson Field. When I arrived on Guadalcanal, our forces did not hold positions out to the Matanikau. The Japs were moving up in some strength, evidently to try to establish their bridgehead—the first in a series of heavy moves against our camp. It became imperative for our troops to push to the river and force the enemy back beyond it before it was too late.

The first two battles of the Matanikau River had been earlier attempts to do just that. In the first one, the

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marines tried to do the job frontally, but their force was too small. In the second, they tried a tactic of encirclement, but again not enough men were thrown into action. This third time, with the enemy constantly growing in strength, there could be no question of failing. . . .

“AWRIGHT! Reveille! It’s six o’clock. Come on, fellas, all out. Reveille!”

Although it was just barely light, it did not take much persuasion to start the men in Colonel Amor Leroy Sims’ camp stirring. They wandered out to brush their teeth, to shave, to start cramming things into their packs, to polish their already polished rifles.

As the units began lining up to move out, the first artillery barrage broke out. At eight-thirty the column started to move. We had a good long hike ahead of us. Colonel Sims’ encampment was about eight miles from the Matanikau, but terrain would force the column to move at least fifteen miles before contact.

The first sensation when we began to move against the enemy was one of great elation. In the marines, this came out as boasting.

“We’re not so dumb,” one said. “We don’t own this lousy island, and we don’t want to own it, never. All we want is to knock the hell out of these Japs.”

Another said, “And we will, you can bet your shirt we will.”

A third chimed in, “When you get a little farther out, you’ll begin to smell the dead Japs we’ve left up in the trees and on the ridges.”

For a time the column wound through thick jungle, then emerged on a grassy plain edged by a kind of Great Wall of steep bare ridges. Just before we reached the first of the ridges, Colonel Sims turned in his position at the head of the column and said, “Ten-minute break. Get off the road, spread right out.”

Lieutenant Colonel Julian Frisbie, Colonel Sims’ hulking executive officer, sat cross-legged in the grass and thundered at me, “Would you like to hear about our plan of operation?

“It is a very simple scheme,” he explained. “We know that the Japs have moved up into positions on the other side of the mouth of the Matanikau. Perhaps some of them have already crossed to this side. Our aim is to cut off and kill or capture as many as we can. Those we don’t pocket we must drive back.

“Edson—that’s Colonel Merritt Edson, who trained the first marine raiders—will push a holding attack to the river right at its mouth, and try to make the Japs think that we intend to force a crossing there. Whaling actually will force a crossing quite a little higher up, and then will wheel downstream beside the river. Hanneken will lead part of our force through behind Whaling, will go deeper than Whaling, and then cut right. Then Puller will go through deeper yet and cut right too. If necessary, another force will go around by sea in Higgins boats and land behind the Japs to close the trap.

“This is very much like a plan Lee used at the Chickahominy, when he had Magruder make a demonstration south of the river, and sent D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, and Longstreet across at successive bridges, with Jackson closing the trap at the rear. We aren’t sending the units in with quite the same pattern, but it’s the same general idea. The advantage of our scheme is that Whaling goes in, and if he finds the going impossible, we haven’t yet committed Hanneken and Puller, and we can revise our tactics. I think it’ll work.

“All up! Let’s go!”

The column started sluggishly up again. It wound up over the ridges and out into the beginnings of no man’s land. After we came out on the last and highest ridge, Colonel Sims and I walked by a short cut down to a coastwise road. We commandeered a jeep and rode forward as far as we could. This coast sector was where Colonel Edson, past master of the bush, was staging his holding attack. We asked our way to his command post.

Colonel Edson is not a fierce marine. In fact, he appears almost shy. Yet Colonel Edson is probably among the five finest combat commanders in all the American armed forces. “I hope the Japs will have some respect for American fighting men after this campaign,” he says, so quietly you have to lean forward to catch it all. “I certainly have learned respect for the Japs. What they have done is to take Indian warfare and apply it to the twentieth century. They use all the Indian tricks to demoralize their enemy. They’re good, all right, but”—Colonel Edson’s voice trails off to an embarrassed whisper—“I think we’re better.”

Edson’s forward command post stood in the last of the palm trees, and consisted of a fox hole and a field telephone slung on a coconut tree. As we came up, he was sitting on the ground, hunched over, talking to one of his units on the phone.

When he was through phoning, Sims asked him what his situation was. “Only slight contact so far,” he said. “We’ve met about a company of Japs on this side of the river, and they seem to be pretty well placed.”

“I hope the muzzlers aren’t pulling back,” Sims said.

“Don’t think so. They seem to have some mortars on the other side of the river, and I think they’re pretty solid over there.”

For the next two hours and more we were to witness some waiting which was nearly disastrous to the general plan. The waiting was caused by the watering of our force. The men had hiked more than ten miles under a broiling sun, and most had emptied their canteens. No one was certain when there would be another chance to water up—and water is the most precious commodity in human endurance. Therefore it was extremely important for the men to fill up.

The disaster was the way they filled up. The water source was a big trailer tank, which had been towed out from the camp by a truck. The tank had only one faucet, and each man had to file by, turn the faucet on, hold his canteen under it, and turn it off again. This took time, far too much time.

WHILE the slow line moved by the tank, the men did not look like people about to be offered up for sacrifice. On the contrary, they looked like Americans waiting for a ball game to start, or merely getting rid of Saturday afternoon.

The only intense scene I saw in the whole two hours of watering was a boy sitting beside the road reading what must have been ten large pages of closely packed writing. The paper was crumpled and soiled: obviously he had read the letter right into his memory. After he finished this time, he tore the pages in two, then tore the halves into quarters, and kept on tearing until there was a pathetic little confetti pile of farewell beside that Guadal road.

We turned off the beach road and cut up through a jungle defile parallel to the Matanikau. Now we were really moving into position, and word was passed that we must be on the lookout for snipers. The trail led us constantly upward. Occasionally we would break out onto a grassy knoll, then plunge back into the jungle.

By three-fifteen our column had emerged on the crest a broad and fairly high ridge which looked down over the whole area of battle. It was here that I first came to understand the expression "the fog of war." We thought we knew where we were, then found we didn't, then found it wasn't too easy to find out. All around us there was a maze of ridges like ours fringed with scallops of jungle. The Matanikau was hidden from our view by ridges, so that we were not very sure of its course.

Fortunately we were high enough to see the coast line: we could figure out where we were by triangulation.

Lieutenant Colonel Puller's men were following us up the trail. When Colonel Sims found where we were, he told Colonel Puller that we would have to push on, even though darkness might shut down before we got to the prearranged bivouac.

As we moved forward, the high flat snap of Jap snipers' rifles became more and more frequent. Once in a while, from nowhere, a lone bullet would sing over our heads, and hundreds of men would involuntarily duck, even though the bullet was long past. The worst seemed to come from a valley ahead and to the left of us. Down there Whaling was trying to force his way through to the river, and his men were meeting not only sniper fire but occasional machine-gun and mortar fire. When I looked at the faces of a handful of Colonel Sims' young men, who by now were already friends of mine—C. B., Bill, Ralph, Irving, Ted—I saw that they were no longer boastful joking lads. The music in that valley made them almost elderly.

OUR bivouac for the night was on a ridge right above the valley, and we hardly had time to set up our radio equipment and to get the field telephone working when the walking wounded began to dribble up the awful incline out of the valley: young fellows with bandages wrapped scarflike around their necks, or with arms in slings, or with shirts off and a huge red-and-white patch on the chest. They struggled up that forty-five-degree slope, absolutely silent about what they had seen and how they felt, most with a cigarette dangling lifelessly, perhaps unlit, out of one corner of the mouth, their eyes varnished over with pain.

Near the equator the sun rises at about six and sets at about six all year round. By a quarter past six that night it was nearly dark. An overcast was settling down; it looked like rain.

Gradually our bivouac settled down for the night. The men snuggled down into whatever comfortable spots they could find. They couldn't find many, because Guadal's ridges came up, once upon a time, out of the sea, and their composition is nine tenths crumbled coral —not the stuff of beauty rest.

C. B. had had the sense, as I had not, to look for a comfortable bed before it got pitch dark. The spot he picked was at the military crest: not on top of the ridge, but a little down the side—so that we would not be silhouetted at dawn, and so that sniper fire from the opposite side of the ridge could not reach us. Somehow he had found a place about twelve feet wide and six feet long where the coral was quite finely crumbled. When he heard me stumbling around and cursing coral, he called me over. I took off my pack and my canteen, folded my poncho double, and settled down.

After a while C. B. started talking about the enemy. "They're full of tricks," he said. "You'll see that when you go into the jungle after them. They hide up in the trees like wildcats. Sometimes when they attack they scream like a bunch of terrified cattle in a slaughterhouse. Other times they come on so quiet they wouldn't scare a snake. One of their favorite tricks is to fire their machine guns off to one side. That starts you shooting. Then they start their main fire under the noise of your own shooting. Sometimes they use firecrackers as a diversion. Other times they jaber to cover the noise of their men cutting through the underbrush with machetes. You've probably heard about their using white surrender flags to suck us into traps. We're onto that one now. . . ."

And suddenly, like a child falling off in the middle of a bedtime story, C. B. was breathing hard and regularly. From then on, the night was in my hands, and I didn't like it.

My bedroom was the hollow empty sky, and every once in a while a 105-mm. shell would scream in one window and out the other. We lay within two hundred yards of where the shells were landing, and we heard the peculiar drilling sound you get only on the receiving end of artillery fire. All through the night snipers took pot shots at the ridges.

It was five in the morning before I dropped off. At five-thirty it started raining, and I woke up again. So did all the marines. The poncho helped, but rain infiltrates better than the Japs. Soon a spot here, a patch there, got wet. With the damp came chills, and before long there were a lot of miserable marines. The only consolation was that across the way there were undoubtedly a lot of miserable Japs.

The artillery and plane barrage that morning was a grim show from our grandstand ridge. The climax of the show was when two TBFs, the navy's most graceful planes, came over and dropped two strings of hundred-pound bombs. From our ridge we could see the bombs leave their bays, describe their parabola, and fall, terribly, exactly where they were intended to fall. All along our ridge and the next the marines stood up and cheered.

All the morning, while time seemed so important to a layman, we waited. The plan was for Whaling to force his crossing, after which Sims' men, under Hanneken and Puller, would follow through.

We settled down to wait for Whaling to have success. A few of us crept out on a knoll which towered above the river itself; we could look down on the area where Whaling's men were doing their bitter work, and we could hear the chatter of their guns, but we could see no movement, so dense was the growth. In mid-morning we did see seven Japs running away up a burnt-off ridge across from us. A machine gun about twenty feet from us snapped at their heels, and they dived for cover. "How do you like the sound of that gun?" crowed one of the gunners. "That's the best damn gun in the regiment—in the Corps, for that matter."

At 11.40 A. M. the first of Whaling's men appeared on the ridges across the river. A signalman semaphored back the identification of the unit, so that we would not fire on them. At 11.45 A. M. Whaling sent a message back that the crossing had been secured. Colonel Hanneken's men began to move.

CAPTAIN CHARLES ALFRED RIGAUD, standing there in the drizzle about to lead his heavy machine-gun company into an impossible situation, looked like anything except a killer who took no prisoners. He had a boy's face. There were large dark circles of weariness and worry under his eyes. His mustache was not quite convincing.

We stood on a high grassy ridge above a three-hundred-foot cliff, across from another, similar ridge. Between the two ridges lay the impossibility: a valley of unbelievably thick jungle. In the valley there was a little stream which ran into the Matanikau River.

I had walked along the ridge asking the men of the company who their commanding officer was.

They had said, "The captain, along the line there."

It was not easy to find him, because all the officers had removed insignia from their uniforms: the shiny little bars might catch snipers' eyes.

When I finally came on him, he was talking quietly to a couple of his platoon leaders. I was surprised that such a slight fragile body, with shoulders so stooped and such a soft voice, should be the commander.

I asked, "Are you the captain?"

"I am Rigaud," he said.

"Where are you headed?"

"Down there." He pointed into the valley. "Our mission is to clear the valley of snipers, get to the river, and force a crossing."

"Is that a tough assignment?"

Captain Rigaud looked as if he thought it would be, but he said, "Whaling's outfit has already crossed the river farther up, and they're supposed to be working around behind the Japs opposite here. If we catch 'em between two fires, it ought to be easy."

Captain Rigaud had no way of knowing that Whaling's force was going to run into trouble as it tried to outflank the Japs—and that therefore Rigaud's mission in the valley was to be doomed before it got very far under way.

I asked if I could go along with him.

"You can go if you want to," he said, as if any one who would want to was crazy. My valor was certainly of ignorance; if I had had any understanding of what Company H might meet, I never would have gone along.

WHAT happened to Company H in that valley happened in the particular way it did because of the particular kind of person Captain Rigaud was. In the valley I found out what the surface of him was like; since then I have learned a few details of what was underneath.

About nine and one half thousand miles to the northeast of the valley on Guadal there is a house on a small farm within the corporation of the village of Oriskany Falls, New York. Except for one, the rooms of this house are all on one floor, and they include a living room, dining room, kitchen, and three bedrooms. One small bedroom is located upstairs. Rig's room was a good-sized bedroom in the right rear corner of the house.

There used to be music in the house. Rig began to play the violin when he was seven years old. Later he carried his violin back and forth to school and played in the orchestra there, and then he went for lessons about twenty miles, into Utica, at the Conservatory of Music.

He liked both classical music and dance music. He played with the Oriskany Falls Church Civic Orchestra, but he also used to play very gaily at dances at the Falls and over at Franklin Springs.

Rig liked dances very much. He liked girls very much, and they liked him. He never had any trouble getting dances. But he never did seem to get serious about any one girl. He never talked seriously about marriage and such, because he wanted to do certain things in life first.

He was very ambitious. He would work for a dollar wherever he could get it. He used to work as a gas-station attendant for the uncle of his chum, Charles Engle; he mowed lawns around the town, and he would wash windows for Mr. Covell, the stationmaster.

And he took his work in high school quite seriously. For all four years his marks were over ninety. But he wasn't stuck in the mud. He always found time for a laugh, and he was always planning something. He called Charles Engle "Mac," and he would always be saying, "Mac, let's go to the dance at Madison," or "Let's go roller skating," or "Let's go have a good old wiener roast," for he always had a suggestion.

His favorite sports were not of the usual kind, although he played an average game of basketball. What he liked best was to be outdoors.

Rig was right at home on a horse's back, and for several years he had a pure white pony named Queenie. After that, he and Mac used to go over to a near-by farmer in Pleasant Valley who had riding horses.

The two friends used to go hunting together. They used to put a coin against a tree and shoot at it, and Rig proved to be a crack shot. He loved to go after pheasant, which he would do with the help of an English setter, Bessie, who adored him.

Besides all the play, though, there was quite a bit of work around home. His father kept four or five cows, and they had to be filled up and drained all the time. And there were things to do in the house, helping his mother. Fortunately there were the others—Ralph and Sidney and Helen and Phyllis—to lend their hands, too.

It had been Rig's ambition to go to West Point. "He had the brains," they say at the Falls, "but not the drag. That is the trouble with our country today. They don't pick a man on his merits; it's just who he knows." And so when the West Point thing fell through, he picked the Forestry College at Syracuse. At Syracuse he worked very hard, especially on his R. O. T. C. course. He graduated as a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

But he had his heart set on the marines. He went down to New York to take his physicals, passed them, and went off to Philadelphia for basic training. He graduated as a second lieutenant of marines in the month when the Nazis broke through into the Lowlands.

Everybody in Oriskany Falls thought that the marines were very good for Rig, and his close friends knew that he was good for the marines. When he came home, he looked so spruce and neat and confident.

Of course it was very hard when he had to go away for good. A lot of people missed him around the town—girls as well as boys. But most of all, of course, his mother missed him. She continued to be very brave, for she could see the constant danger of his life, and yet she would not show her concern.

He was really something to be proud of, after all. "Well," he wrote in one of his letters, "as you probably have suspected, I am a true veteran now. I have been through Tulagi and Guadalcanal, which no doubt you have read about. And we really slapped the Japs. That's about all I can tell you of the operation."

And later: "I am alive and well and after what I've seen that is the most you can ask for. Don't worry about me. I am having fun and getting campaign ribbons. I was recommended for decoration on Tulagi."

CAPTAIN RIGAUD'S company was a veteran unit. His boys were blooded. They had been in every battle so far, and with the possible exception of Edson's Raiders, a gang of bush-fighting specialists, there was no unit which had been in such tough spots. They had learned that war is a hard bargainer: for a handful of minor successes they had had to pay dearly—twenty-two young unfulfilled lives.

They were proud of their toughness, and while Captain Rigaud went up and down the line giving quiet orders for the descent, two noncoms took me in hand to make sure that I understood their worth.

"You should've seen where they put us that awful night on Lunga Ridge when the Japs almost got through to the airfield," one said.

"We was on the Tenaru River, too," said another. "That was where we really laid 'em out in stacks."

"They always send us in for the mean jobs," said the first.

It would be unfair to say that there was fear on any of these faces. But neither was there elation. There certainly was weariness. In the last war men were almost never in front lines more than two weeks, but these boys had arrived on August 7, and this was October 8, and every inch of the Guadal beachhead had been front line all along. On top of that they had slept one night in the field, tossing restlessly on stones and their anxiety. There was also hunger visible there. In two days they had eaten, at most, two units of Ration C and two of D—thirty ounces of meat and vegetable hash or stew, straight from the can, cold; eight ounces (equal to 600 calories) of chocolate, sugar, skim-milk powder, cocoa fat, oat flour, vanillin, and 500 units of thiamin hydrochloride (vitamin B_1), sweet but dry as peanut butter.

But the truth on those faces was not just a physical thing. It was some shadow out of the mind, an uneasiness. It was a positive sign that if some lieutenant colonel had come up and given them their choice between going into that valley or going home, they would have said the hell with the valley.

That is what Company H was like, ready for action.

"THE first platoon will go first. Third platoon follow. Headquarters next. Second platoon in the rear."

Captain Rigaud spoke his orders quietly, as if commenting on the weather. The company was scattered out along about two hundred yards of trail, and when the orders were passed, they rearranged themselves without hurry or excitement.

It surprised me to learn that we were going to advance in single file, as I had always pictured troops sneaking through the jungle in parallel waves. Later, when we got down into the valley, it was easy to see why we marched in Indian file. In order not to spend all day moving a hundred yards in that tangle, it was essential to stick to the trail. The trail was very narrow, and most of the time it had the stream on one side and a sudden upward steep on the other.

When the line was formed, Captain Rigaud moved up and down, not saying much, just looking his men over. When he reached the head of the line, one of the platoon leaders asked, "Where do you want us to start down?"

"What's the matter with right here?" Captain Rigaud pointed over the edge.

Three or four men moved forward, craned, and came back.

"Awful steep, captain," one said.

"The ammunition's awful heavy," another said.

"No use to break our necks getting to the Japs, captain," the platoon leader said. "Don't you think we better go around there, where we can go down a little easier?" He pointed to a bend in the ridge which was actually farther from the enemy than where we were then.

"O. K.," Captain Rigaud said. "But let's get going."

He took his place with the headquarters group, and I fell in right behind him. The line started up slowly, walking at the apparently careless pace of men carrying heavy burdens. Our path wound along the military crest—just a few feet over the side from the top of the ridge.

I WAS glad that the path climbed to the top of the ridge at a spot where the ridge itself took a little rise: it gave me one last chance to see the view before going down into the valley. It was like a last deep breath of good air before diving into a dark stagnant pool.

The jungle below looked especially dark and confined. On the way up to the front we had come through patches of jungle, and it had seemed alien, almost poisonous. It was lush without being beautiful; there were no flowers, and the smell of the place was dank rather than sweet. Each time we came out into the light on the grassy knolls, we breathed deeply and more easily. These open spaces were our natural terrain. They were American; the jungle was Jap.

I found that these reactions were not just mine. All through the battle the Americans tended to stick to the grassy heights, the Japs to the jungle valleys. Of course, each had to explore the other's domain. The marines had to descend into the snarl and clean out the Japs, as we were about to do; and the Japs, when they wanted to strike back, had to charge the hills. Each side derived certain advantages from following its bent. On the ridges, the Americans could dominate the jungle with their fire power, and they could see what was going on. In the jungle, the Japs could hide themselves in ambush, and they could lead the Americans into easy traps.

Now, as we went over the edge of the ridge into the distasteful place below, I couldn't help wondering what Rigaud's men were thinking about. I was miserably green and had no idea what to expect. This was fortunate, for it kept me from being afraid. Mostly I was curious, inquisitive. I was almost elated over the prospect of being baptized in fire; I felt that I was going to have a great experience. But Company H had had this experience. They were veterans and would have no use for such thoughts.

Probably many of them were afraid, since they had the necessary knowledge. Many of them probably had brief thoughts, as I did, of home. But what I really wondered was whether any of them gave a single thought to what the hell this was all about. Did these men who might be about to die have any war aims? What were they fighting for, anyway?

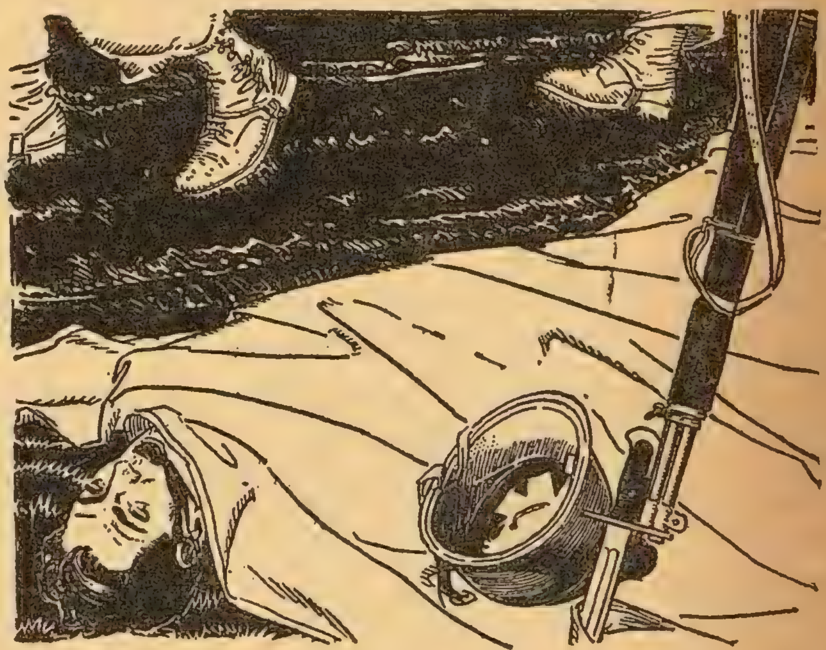
Not only down the first slippery steep but far along the trail into the jungle I wondered about this, until I asked, and got a strange answer, as you will see.

BY the time this heavily loaded company had tramped and slid and stumbled in the rain down the grassy pass into the valley, there was nothing left of the forty-five-degree slope but a muddy slick, in which there could be no such thing as a foothold. Several men crashed to the ground and skidded with their burdens as much as twenty feet.

The jungle was narrow at the point where we entered, and fairly thin. The little stream, which we were going to cross and recross, cut through this thin place with quick little rapids.

Our column moved in absolute silence. It is impossible to describe the creepy sensation of walking through that empty-looking but crowded-seeming jungle.

What made it eerie was that the jungle was far from silent. The birds whose cries had sounded so cheerful from the heights were terrifying now. Parakeets and macaws screeched from nowhere. There was one bird with an altogether unmusical call which sounded exactly like a man whistling shrilly through his fingers three times—and then another, far off in Japanese territory, would answer. The stream made a constant noise and an annoying one. It seemed terribly important to listen for the enemy (as if the Japs would be so stupid as to crackle through the underbrush), but the stream's continuous chatter made that impossible in any case. Off and on we could hear the noises of our own power—planes and artillery—far above the jungle roof. These should have been encouraging noises; up on the ridges they had been. But down here the noises were merely weird—the eccentric whir of the strafing P-39s, sounding as if some big cog in each engine were unlubricated; the soft fluttery sound of shells in flight, like the noise a man would make if he were to blow through a keyhole.



Tiny noises became exaggerated in our minds. Drops of accumulated drizzle would crash down onto fallen leaves like heavy footfalls. The click of a canteen cover belonging to one of our own men at some point where the trail doubled back beyond a screen of jungle sounded like a whole machine gun being set up. And then when some really big noise would break out—a dead tree falling over, at this of all times—our whole column would jump with caricatured vigilance.

CAPTAIN RIGAUD leaned forward and whispered to the man in front of him, who leaned forward in turn and whispered to the next man.

Then Captain Rigaud turned to me and whispered, "Pass the word to keep five paces."

I didn't quite understand what he meant and said so.

Patiently he whispered, "I want the men to keep five paces apart, so as not to get all bunched up and give snipers big targets."

And so the message hissed forward and backward along the line in a whisper:

"Keep five paces."

"Keep five paces."

"Keep five paces. . . ."

In news accounts of the fighting on Bataan I had read about the ingenious ways in which Jap snipers hid themselves in the trees: dressed all in green, hands and face painted green, foliage caught in head nets and slung from the waist—all made to look exactly like parts of the trees into which they were tied once and for all. All along the way I saw bunches up in the trees and could only hope they were not human; there was absolutely no way of telling. During one halt I noticed a hollow in one huge tree trunk, and in the hollow what seemed to be the head and left shoulder of a man, and below that a small point which I imagined to be a muzzle. In trying to make sure, I showed myself, and drew no fire. I'm still not sure, in the light of what happened later, that that shape was not a Japanese shape.

Now I comprehended for the first time why the marines had been taking so few prisoners. It was not just that the boys were trigger-happy, as one had boasted. It was not just brutality, not just vindictive remembrance of Pearl Harbor. Here in the jungle a marine killed because he must, or be killed. He stalked the enemy, and the enemy stalked him, as if each were a hunter tracking a bear cat.

I remembered what a marine had said to me back in the comfort of the camp: "I wish we were fighting against Germans. They are human beings, like us. Fighting against them must be like an athletic performance—matching your skill against some one you know is good. Germans are misled, but at least they react like men. But the Japs are like animals. Against them you have to learn a whole new set of physical reactions. You have to get used to their animal stubbornness and tenacity. They take to the jungle as if they had been bred there, and, like some beasts, you never see them until they are dead."

When we had entered the first thick stretch of jungle, I could have imagined no greater tenseness. But as we sneaked forward, the feeling steadily increased. When the next word was passed along the line, there was a little climax of tenseness. This message came back from the head of the column and must have been originated by the platoon leader there.

The word came slowly, in whispers, for it was a long message:

"Keep sharp lookout to right and to left."

"Keep sharp lookout to right and to left."

"Keep sharp lookout to right and to left. . . ."

As if we had to be told! After this word, another kind of message came back along the line: the tiny clicks of bullets being slipped into the chambers of weapons.

Unfortunately for my sense of security, there is a thing called the Geneva Convention, which the United States humanely (and out of fear of reprisal) still observes. Under it, correspondents are noncombatants, and travel armed at their own risk. I would have felt more comfortable in that valley near the breech of some 155-mm. howitzer, I think. As it was, the nearest weapon of any consequence was Captain Rigaud's Browning, which he held over his left arm, ready for instant use.

IT was probably because I was a bad soldier, and looked at the ground rather than up in the trees, that I stumbled on my first really tangible evidence of the enemy.

We were moving very slowly now. It seemed strange to me to be walking erect. I had imagined men in the jungle slithering along on their bellies, or at least creeping along on all fours, like animals; but we didn't even stoop.

Each man studied every tree. The marines, looking up, walked with sure feet, as if some extra sense told them where each hummock and tricky root lay in the trail. After a couple of stumbles which were as humiliating as they were noisy, I learned to watch my step.

While watching it, at a point where a huge tree trunk pressed close against the trail, I saw what appeared to be a bunched piece of green cloth, about the size of a handkerchief, lying on the ground. I picked it up and found it was a sniper's head net.

It was made of light green cord, and looked like a small minnow net. Leaves and little branches had evidently been stuck in the holes, for some of the strings were torn.

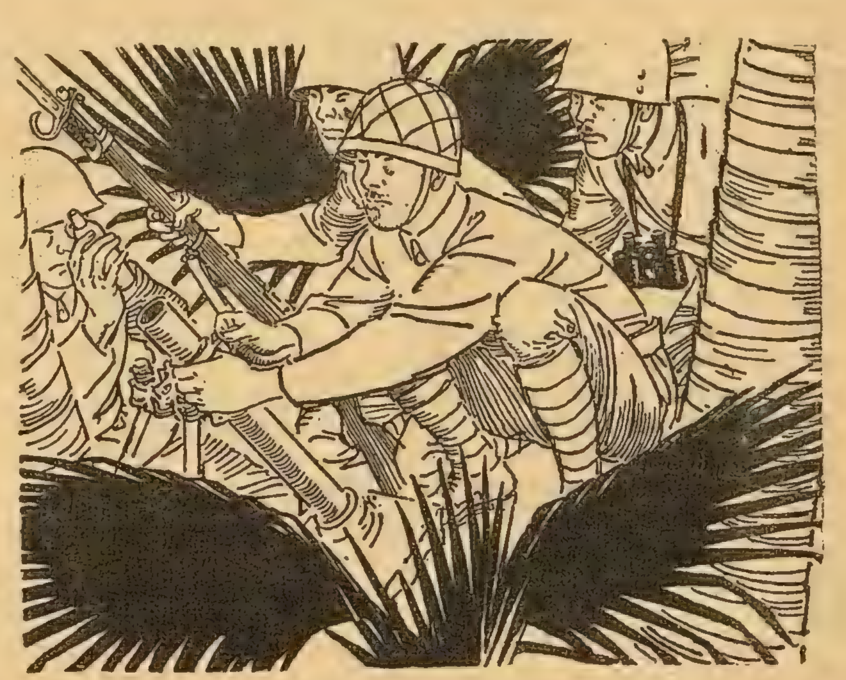
I touched Captain Rigaud on the arm and held out the net for him to see. Without changing the look of his face, he merely nodded and shaped one soundless word with his lips: "Jap."

Belatedly it occurred to me to look up in the tree. No one was there. The owner of the head net had evidently taken himself off in a hurry. We wondered if he had heard us and been intimidated by our numbers; or perhaps he had gone back to warn his companions.

This thing in my hand, this symbol of the animal wiles our men find so hard to understand, brought me for the first time face to face with the enemy as an individual, not just as an idea. I had long hated the idea but I did not hate this individual: he had never done me any harm (though he might at any moment, I realized somewhat too vividly). I wondered where he was from—perhaps from some steep village in the mountains of Hakone, perhaps from a quiet place by the inland sea, perhaps from up north in Hokkaido, where the men are tall and rugged. Conscription had snatched him from his hopes, and young friends had sat at a banquet table and brushed arrogant characters on the little flag he was to carry to the front. He had taken some hard lessons in killing, probably in Shantung or Hainan or Luzon. He had packed a little cooked rice, and a little uncooked, into his knapsack, and then, with the emperor's praises ringing in his skull, he had come forward and, strapping his pole-climber's jacks to his ankles, had climbed into this tree, pulled this head net over his worried head, and settled down to wait, invisible.

Then, for some reason and at some moment just before our arrival he had scrambled down out of the tree and run.

Having seen this first token of the enemy, being sure now that the enemy was a reality, I was much more serious about scanning the trees on either side of the trail.



By now the trail was really rough and sometimes the gully of the stream would interrupt it sharply. The stream was beginning to widen here, for it was almost ready to marry the Matanikau.

At one point the trail ran fairly level, close alongside the right bank of the stream, with just a narrow screen of bamboos and occasional big trunks separating us from it. At one opening I happened to look at the water and jumped when I saw, half under water and half out, weirdly pointing right at me, a rifle.

It had a very short stock and a very long barrel—not like any American type I had seen. Again I touched Captain Rigaud's arm and when he looked around I pointed. He nodded again, and without changing his expression shaped the same word: "Jap."

How this rifle had gotten in the middle of the stream all by itself had just begun to puzzle me when suddenly, up ahead, three or four rifle shots—the high-pitched Jap kind—broke the silence.

Almost at once a message came cantering back along the line:

"Hold it up."

"Hold it up."

"Hold it up. . . ."

Snipers had apparently found a target to their liking. Our column would have to wait while those up at the head, doubtless under cover now, tried to find the enemy sharpshooter.

As we waited I wondered if any of those Japanese bullets had found a mark, and I thought back to something I had been told about dead marines the night before we set out from camp.

Lieutenant Colonel Julian Frisbie and I had been sitting on canvas camp stools in front of the regimental commander's tent. Colonel Frisbie was about six feet two and must have weighed a muscular two hundred. He roared his commands and cursed the most miniature lagging. He was executive officer to Colonel Amor Sims, the regimental commander, who later told me: "Julian and I can't run around doing the same things, so we have a deal: I'm to keep my mouth shut and he's to do all the shouting." Colonel Frisbie was a fine shouter; his men called him the Bull Moose.

From supper until about eight o'clock that night he had been completely in character, telling me pungent stories of the toughness of marines. He was well up on his Marine Corps traditions and he often referred back to historical ruggedness. But at about eight we were interrupted, and his mood suddenly changed. He said very quietly:

"Have you ever seen men killed on the field of battle?"

"No. The only dead people I've ever seen were drowned."

"Well," he said, "you'll probably see some out on this push. We've seen plenty since we've been on Guadal. Down at the Tenaru River, after our great battle there, there were nearly seven hundred dead Japs lying around. That wasn't too terrible. It's possible to think of dead enemy as dead animals. But there were a lot of our boys lying there too, and that wasn't so good. You will see some of them in the next couple of days, I'm afraid. It's a pathetic sight. You'll see. They look just like dirty-faced little boys who have gone to bed without being tucked in by their mothers. . . ."

Here in the valley I was to get a vivid reminder of Colonel Frisbie's words. The line began to move again without any more shots having been fired. This meant, we in the middle of the line knew, that the sniper or snipers had not been found. There just wasn't time. We had quite a job to get done before dark; we would just have to take our chances on the rest of the line rooting this sharpshooter out.

Now for the first time I moved with a well defined sense of hazard. The others, who knew more, had probably felt it all along. The bad thing was that you never knew from which quarter you might be struck, or when.

A few feet farther along I got the shock for which I thought I had braced myself. The trail rose suddenly; we helped ourselves up by pulling on the roots of trees higher up. Then the trail leveled off and took a short turn. And just beyond the turn lay a dead marine.

Somebody had straightened the dead boy out and closed his eyes and thrown a poncho over him. His face, though, was not entirely covered, and we couldn't help seeing it.

Colonel Frisbie was a tough old campaigner. He knew about these things. He was right.

A RUNNER came hurrying back along the trail to Captain Rigaud. These runners make up human lines of communication; they do the jobs that copper wire and short waves ought to do, and they are expected by some commanding officers to do them as fast. They carry messages alone, often through enemy territory. Their fellows take them for granted, but there are no men braver or stronger.

This one reported to Captain Rigaud in a wind-swept whisper: "Sir, our scouts to right and forward have made contact with scouts of George Company and Easy Company." (For phonetic convenience, English-speaking signalmen everywhere give letters the same names, in a sort of reverse primer. George is for G, Easy is for E, and we were Hypo Company.)

Captain Rigaud passed word both ways to hold the line up. Then he said to the runner, "Where in hell did they come from?"

The runner looked like a fellow who hasn't studied his lesson very well, then said, "Don't know, sir. I was just told to tell you what I've told you already."

The platoon leaders converged on headquarters to see what was doing. One of them suggested that probably George and Easy had been detailed to work up the right bank of the Matanikau as far as this stream.

Then probably, another suggested, their left flank was supposed to touch our right flank when we got to the river, and we would then have a continuous front.

Probably, a third suggested, they were going to help us force a crossing of the river.

These probabilities all eventually proved to be truths, but they were not enough to risk a company on, so Captain Rigaud sent the runner off to find out for sure.

Being caught in such uncertainty was no fun. This was not just being confused. It was having slipped out of relationship to the whole operation. It was bumping into George and Easy and not knowing why. Worse, it was a sense of not having been told enough—just getting orders to clean out a valley and force a river and not knowing what the others were doing or what it all added up to.

And so, after the brief whispered parley with the runner by the stream, I learned what it is like for men fighting a skirmish to feel that they have been sent out alone, that they, a small band, are fighting the whole damn show.

When caught this way by doubt, there is nothing to do except what the old sailing men down in Maine do when it blows in thick-o'-fog and you can't see from one island to the other: just wait it out. We in the valley waited for the runner to get back and clear things up.

WAR seems to be nine tenths waiting—waiting in line for chow, waiting for promotion, waiting for mail, waiting for an air raid, for dawn, for reinforcements, for orders, for the men in front to move, for relief, for that runner.

At first, as we waited, we were tense. Captain Rigaud said as loudly as he could in a whisper, "All right there. Don't stand around now. Keep your eyes peeled."

But after a few minutes we got used to the place and we began to relax. Soon the captain, his platoon leaders and I got into one of the strangest conversations I had ever heard. Even if everything that was said had been commonplace, it would have been strange, because it was all in whispers.

The men stood in a tight little knot right in the trail, where they had discussed the runner's news. Besides the captain and myself, there were three platoon leaders: Lieutenant Donald Peppard, the tall one who had dropped iodine into my canteen; Lieutenant Gordon Calder, a Yale man, son of the president of American & Foreign Power Co.; and Lieutenant Robert Brizard, a stocky Ohioan. Except for Captain Rigaud's gambit, I shall not say which man said which things. Although the conversation might have taken place on any of several fronts, and any military men, from colonel to mess boy, might have been the speakers, it would not be fair to identify specific men with specific words.

Captain Rigaud started it by whispering to me, in comment on the confusion, "It's the same as always. They never tell us enough."

"Not only about what we're doing," another said. "We never get anything but the damnedest scuttle butt about what's going on in the world. We don't even know who's winning."

"Yeah," said a third. "Tell us what's going on." I was their most recent connection with the outside world, and they started pouring out questions.

"Are the Russians holding on?"

I said they had done much better than any one had thought possible.

"Why the hell isn't Dugout Dug doing anything?"

I said that MacArthur had not been sent any supplies, except for the merest replacements, and no general could do anything with nothing—as he himself had said.

"Well, why haven't they sent him anything?"

By this time I realized that they didn't really want answers to their questions. They just wanted to throw out their questions, as if they were merely waving their arms in angry gestures of protest.

"Are we going to be left holding the bag here, like those poor suckers in the Philippines?"

"Why hasn't the navy had some PT boats in here sooner to stop that shelling at night?"

"They always told us that marines were supposed to take some place, and then the army would come along right away so as the marines could take something else. Where the hell's all the army? They say some's coming in, but we're going to maybe stay. What's the use of that?"

"Can't they do something about the divided command out here? You'd think we were two allies, instead of the most powerful single nation on earth."

"Where's all that power, anyhow? Where's that world-beating P-47 we've heard so much about? Where's that famous new navy fighter—what is it, the F4U? Where's all that great production?"

The questions became formulas:

". . . strikes . . . ?"

". . . politics . . . ?"

". . . propaganda . . . ?"

This was my chance. Now was the time to ask these men what they were fighting for.

These men were not especial malcontents. I had heard questions like these asked by too many men to think this an outstanding group of complainants. But here they were, perhaps about to give their lives for their country, and yet exercising, until it nearly collapsed from being exercised, the right of free speech. How could men harboring such doubts and such protests fight with enthusiasm? What was there in it for them?

And so I said, "I wonder if I could ask you fellows one question. It's something I've been wondering about quite a bit here on this island. What would you say you were fighting for? Today, here in this valley, what are you fighting for?"

THE excited flush which had come into their faces as they asked their questions went out again. Their faces became pale. Their eyes wandered. They looked like men bothered by a memory. They did not answer for what seemed a very long time.

Then one of them spoke, but not to me. He spoke to the others, and for a second I thought he was changing the subject or making fun of me, but of course he was not. He was answering my question very specifically.

He whispered, with an oath, "What I'd give for a piece of blueberry pie!"

Another whispered, "Personally I prefer mince."

A third whispered, "Make mine apple with a few raisins in it and lots of cinnamon—you know, Southern style."

Fighting for pie. Of course that is not exactly what they meant. Here, in a place where they had lived for several weeks mostly on captured Japanese rice, then finally had gone on to such delicacies as canned corned beef and navy beans; where they were usually hungry and never given a treat—here pie was their symbol of home.

In other places there are other symbols. For some men, in places where there is plenty of good food but no liquor, it is a good bottle of whisky. In other places, where there's drink but no dames, they say they'd give their left arm for a blonde. For certain men, books are the thing; for others, music; for others, movies. But for all of them these things are just badges of home. When they say they are fighting for these things, they mean that they are fighting for home— "to get the —— —— thing over and get home."

Perhaps this sounds selfish. It certainly sounds less dynamic than the Axis slogans. But home seems to most marines a pretty good thing to be fighting for. Home is where the good things are—the generosity, the good pay, the comforts, the democracy, the pie.

When the runner returned, he reported just what Rigaud's lieutenants had guessed—that George and Easy companies had moved up to make contact with our right, and that they were to try to help force the river. He also reported that we were only about a hundred yards from the river.

Captain Rigaud passed this whispered order: "Advance and watch out for friendly troops on the right."

The men who were carrying machine-gun parts seemed to bunch up together as we moved forward this time. They wanted to be ready to assemble their guns on shortest notice.

Men picked their footsteps carefully now.

We crossed and recrossed the stream very carefully but rather hurriedly: no one wanted to be caught in the water. It was wider now, browner and more sluggish. We were apparently quite near the Matanikau.

Up ahead some of Rigaud's men and a few of the men of George and Easy companies had already crossed the river. No shots had been fired. There seemed to be no opposition: there was reason to hope that Whaling had already swept around behind whatever was on the other side and cleaned it out (we had heard some firing from the other side during the morning), so that now our job would be a pushover. Maybe, if we were lucky, just a sniper or two to hunt down and kill.

The trail left the stream, turned off to the right, and climbed up onto a spur. Up there, on the spur, we could see the thinning of the trees which meant the Matanikau. In a moment we would be at the river and, if Whaling had been as successful as we hoped, across it.

The captain and I were about seventy-five feet from the river when we found out how wrong our hope was.

THE signal was a single shot from a sniper. It came from somewhere behind us.

The high flat snap was easily recognizable as a Japanese sound. After a couple of too quick seconds, snipers all around us opened up. There would be the snap, and the whine, and then the tuck when the bullet went into the ground. There was no way of knowing where the next was coming from. The only thing you could be certain of was that it would come soon enough to take your eye off the place where you thought you might spot the last one.

Then machine guns from across the river opened up.

But the terrible thing was that Jap mortars over there opened up, too.

The first thing a green man fixes upon in his mind is the noise of these weapons. This was the first time I had ever been surrounded this way by the tight-woven noise of war.

Its constant fabric was rifle fire; this sounded like Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on the first day of the pheasant season, only near by and not an amusement. Like a knife tearing into the fabric, every once in a while there would be the short bursts of machine-gun fire. The noise of the mortars was awful, a thump which vibrated not just your eardrums but your entrails as well. Forward we could still hear our aviation—dived bombs fumbling into the jungle, and the laughter of strafing P-39s. And every once in a while the soft fluttery noise of our artillery shells making a trip. The noise alone was enough to scare a new man, to say nothing of the things which were done by the things which were making the noise.

THE Japs had made their calculations perfectly. There were only three or four natural crossings of the river; this was one of them. And so they had set their trap.

They had machine guns all mounted, ready to pour stuff into the jungle bottleneck at the stream's junction with the river. They had snipers scattered on both sides of the river. And they had their mortars all set to lob deadly explosions into the same area. Their plan was to hold their fire and let the enemy get well into the trap before snapping it, and this they had done with too much success.

Had we been infantry, the trap might not have worked. Brave men with rifles and grenades could have wiped out the enemy nests. Captain Rigaud's helplessness was that he could not bring his weapons to bear. Heavy machine guns take some time to be assembled and mounted. In that narrow defile his men, as brave as any, never succeeded in getting more than two guns firing.

As soon as the firing broke out, the men with the machine-gun parts rushed together and, regardless of cover, assembled their weapons. Then the crews felt

(Continued on page 43)

The CARE and FEEDING of HUSBANDS

BY GRACIE ALLEN

Milk for George—but no cheesecake; it makes him dream of Hedy Lamarr.

HUSBANDS make wonderful pets. The majority of them are sweet, affectionate, and develop into excellent watchdogs. They are loyal, and sometimes, as they sit there looking at you out of their big brown eyes, you feel as though you have a true friend.

Many husbands are very intelligent and can be made to do wonderful tricks such as going out and coming back with a fur coat.

To a woman getting a husband for the first time, I strongly advise that she pick out one who will look comfortable around the house. Although I know many women pick them out for show purposes.

The most adaptable type of husband stands about twenty hands high, has an alert resourceful expression, and is sort of an oyster color.

Most of them have hunting instincts and are apt to point slightly if a blonde goes down the street. But even this will disappear with the proper training.

As they are the most sensitive of animals and apt to languish in captivity, it is well to let them out about once every ten days to have a good time with the boys.

My husband's name is George. At first glance, that doesn't seem like a very imaginative name for a husband. But think how wearing it would be after a while to keep saying, "Iago, don't you dast put your cigar ashes in the flower vase!" or "J. Clement Tookis, get away from that icebox!" All you have to say is "George!" and right away he knows what you mean.

It's important to have a husband who can get along with your family. For instance, George and my mother kid around all the time. Mother has a favorite joke about him. She says, "George isn't bad-looking if you don't get too close. But who can afford to go to Mars this year?" George just screams at that one.

And George is sweet about mother. He says she has "the face that launched a thousand ships." Mother is a little suspicious about the remark, but I told her they used to say the same thing about Helen of Troy, who was very beautiful.

After all, George certainly couldn't mean that mother had a face like an old champagne bottle that had been broken against the prow of a thousand ships. Could he?

My husband is at the awkward age now. He's too old to cry and too young to swear. And I think he's starting to notice girls too. The other day I caught him looking at a big poster of Betty Grable for almost thirty minutes. Then he turned and said, "Gracie, is it true that Betty Grable's Chevrolet gets twenty-two miles to the gallon?"

You've got to keep an eye on your husband's diet. For instance, George's favorite dessert for a long time now has been home-made cheesecake with pumpernickel crust. I finally found out why. It makes him dream of Hedy Lamarr.

Now all George gets for dessert is a nice fruit compote which doesn't make him dream at all, except maybe once or twice a week about Henry Morgenthau.

You should see that your husband gets lots of greens in his diet. For a long time I didn't have enough vitamins in our meals and George was so weak we had to unwrap his chewing gum for him.

To see that George gets enough of the proper food I've kept up our Victory garden in the back yard. We had a little trouble at first with the crows, who used to steal all the corn and seeds, until I persuaded George to play like he was a scarecrow one afternoon.

The crows were so badly frightened they brought back all the corn they had stolen three days previous.

Probably the biggest problem with husbands is how to keep them in at night. You've all heard of concentrated food tablets. Well, a lady chemist friend—Mrs. Spradway—and I are working on a concentrated amusement tablet for husbands.

The husband swallows one tablet and he feels as though he had sat through four nights of poker, eight rides on a merry-go-round, one ski date with Dorothy Lamour, eight boxes of cigars, one game of duck-on-the-rock, and a glass of needled beer. The tablet comes wrapped in a soft cloth so he can wipe the imaginary beer from his mouth instead of using his sleeve. Of course, this sometimes kicks back on me Tuesday nights when we broadcast. Often it's hard to keep George awake until I can get him to the CBS microphone.

To understand husbands properly you've got to know a little about their history. Husbands were first domesticated in the Stone Age. But there's still a lot to be done.

As time went on, the domestication of the husband slightly preceded that of the dog. What is my authority for such a statement? Why, just plain sense, that's all. The husband had to come first so he could take the pet dog for a walk.

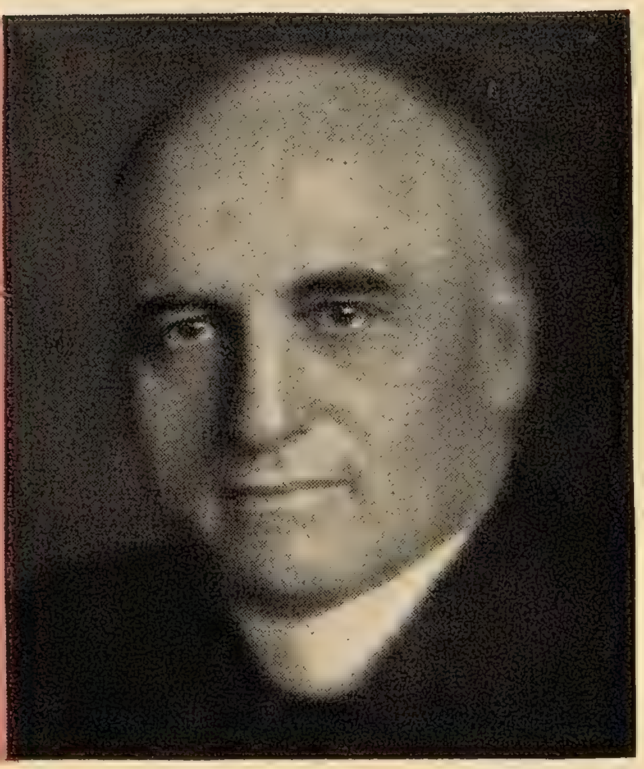
(Continued on page 53)

Religion's Stand on

A CATHOLIC SPEAKS

Mgr. JOHN A. RYAN

Director, National Catholic Welfare Conference



HARRIS & EWING

IN response to the pledge of loyalty offered him by the Catholic Hierarchy in December, 1941, President Roosevelt made this statement:

"We shall win this war, and in victory we shall seek not vengeance but the establishment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and of nations."

This is probably the loftiest sentiment expressed by the chief of any state in many years. It indicates one of the two main elements in the attitude that should be taken by religious believers.

The spirit of Christ requires the victor nations to treat the vanquished not merely with justice but with charity, brotherly love, as fellow human beings. This implies not merely physical assistance, as food for the hungry and clothing for the naked, but pardon for the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the Axis countries. This policy would be much more conducive to world rehabilitation and world peace than one which would rest upon the false assumption that all the members of a political community automatically share in the guilt of their criminal rulers. The proper attitude was well stated recently by Mme Chiang Kai-shek.

The other element is justice. No government attempts, or could, to administer its domestic affairs on the basis of brotherly love alone. Every government strives to enforce legal justice and retributive justice—that is, to promote the common good in general, and to do so in particular by punishing crime. Such penalties are imposed upon criminals as will deter others from imitating them.

The same purposes and the same procedure should guide the United Nations. The leaders and most responsible culprits in the Axis aggression should be put to death. From the viewpoint of retributive justice, this punishment would be eminently just; from the viewpoint of the international common good, it would have a salutary effect upon prospective violations of international order. It would be a new thing in the modern world, but that would make it all the more impressive.

For the minor offenders in the Axis nations, imprisonment, banishment, and other civil penalties would probably be sufficient; certainly they would be ethically justified.

The best agency for imposing the penalties would be an international tribunal. If that has not been set up by the time punishment becomes urgent, the task should be assumed by the United Nations. The recent appointment of a commission to gather testimony concerning the murderous reprisals committed by Axis criminals is an assuring and hopeful development.

Let the Axis peoples be dealt with in full conformity with Christ's gospel of brotherly love; but do not let irrational, weak-minded, and antisocial sentimentalism be adopted in the treatment of their responsible and guilty leaders, the international criminals.

A JEW SPEAKS

STEPHEN S. WISE

Rabbi, Free Synagogue of New York

NO question is more important today than that which Liberty asks religious leaders: Shall the aggressor nations be punished after the war, and, if so, to what extent?

This is the time to face postwar problems—not in the first flush of the victory that is to be, nor after differences, major or minor, shall have arisen among the victorious United Nations.

Responsible United Nations statesmen have already declared repeatedly that the criminals and their agents responsible for Nazi crimes against civilian populations shall be held to strictest accountability.

But Liberty's question goes beyond the range of the archdoers of evi among the Axis Powers. It asks no whether Hitler or Mussolini shall be fitly punished but whether the aggressor *nations* shall be, and if so, wha shall be the measure of such punishment. And Liberty raises a furthe question: What is the attitude tha religion is to take toward this problem? Which implies that religion may be counted upon to reach a viewpoin that shall rest on the re-establishmen of moral and spiritual values once th war is over.

Impossible is denial of the prophet' word: "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Fo such is the law of moral sequences i a moral universe. Though religio failed to avert war, still it dare no fail to avert one of the direct con sequences of war, and that is the spiri of limitless revenge, revenge tha

Axis Punishment

HARRIS & EWING

stoops to the level of the criminals and their crimes for which revenge is sought.

“Not only vengeance is mine, but recompense.” Apart from the legally justified and legally executed punishment of their leaders, great offending nations are terribly punished by defeat itself and the unspeakable physical and moral disasters in its train. That the nations which provoked the bloodiest war in history are to be made impotent to wage war again is beyond question or cavil.

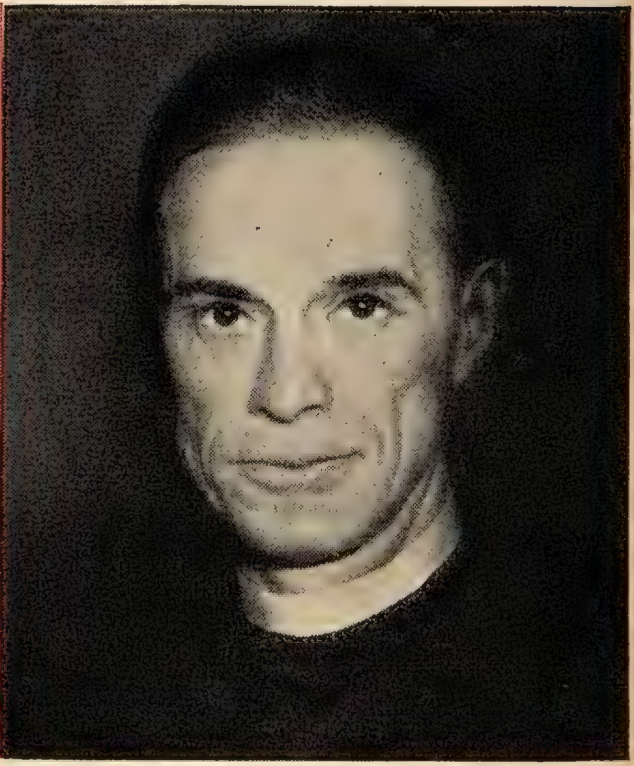
Whether or not enforced disarmament of the aggressor nations may be regarded as retribution or vengeance, the task of the United Nations goes far beyond it.

Organized democratic, fraternal education—to the end that enforced disarmament resolve itself after a time into voluntary and co-operative disarmament—must become the measure of a real forbearance. It is nothing less than morally insane to hold that every German, Italian, and Japanese must pay the price, for these peoples are now paying it and will continue to pay in the fires of defeat after surrender. Not vengeance but education and re-education must be the watchword of religion with regard to the aggressor nations, after these shall have been overwhelmed.

The Jewish people have suffered most. Still, their vision is of a world educated and self-educating to the heights of freedom and justice which shall forever banish racial hatred, religious prejudice, and international lawlessness.

A PROTESTANT SPEAKS

Rev. GEORGE H. TALBOTT
Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Passaic, New Jersey



THE aggressors in this war should be punished by the United Nations until they are truly repentant and have brought forth “fruits meet for repentance,” that the world may be positive of their fitness to be trustworthy brethren in the family of nations. Punishment beyond that is vindictiveness, which is contrary to the letter and spirit of the Scriptures, the final authority for Protestantism.

The Scriptures clearly teach “a magistrate does not wield the power of the sword for nothing—he is God’s servant for the infliction of divine vengeance upon evildoers.” The United Nations are analogous to the vigilantes of our own frontier days—a self-constituted force for decency serving out of necessity until a world court and police are firmly established.

Administering discipline requires more character than receiving it. Military, economic, and social restraints will be necessary, with the payment of proper damages, all imposed not haughtily but humbly, looking to the redemption of the aggressor nations. Black as their record is, the Christian Gospel thrusts none beyond the redeeming grace of God. To bring aggressor nations into the pattern of a peace-minded world fellowship, authorities on sociology, skilled psychiatrists, spiritual engineers of wide vision, and educators skilled in guiding the distorted minds of youth into wholesome channels must counsel the statesmen, military advisers, and economic experts.

Should the “innocent people” of the aggressor nations share in this punishment?

There have been innocent people in every nation in every war that was ever fought, but the marvelous strength shown by the aggressors is positive evidence that this group within the aggressor nations is comparatively small. To the brave souls within those dark lands who have not bowed to Baal we owe all glory and honor, and, insofar as ascertainable, they should be relieved from disciplinary action and be encouraged to aid us in the spiritual reconstruction of the world. But every crime involves innocents suffering. Vicarious suffering, the essence of Christianity, influences the guilty to repent. Docile citizens become sinners when used by tyrants to plunder innocent neighbors. Suffering unto death to prevent one’s country from wrongdoing is more spiritually ennobling than passive partnership with brigands.

But in administering justice the United Nations must beware they are not themselves immersed in hatred, which in turn would make them victims of sadistic fury.

We must pray without ceasing that we do not fail in this great spiritual opportunity.

Human wisdom is insufficient, political and military devices are inadequate. Only the full counsel of God, as revealed in the prophets, apostles, and supremely in the words and spirit of Jesus Christ, furnishes an adequate compass for so stupendous and awful a voyage.

THE END

Vanille
GLACES
Chocolat
Framboise
Fraise

PHOTO PIX

German soldiers buying French ice cream on a street in Paris.

LET THEM EAT SNAILS

Recommended for home-front grumblers: this story from inside France, whose people are as close to starvation as any people can get—and go on living

BY PAULA LeCLER

With what incredulous ears the French would listen to tales of America's wartime "troubles"! Rations to cover our normal needs—and some assurance of getting them; freedom to buy in any stores we choose; unrationed staple foods; no ration tickets required in restaurants; next to no real clothing restrictions; many private cars still running; lights in our homes, and cooking gas; unrationed cigarettes and wines; and, looking ahead to next winter, a fair expectation of a degree of heat in our furnaces.

Suppose you were buying under the latest French food-ration allotments. Everything, besides requiring the appropriate ration coupon, could be purchased only from the particular dealer to whom you or your known agent were accredited. For every driblet of ration you'd have to bring your own wrapping paper, bag, or container, or do without any. Rations vary slightly from department to department. Here is the sum and limit of what you are entitled to under the current Vichy food card—always provided you can find the foods:

MEAT . . . 3 ounces a week, bones, gristle, and everything weighed in.
FATS AND OILS . . . 15 ounces a month, in prescribed ratios of margarine, unidentifiable cooking oils, and maybe a little butter.
BREAD . . . 8 to 12 ounces a day, according to age and occupation, of the present dubious grayish strawlike ersatz product.
SUGAR . . 1 pound a month.
POTATOES . . . 4 pounds a month (only in the season).
COFFEE SUBSTITUTE . . . ¼ pound a month of a mysterious mixture with no coffee in it.
SPAGHETTI OR RICE . . . ½ pound a month (in the three winter months only).
DRIED PEAS OR BEANS . . . ½ pound a month (in the three winter months only).
CHEESE . . . 4 ounces a month of a skim-milk variety seldom obtainable at all.

If you have young children, their cards will allow:

MILK . . . For infants to eighteen months: ¾ liter (less than ¾ quart). For child eighteen months to six years: ½ liter skim milk. For child from six through eleven: ¼ liter skim milk.
CHOCOLATE . . . For ages through seventeen: 4 ounces a month.

The milk and chocolate allotments are largely theoretical. Less and less milk has been coming in. Soon there will be none for the babies. Chocolate is almost nonexistent.

Of vegetables, outside of a few moldy potatoes and carrots, I saw only rutabaga and another variety of turnip when I was in France not long ago. These last are not specified on the ration cards, but they are rationed, none the less, by each dealer to his registered customers. Whenever hucksters get small odd lots of local vegetables, they distribute them like jewels, in tiny parcels. A windfall of any kind of fruit is enough to cause a riot.

Rarely are "extras" allotted, and then to householders only. Last December in Vichy there was a sort of government Christmas gift comprising 7 ounces of lemons, one small portion of tripe, and a quarter-pound piece of chicken. To get any such "special," one must not only produce the specified stamp but must have a number, assigned by the dealer with whom one is registered. One must then scan the dealer's window day by day till one's number is posted. It works like bank night in America. Anybody who doesn't appear when his number comes up loses the special ration.

In Marseilles one day, with pretty blonde Suzy and her tall ex-pilot husband Pierre, I climbed to the third floor of the dingy hotel on the Cannebière. They had invited me to a special feast in their little room to celebrate Suzy's birthday. The feast proved to be a dozen apiece of France's succulent little oysters, with a third of rare lemon for each of us, and one slice of dry bread apiece. The couple's month's bread tickets were almost used up, with half the month still to go.

We consumed our oysters lingeringly, and then Pierre jumped up. "More surprise!" he announced gaily, and prepared the second course of the feast. It was six more oysters apiece, without lemon or bread.

Oysters now are about all the French can get to set apart holiday meals and occasions. Though expensive, they're still obtainable where most other treats aren't. It's not just that they're unrationed. So are lobster, game, and most specialty foods. But the French practically never get a look at those, even at black-market prices. That's because the rampant Hun likes them. Oysters he doesn't like.

MUSSELS and snails, not rationed either, are likewise obtainable. And the Germans leave the French all they want of yet another luxury item. This is the famous underground cousin of the mushroom, the truffle, treasured by gourmets. A little bit of truffle goes a long way. But though it's long on flavor it's short on nutriment. Just truffles—not something else garnished with truffles, or truffles with a fine sauce—isn't a dish you'd want often.

Plenty of cinnamon, marjoram, sage, thyme, and rarer spices, remaining from the old stocks, are also there for the starving French. They repose unrationed on the otherwise denuded grocery shelves.

"Let them eat cake," said Marie Antoinette, in a tragic past sequence in French history.

"Let them eat truffles, snails, oysters, and fine spices!" That, in effect, is what the Nazis are saying today to desperate French hunger.

Common salt is very scarce: the Germans need it for munitions. What is served is unrefined, and so coarse and gray that I didn't recognize it. Onions and even garlic, which was still abundant a year ago, have been snapped up by the Germans for war chemical uses.

In the country of cheeses I was unable most of the time to get my 4-ounce monthly ration. Camembert is made in the occupied zone, Roque-

(*Continued on page 52*)

Whenever a little fruit, only enough for a score or two, reaches Marseilles, ravenous hundreds line up for hours in the streets.

Having no more food to sell, the stallkeeper just knits—using old, unraveled wool—as a troubled would-be customer turns away.

Even in winter the woman street vendor takes her baby with her, finding something to wrap it in though she herself has no coat.

STALK THE HUNTER—Continued from Page 13

darkness, the thinness of the walls, the complete lack of privacy made her long for a return to another way of living. It seemed wiser to visit the museum and look around for herself before she called Dan Shay.

It was good to be back. That was the way she felt as soon as she entered the museum's main hall. The people were exactly the same as those she had seen in all such places. She walked about slowly, just enjoying the sensation of being in a familiar place.

"I thought you were going to call me."

Dan Shay stood behind her, and she started. He looked younger than he had yesterday; tall and a little shaggy in unpressed tweeds.

"I was just taking a peep," Kit said. "It feels good."

He took her arm. "I'm glad," he said. "I'm sorry if I was brusque yesterday. I suppose I must have startled you, falling over you that way. But as long as you're here, I might as well take you up and introduce you to Dr. Lewes, the director."

Kit was about to object, but he had taken her by the arm and led her into a small elevator. After the past few years, she grew nervous at sudden gestures like this. She was used to checking up on people beforehand. But it was too late now.

DR. LEWES was a small dapper man, very assured and to the point. He listened to Dan, his gray eyes noncommittal, and then turned to Kit.

"I think there might be a place, Miss Gruenholz. We have your paper on reed instruments on file here. It's a very competent job."

He spoke quietly, and not once during the interview did he ask her about her status in the country or about her passport, even though she had her story well rehearsed. Within a few minutes he dispelled all her fears. It was agreed that she was to start at once, and the salary was more than she would dare to have asked.

"Well," Dan asked later, as they had lunch in the museum cafeteria, "how does it feel?"

Kit shook her head helplessly and smiled. She shivered a little as though she realized how narrowly she had missed getting the job because of excessive suspicion. She determined to clear up her last doubts at once.

"Tell me," she said casually. "I'm curious about Mikkelson, the man you admire so much. Did it come as a surprise to you to discover that he was a Nazi?"

"Mikkelson?" Dan Shay sounded shocked. "Who told you that?"

Kit shrugged. "I don't remember. I knew it at the time I was in Copenhagen. Everybody did."

"But that's impossible! He never said anything to me about it. Of course," he went on slowly, "we never did discuss politics—but he *seemed* thoroughly decent."

Anger tore through her. "Decent?" The word was cold and sardonic. "Did you expect him to go around with a whip?"

"No," he admitted. "But he doesn't fit my picture of a Nazi. It's true, though, he seemed to have rather violent prejudices, but they were merely the same prejudices most of the people back here had, only much more marked."

"Your prejudices?" She looked straight ahead as she asked it.

"I never stopped to think about it much," Dan said simply. "You pick those things up without bothering to examine them very closely."

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

EXCITING READING
FROM COVER TO COVER

Don't miss The Town (Bridgeport, Connecticut) with No Labor Troubles, by Robert Cruise McManus . . . Torpedoed, by A Merchant Seaman . . . Housekeeping by Machinery, an enlightening revelation of homemaking in the postwar era . . . An insider's glimpse of what's going on in the studio making For Whom the Bell Tolls . . . and short stories by Richard Howells Watkins, Jacland Marmur, and others.

AND THE BARGAIN BOOK CONDENSATION

You Can't Do That to Svoboda, the humorous novel by John Pen. It will keep you chuckling all night.

It's all waiting for you next week.

Kit decided to say no more about it. If Dan had anything else to say, she decided that he would have to bring the subject up himself. She was willing to believe that he was very naïve politically, but there was no point in having him make a display of himself.

It was the following day that she met Paul Campbell, and she liked him immediately. He poked his head in the doorway to her cubbyhole of an office and introduced himself.

"Dr. Lewes mentioned that you were here, and I was sure that we might have some mutual friends—as soon as he added that you were young and attractive."

Kit liked his informality. He had that ingenuous air of an undergraduate of one of the large English universities, without being at all callow or hearty.

"I'm more or less of a field man," he explained. "I enjoy getting out and chiseling something good from a collector."

"You don't like collectors?" Kit enjoyed his way of speaking as though these were private confidences. He was one of those people with whom you don't have conversations; you merely feed them cues.

"I hate collectors," he said. "There's a private war on between us which I enjoy, since I'm winning. See here," he went on. "I don't think we're going to have time enough to talk this afternoon. I need hours and hours. Suppose we have dinner together tonight?"

"Well—" Kit felt as though she were being rushed off her feet, and in this case it wasn't such a bad sensation.

"Remember our mutual friends," he insisted. "You owe it to them to have dinner with me."

"Exactly! Just who are they?"

"That's what we'll talk about," Paul promised. "Our mutual friends. I'm very fond of them. What time do you leave here?"

"About six."

"I'll pick you up. There's no need to dress," he said in answer to her unspoken objection. "You'll do exactly as you are."

THE afternoon passed swiftly in anticipation. Kit was carried along on a feeling of elation. The grimness and brooding pursuing horror that had hung over her the past few years was dispelled.

The evening was one of the most pleasant she had spent in a long time. Even dancing in a public place on the same floor with well dressed people was an experience she had given up for lost; something belonging to a far distant period of her life, never to return.

"Tell me," Kit said, as they sat at a table, "what sort of person is Dan Shay?"

Paul looked at her curiously. "Very competent in his work. Pleasant enough outside, I suppose."

"That's not what I mean," Kit said. "I mean his politics."

She felt no disloyalty in asking this question. It was true that Dan had helped her get the job, but there were criteria of greater importance today. While she had received the benefit of his gesture, there might be other motives involved.

"I don't know too much about his

politics," Paul said. "I have the feeling that he's completely apolitical; without any particular kind of convictions. Why do you ask?"

Kit looked up at his use of the word "apolitical." It was the sort of word she might have used herself in discussing some one. It was the sort of word that was used by people like her—those who were taking part in the same conflict as she was. It made an impression on her.

"I asked because the last time I saw him, a few years ago, he was friendly with some highly suspicious people."

"In particular?" Paul was interested.

"In particular, Mikkelson of Copenhagen."

Paul looked at her closely without speaking for a moment.

"Mikkelson is a Nazi," he said finally. "Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

He shrugged. "It's hard to say if there's any connection. Scientists are peculiar people. They don't make important distinctions. To them, a scientist is a scientist first; his politics come next. I think that Dan is the sort of person who when he hears the word politics thinks of Democrats and Republicans. Other concepts, like Fascism, Nazism, Socialism, or what have you, never occur to him."

He stopped, smiling as he took her hand in his. "I'm afraid that you're worrying too much, Kit. People like you tend to become obsessed with the Gestapo. They're not as all-seeing as you seem to think." He patted her hand reassuringly and said, "Let's dance some more."

That had been said almost as a plea. But now, two months later, in the privacy of his office next to the exhibition, when he said "Sit down!" the command was implicit.

FROM that moment when she clearly realized what had just happened, that the stunning slap in the face was merely a symbol of her new position, all the security was gone. The short two months' lull in a half decade of unremitting and eternally mounting terror now appeared to be the daydream of an unhappy child. During the short time, how many mistakes had she made, how many clues had she given out, how many lives had she endangered? Kit was almost sick with fright as she stood there staring at Paul Campbell, weak with shame and self-disgust at her own stupidity.

"Sit down," he was saying. He was smiling now, as though to reassure her that the worst was over. His smile was boyishly natural and contained no memory of terrified men or murdered men.

Slowly Kit walked across the room and slumped into the chair. She covered her eyes with her hands and rubbed them slowly, trying to clear away her confusion and growing despair at ever being able to conquer this wall of persecution that

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was growing up everywhere, invisible to all but the pursuers and the pursued.

Whatever affection she may have felt for Paul had drained so quickly that she hadn't even the memory of it. His identification was complete. Kit said nothing. She remembered other interviews with other Paul Campbells. Then they had worn uniforms, and she knew from experience that it was expedient to let them do all the talking.

"What is it you want?" she asked.

"You don't seem very surprised," Paul remarked.

Kit shrugged. "I should have expected something like this."

"Good! Then it makes it easier to get to the point. I have your dossier very clear in my mind. I'll give it you: Gruenholz, Katherine. Born in Philadelphia, U. S., on July 20, 1917. Daughter of Kurt Gruenholz, one of the founders of the Czechoslovakian Republic. On the foundation of the Czechoslovakian Republic, Katherine Gruenholz was formally declared a citizen of Czechoslovakia, although her mother was born an American."

"I was the first person to be born into the Czechoslovakian Republic," Kit said faintly. "That is a source of pride for me."

Paul went on as though he hadn't heard her: "Lived in the United States until 1923, and then went to Prague with her mother to rejoin the father, then Minister of Education. In 1930 went to London. Father at that time attached to Czech Ministry in London. Attended English schools for two years. Entered University of Prague, 1934. Connected with various museums on the Continent. Active anti-Nazi since 1936. Traveled extensively on the Continent until February, 1938. After that worked with outlaw bands and other groups subversive to the occupational authorities. Crossed borders of Germany three times in 1938, twice in 1939, three times in 1940. Connections in Hamburg and Berlin. At present has a forged German passport. Medium height, slender build, blonde, tiny scar on left cheek. Not known to be married, no information on lovers. Exceptionally resourceful. Political enemy of the first category."

HE leaned back and lit a cigarette. "That's who you are. Now about your German passport. The German government at the present time will take advantage of your cleverness and admit—let's say insist—that it *wasn't* forged. You are a German national traveling with the consent of the German government. When you came to this country, you used a forged American passport to get in from Portugal." He was looking at her with the pleasant expression one uses for commonplace conversation. There was no special emphasis in what he said; it was a mere statement of interesting facts. "As far as this country is concerned, there are three healthy charges that can be used against you: possession of a false American passport; an unregistered enemy alien, with the unavoidable conclusion that you are an enemy agent. When you add that up, it's good for twenty years. I don't think I've left anything out."

"Will you have a little coffee in your brandy?"

"The other half of the story," Kit answered. "Why can't I turn *you* in?"

Paul spread his hands and shrugged. "How can you? What can you say?"

"I can say you're a German agent."

He waved a hand deprecatingly. "Proof! What proof have you got? You have no record of this conversation, and I don't intend to repeat it for the benefit of witnesses. And as for an accusation—" He shrugged it off. "Who is accusing whom? I'm Paul Campbell, British citizen and art expert. My social connections are the best. I have good friends in the State Department. They have even taken my advice on a number of occasions. You yourself have met them in my home. My recommendations are excellent." He paused for a moment. "And those are social recommendations, not political or business. That's what counts. And you? Do you dare go to the police?"

It was so easy to sit still, close her eyes, and pretend that nothing was happening. She was feeling no pain, there were no loud voices or threats, and yet it was impossible not to understand that she was being bound hand and foot with every word of his. She was frightened, and yet there was no alternative but to try to fight back.

Her mind wasn't obeying. It was too full of pictures. Kit had a vision of falling men: ordinary men in ordinary clothes, each in the process of stumbling, staring foolishly in disbelief, and then crumpling—on the pavement, as in the case of her father; slumping down beside his desk, as in the case of the director of the Prague Museum; on the steps of the university, as in the case of her brother.

There were others, whose names she knew or didn't know, in streets, in prison camps, and their last expression as their eyes met hers was of incredulity. The various backgrounds were blurred into gray space. All she remembered, as she sat there listening to this pleasant voice, were the eyes, and the constantly recurring shock at finding that dead men seemed so much smaller than when they had been alive.

"There's no need for me to go on this way," Paul said, as though he wanted to spare her. "You're an intelligent girl and you've seen how we work. I think I've made my point."

"Yes," said Kit quietly. She hadn't changed her expression at all. "The situation is very clear."

"And you have no way out," he repeated. "That's the point!"

"I understand that." Her voice was dull. "What do you want?"

"I want Anna Mahler," he said quietly. "In twenty-four hours."

FORTUNATELY for Kit, she wasn't looking at him when he spoke, because he would have seen the alarm in her eyes. The woman he had asked for so matter-of-factly was almost a legend to the democratic forces in Europe. She had been postmistress in a small rural district before the occupation, but as soon as the Nazis moved in she immediately became the center of resistance. She had a genius for organization that led her to be taken into the higher councils on strategy. But she had more than a sharp mind; she had the quality that made people love her. There were hundreds of anecdotes told about her, and each one made two points about her character: her shrewdness, and her encompassing human understanding.

Kit had met her only once, and that was in Zagreb. Kit didn't even know that Anna Mahler was in the same city until one of her superiors came to her with a very grave expression and told her that Anna Mahler had asked to speak to her. It was obvious from his attitude that something quite serious was about to happen, but for the life of her Kit couldn't understand what she had done to be important enough to warrant the interview.

Anna Mahler came as a complete surprise. There were no photographs of her, and each one of the million people who had never met her yet referred to her as *Anna*, as though there were only one by that name, had his own private conception of what she looked like. The impressions ranged all the way from a strong peasant woman to a beautiful young girl. Anna Mahler, seated in an old armchair near a window, looked like the idealized matriarch; small and fragilely dainty in a black dress that dated from the Hapsburg era. Her gray hair was piled up on top of her head, away from an incredibly wrinkled face. A piece of lace was fastened to the neck of her dress with a jet brooch. Everything about her appeared to be dull and conservative. But one paid no attention to anything but the old lady's eyes. They were a clear frosty gray and sparkled with reflected lights. They were ageless.

The old woman smiled at Kit. “I'm very glad to be able to meet you at last,” she said. “I've heard very good things about you.”

Kit could only stammer some vague thanks, but Anna Mahler soon put her at her ease. They fell into a mild, chatty conversation, and the main topic became a girl named Stephanie, Kit's closest friend. Anna appeared to be extremely interested in Stephanie, and Kit was very proud for her friend as she was asked to recount a number of incidents in which Stephanie had carried out her assignments. Every so often Anna nodded her head.

“You are very fond of this girl, aren't you?” Anna asked.

“Yes,” said Kit. “I think of her as my sister, I suppose.”

For the first time, the eyes lost their brilliance and became clouded with a film of sadness. “I have a great shock for you, my child,” said Anna. “Your friend Stephanie is an enemy—an informer.” She waited, her wise eyes watching the blood drain from Kit's face, knowing the sickness the girl felt in the pit of her stomach. There was a long silence.

“WE have suspected her for some time,” Anna went on, and the calmness in her voice quieted Kit's bubbling panic. “There were some loose threads, and you have supplied them. These assignments you tell me about were not all *our* assignments. Stephanie was sabotaging everything we did. She has invaluable information that might mean the death of many good people, and she was using you as a blind, trading on your affection. These things have happened before and will happen again.”

“It's hard to believe!” Kit whispered. “It doesn't make sense!”

The old lady took Kit's hands in hers. “Do you believe me?”

“Yes,” Kit said. It was difficult to talk.

“Do you trust me?”

Kit nodded, but her eyes were still full of tears. It was a great shock, as though some one very close had died.

“You will not see Stephanie again,” Anna said gently. She was telling a child that the pain would soon be gone. “Nor must you ask questions about her. And if any one should ask you where she is, you are to say that she was sent some place else. We cannot yet afford to let our people know what she really is, because it would spread panic. Is that clear?”

Kit nodded again, and the old lady patted her hand, nodding in sympathy. There was no denunciation, no anger; only a mature understanding of Kit's grief.

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cause you have the strength," she said. "Good-by, my child."

That was the entire interview. Kit realized later that Anna had manipulated her very cleverly. Kit had signed the death warrant for a spy without knowing it until it was all over. It never dawned on her to doubt Anna, the woman's presence was so dominating. But the one thing Kit always remembered was that Anna had shown no satisfaction in the exposure of Stephanie; the impression that she carried away with her was one of profound sympathy. Later, when Kit had incontrovertible proof of Stephanie's guilt, it reminded her only of Anna's gentleness.

ALL that was several years ago. Now Kit was in the United States, being asked by a Gestapo agent to do the same work Stephanie had done, and the idea was nauseating. No more than five people knew that Anna Mahler was in this country, as far as Kit could tell. There must be others, because Anna had a specific reason, connected with the United States government, for being here. But as far as Kit was concerned, that wasn't her business. Nor could it be generally known even in Washington that she was here, because there were respectable forces reactionary enough to have Anna Mahler thrown out of the United States, no matter how much information she might have. Kit had no way of knowing, but she was very sure that any co-operation between Anna and the various United States Intelligence organizations had to be done by very devious means. How Paul had found out about her presence it was impossible to tell yet. Still, that was his job.

"And by the way," he went on, "there's one mistake I ought to caution you against. Don't think you can be a martyr. I know you people well enough to realize that if I offer you the alternative of giving up Anna Mahler or your own life, you won't hesitate to do anything to save Mahler. But it will really do you no good to sit tight and wait for me to do my worst—there's more to my position than that. If I can't use you, I'll get some one like you—some one who is here in New York."

She looked up at him, composed by now. "Whom do you mean?"

"I mean the man you call your uncle," Paul said.

The door opened behind them.

"Busy?" asked a chirping voice.

Kit turned around and saw the bespectacled head of a small bald man, one of Paul's collectors. He beamed at her in a fatherly way.

Paul rose and held out his hand, smiling. He looked young and ill at ease, as though he had been caught kissing Kit's hand. "We've already had our say." Then he turned to Kit. "We'll have dinner together, then?"

He gave the question a soft, almost loving, inflection.

"Whatever you say," Kit replied.

"Meet me at the St. Regis at seven. At the bar. Better make it seven thirty, since all the servants are out, even Kenton," he added as an afterthought. "I'll want to drive out to the house and dress." He smiled especially for her. "I want it to be something out of the ordinary."

Kit stood at the door, watching him, holding herself up. For a moment she felt dizzy with the decision that had been made for her these past few minutes. Actually she had made it herself as soon as he had hit her. It flitted in and out of her mind as she sat listening to him, a vague shape in the clear-cut images. Without being at all aware of it, she had been examining alternatives: either to acquiesce and become one of the stumbling figures herself, or to destroy him first. Paul insisted there was no way out simply because the one alternative had never occurred to him, and there was good reason for that: a person like Paul Campbell never considered the possibility of his own death.

CHANGE FOR DINNER

Who is that beauty, that blonde
with glamour?
She's the National Queen of the
riveting hammer.
Who's the lovely thing with the
orchid corsage?
She's mechanic's helper at the V
Garage.
And the charming brunette in
cream-colored lace?
A welder out at the aircraft place.

—LUCRETIA PENNY.

He was smiling at her as she lingered in the doorway, and the other man reflected it fatuously in unconscious enjoyment of what he thought he was seeing.

"See you later!" Paul said.

Kit closed the door after her and walked through the exhibition. She was completely unaware of the visitors who had filled the room with warmth, perfume, and noise. Instead of going to her own office, she walked as far away from it as possible, and found a telephone booth in the extreme south wing on the second floor. She selected it because she knew that it couldn't possibly be tapped.

Kit closed the door of the booth and called a number. A voice answered almost immediately:

"Advance Music Shop."

"Hello," Kit said quietly. She wanted her voice to be easy and natural so that it could be recognized. "Do you have any nursery rhymes for children?"

"Nursery rhymes?" The girl's voice at the other end hesitated for an interested moment. "Which one in particular did you want?"

"Jack the Giant Killer is the one I want," Kit replied.

This kind of odd conversation with only one or two key words had become so much second nature with her that she had long forgotten there had ever been a time when it might have seemed melodramatic.

"I'm sorry," said the voice. "We are out of that particular number."

"Oh, no!" said Kit. For a moment she had to allow her real feelings to show. "It's terribly important!"

The man she was trying to get through to was her only contact; the only orders she could take had to come from him.

"Well, it'll just have to wait," Kit was told. "We won't receive another shipment until tomorrow night at the earliest. Try then."

"That's too late for me," Kit said. "But I ought to tell you that there must be something wrong with your shipping facilities. You might try sending your stuff by another route."

"Anything in particular?" The other voice was quiet.

"I don't know yet, but I think some of the other stores know the name of your manager and may try to take him away from you."

Kit hung up. Conrad, the man Paul referred to as her uncle, was out of town, and there was no way to get to him, otherwise she would have been told. Tomorrow was too late, because Paul had put in his bid for immediate action. Paul wanted Anna Mahler and he meant to get her.

Since Kit couldn't get any directive, she would have to use her own initiative. It was imperative to protect Anna Mahler—it was her sole function.

She left the booth and went down to the main floor, where she had her office. It was a tiny cubbyhole with a window looking out on Central Park and the rows of benches where nursemaids sat while the children played.

SHE tried to analyze the choice before her as dispassionately as possible, since her own future was involved. There would be no point in leaving town. Paul meant to see her that night, and if she didn't arrive, he wouldn't hesitate to turn her in. He knew the number of her license plate, and she didn't have enough money to go any considerable distance by train. If it were just a question of Anna or herself, as Paul himself pointed out, Kit wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice herself for Anna; but that, too, would be pointless. Paul had hinted very convincingly that he knew enough to blast their entire organization. No; it was time for a positive move on her part, and the decision was entirely up to her.

Then she discovered that her decision had already been made for her. She would have to kill Paul. She wanted to kill Paul, just as she wanted to kill every Nazi or sympathizer, as a matter of instinct.

But it wasn't enough to want to kill him. Something more had to be gained, and, as Kit saw it, it would mean Paul's exposure. The finding of his dead body would inevitably be followed by an investigation of his life, and, no matter how astute he might be while he was alive, there must be enough clues in his house to give the lead to the police. The F. B. I. could take care of the rest. For herself, she was willing to take the consequences if necessary, but her objective would be attained: Anna would be safe.

Now that the decision was made, it came with a shattering explosion, obliterating everything else—all sense of time, responsibility, and relationships. She was nervous and frightened, as she always was before action. And this was the first time that she would take a human life. It had happened often about her, but to be the agent for it on her own decision was something new. This kind of killing went against her deepest principles; it violated every reason she had for fighting; and it was necessary for her to balance Paul's life, as an abstract thing, against what he would destroy if she permitted him to live. It was the most ruinous decision she had ever made, and she couldn't permit herself to see anything beyond that fact.

Kit could foresee her own life only up until the time that she would destroy Paul. That was the entire future. Nothing existed after that.

SHE closed the door to her office. Even though there was no lock on it, she felt safe, since the entire wing was empty. Then from one of the lower drawers of her desk she took out a small battered leather clarinet case. Instead of the two halves of the instrument, the case contained a black automatic.

The barrel was almost as long as that of a heavy target pistol, but the last inch was the openwork of a silencer. It was a hybrid-looking affair, since it had been made by an engineer at Skoda in his spare time. The gun fired a clip of twelve .45 bullets contained in the long fat handle.

It had been given to Kit by the engineer himself, but she had never used it. Many times she had been on the point of giving it away, but the intention had never become action. Here it was now, and for the first time in three years it would be fired.

She opened the gun to see if it was clean. To her unpracticed eye, the parts shone like new and the bullets had a greasy feel as she slipped them back. The gun was barely in her handbag when her door was opened from the outside.

Has Paul been spying on Kit? Or is it some one else at the door? Will she be able to carry out her plan to kill her tormentor—to save Anna Mahler and herself? Don't miss the second chapter of this thrilling story of a hunted girl and a ruthless Nazi.

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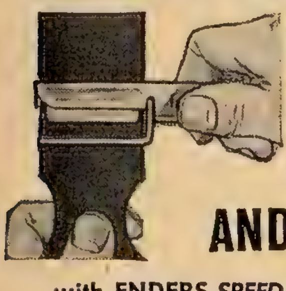

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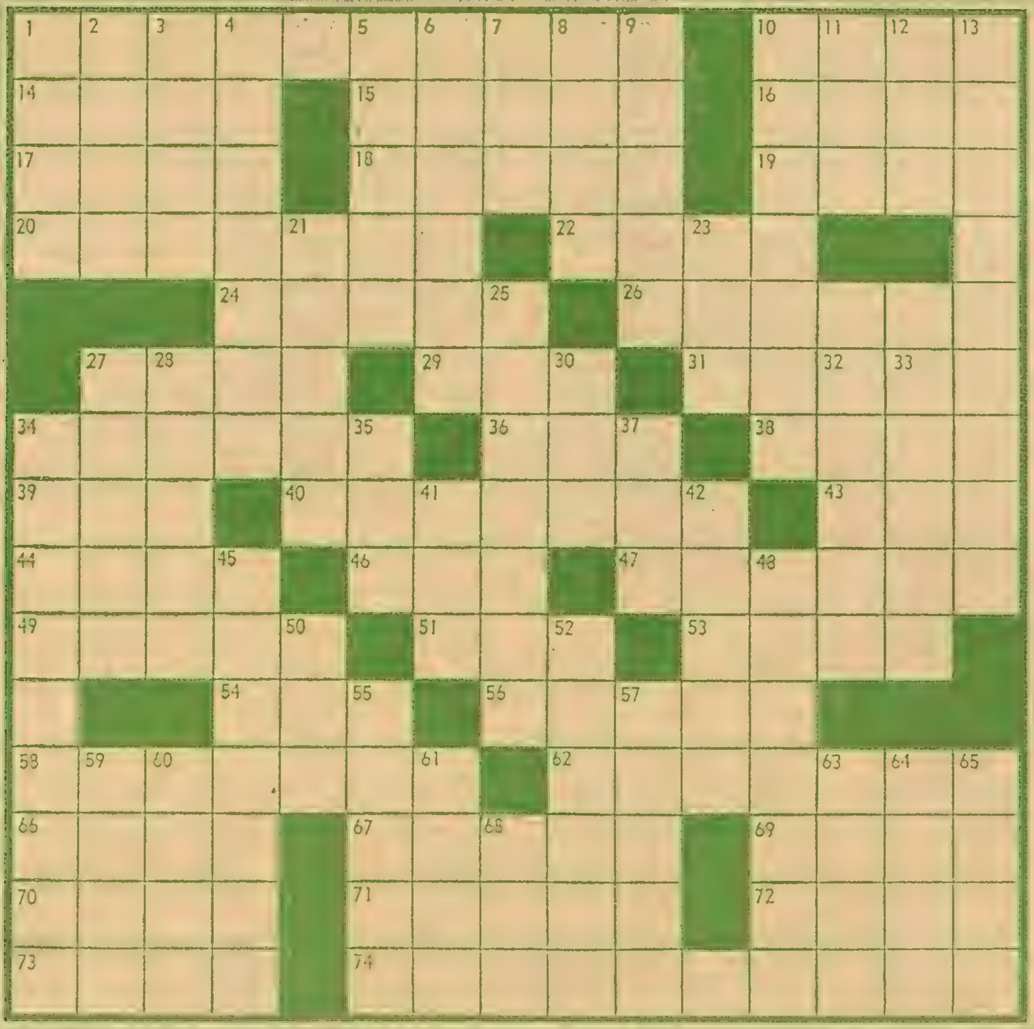


HORIZONTAL

1 The biggest gun in North Africa
10 Something we'd just as soon do to every hair of Hitler's head—
14 —while we're kicking Tojo for a this
15 Make with the heart for the precious one
16 Leigh Hunt's gift to X-words
17 When our boys got moving toward it, the Japs sure were a one
18 Mortisian's joint
19 Duh jools
20 Guys who won't squash Japanese beetles with their fingers.
22 Little things gals use to get out of girdles with
24 A shake-up in burlesque
26 How gears begin
27 It made an ass out of a bass, the wormy thing!
29 Bird, always good for a squawk about the North
31 Scandinavian giant and dwarf (make up your mind!)
34 Just a low-down, contemptible, tricky, knavish, and cute li'l' ornery critter
36 Used for *also*, as in "He is - - - no dope, that Shane!"
38 Diss iss ein Cherman tree
39 Biggest Giant in Gotham
40 Wars are fought on them, it seems
43 Odd how by adding five you make this even
44 Youse to a Quaker
46 The color we want to return to a Frenchman's eyes
47 Osa Johnson often drops a lion on one
49 Gulls, and boy birds, too
51 Things you pay no attention to on the radio
53 Has the wanderingest dogs
54 Dwight, as in Eisenhower
56 You can ear this kind of drop around the house
58 In houses this material tops them all
62 This ship had a sinking sensation in the '20s
66 This bird's been extinct so long it must
67 Whose halls did that harp twang in?
69 - - - - Ford. What do Uown?
70 Ally of Abraham (Gen. 14:24)
71 A new baby, a pulled tooth, a legacy, or a medal
72 The Thin Man
73 Ye olde schoolteacher
74 These sure have the right angles on planes

C	A	R	S	■	L	I	B	E	R	A	T	O	R	S
O	L	E	A	■	A	N	A	T	O	M	I	C	A	L
Y	A	P	H	A	N	K	■	H	O	O	P	■	S	A
■	■	■	A	R	E	■	W	I	T	S	■	S	P	Y
S	P	A	R	K	■	R	O	C	S	■	T	O	E	S
I	O	T	A	■	S	O	W	S	■	B	O	Y	D	■
A	L	A	■	H	I	S	S	■	B	O	M	B	■	■
M	O	B	R	U	L	E	■	P	U	R	S	E	R	S
■	■	R	A	N	K	■	B	I	L	E	■	A	I	T
■	R	I	N	G	■	F	A	L	L	■	A	N	N	A
C	E	N	T	■	B	E	L	L	■	R	I	S	K	Y
L	A	E	■	R	I	L	L	■	C	U	R	■	■	■
E	D	■	W	A	L	L	■	N	O	R	M	A	N	S
R	I	B	O	F	L	A	V	I	N	■	A	G	I	O
C	O	U	R	T	S	H	I	P	S	■	N	E	T	S

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 There's no shortage of corn or these among radio comics' jokes, alas!
2 MI
3 Without, as in the seven ages of man
4 Pretty snappy, isn't it?
5 The Axis' greatest invention
6 It fell on, as well as for, Hitler
7 Brought home the bacon by snagging all the points
8 Wore backward
9 To voke again
10 Best known Rider of English letters (weak, isn't it?)
11 Splinter off the rib
12 The Big Bullfrog's puddle
13 The Big Bullfrog himself
21 Grecian eyes
23 Acquire
25 Side of the cow with the most hair on it
27 Wash and polish the body
28 He was a $1,000,000 baby
30 Tanning wood
32 A mountain nymph
33 Dirty looks
34 One good reason for round-the-clock bombing of Germany
35 You'll have to allow it
37 Ways to tell if you've pinned the baby or the diaper
41 After a while, Time as it Goes By becomes a what?
42 People who know they know nothing
45 A shoot suit
48 Best way of saving a lot of points
50 Go downhill fast (and hope to get there alive!)
52 Monsieur Wise and vice versa
55 Walk in, folks
57 Roman goddess of the hearth
59 First name of Eugene O'Neill's Glamour Gal daughter
60 This river sure smells!
61 Forked out
63 Muck up
64 Hollywood's contribution to X-words
65 New York swank department store
68 The start of a record

The answer to this puzzle will appear next week.

INTO THE VALLEY

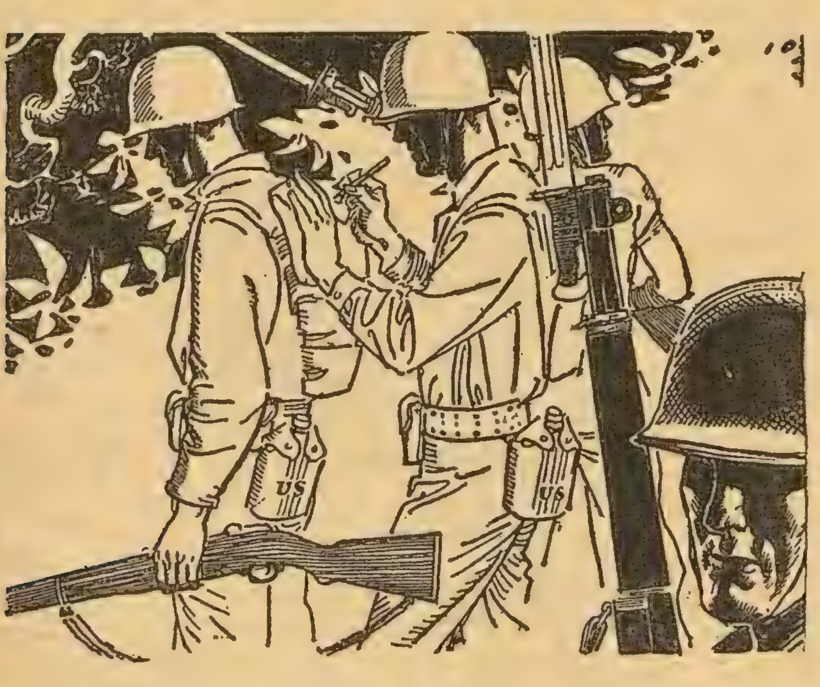
Continued from Page 30

their way along, trying to find a place where they could both have a little cover and do some harm. As they went they approach-fired, throwing out little fifty-caliber exclamations, as if the guns said, "Look out, you Japs."

But they never had a chance. The enemy had his guns in position, with nothing to do but aim and squeeze the trigger. And even if the enemy had had no machine guns, his mortar fire had Rigaud's men boxed.

The mortar fire was what was terrifying. Beside it the Japs' sniper fire and machine-gun fire seemed a mere botheration.

Having seen a mortar battery in action, I had a clear picture of what was happening to us. In some small clearing about half a mile beyond the river, four little tubes, looking like stubby stovepipe, were set up at a high angle on a tripod. Somewhere behind them a Japanese officer stood. A man beside him gave him reports from a telephone or from runners. After each report he would bark out brief orders. A swarm of intelligent little animals would fuss around each tube, changing the angle a hair, turning the aim a trifle. Then the officer would shout to stand by. Some of the animals would step back, one or two at each tube would put their fingers in their ears.



Then one, in the attitude of a small boy setting punk to a giant firecracker, would reach out over the mouth of each tube, holding in his hand a thing which looked very much like a miniature aerial bomb, complete with fins. At the order to fire, he would drop the thing, fins first, down the tube. As soon as it struck the bottom there would be a huge thump, and the thing was off on its uncertain flight.

Mortars send their shells in an exceedingly high toss. Consequently their aim is by guess and by gosh. You will understand this if you have ever seen the job an outfielder has judging a high fly, or if you are an inexpert tennis player and often have been embarrassed by trying to smash a high lob and misjudging it.

That was what made being on the receiving end of mortar fire so terrible: the next thing that those little tubes gave off might land anywhere. We would almost have felt more comfortable if something which could aim had been aiming right at us.

When the first bolts of this awful thunder began to fall among Rigaud's men, we hit the ground. We were like earthy insects with some great foot being set down in our midst, and we scurried for little crannies—cavities under the roots of huge trees, little gullies, dead logs. I found a good spot to the left of the trail. It was the combination of a small embankment and a big tree; I grew very affectionate toward the spot; I embraced it. Captain Rigaud, I noticed, took little or no cover. He kept darting back and forth to see what was happening to his men.

What was happening to his men was something terrible. The mortar shells were exploding among them and bleaching some of the bravery out of them. The noise and seeing friends hurt were not things to be dismissed.

The reports were about ten seconds apart, and the shells burst erratically all around us, now fifty yards away, now twenty feet.

And all the while snipers and machine gunners wrote in their nasty punctuation. Our own guns answered from time to time with good, deep, rich sound, but not enough.

We heard one of our guns knocked out. If you have never heard a conversation between two machine guns which are trying to knock each other out, you cannot imagine what a terrible debate it is. At first they talk back and forth equally. Then, as in most human arguments, one begins to get the upper hand and finally winds up doing all the talking. That was how it was when our gun was knocked out. It sounded like this:

"Tatatatatatatatatatat," said the Jap gun in a high Japanese voice.

"Bubububububububububub," said ours deeply.

"Tatatatatatatatatatatatat," the Jap insisted.

"Bubububububububububub," said ours.

"Tatatatatatatatat," the Jap said, sure of itself.

"Bubububub . . . bubub," ours said uncertainly.

"Tatatatatatatatatatatatatatat," the Jap reiterated.

"Bubub." Ours seemed almost to have been convinced.

"Tatatatatatatatat," said the Jap, to clinch the matter.

"Bub," ours said, in pathetic protest.

"Tatatatatatatatat . . . .

"Tatatatatatatatatatatatatat."

And then silence. It was awful. (I have heard some conversations in which our guns talked theirs down. Then it is not awful; it make you cheer.)

I don't believe that this was one of Captain Rigaud's guns. It was a gun belonging to George or Easy Company, and it was manned to the end by a brave man named Sergeant Bauer, about whom I shall tell you a little later.

WE could not see the enemy, either on our side of the river or the other. All this hatred was pouring out of jungle too thick to see more than twenty or thirty feet. This was advantageous, in a way. It meant that the enemy no longer seemed animate. The firing over there was coming from the enemy as an idea, something easy to hate.

But this invisibility was also unsettling. You might have thought that the jungle itself had grown malevolent, and hated us. The trees were hurling little pellets at us; the vines were slinging great explosions.

But even if we had been able to see the enemy, we could not have done anything to him. We couldn't get our weapons to work. We were helpless. Our men were being killed and wounded. We were trapped, hopelessly trapped.

INDIVIDUALLY the marines in that outfit were as brave as any fighters in any army in the world, I am positive; but when fear began to be epidemic in that closed-in place, no one was immune to it. No one could resist it.

The first sign of flight among those men was in their eyes. At first they watched what was going on as calmly as an audience at some play. Then suddenly they were looking around for the nearest exit. They would look at Captain Rigaud's face, looking for some sign that he would order them to retire; or their eyes would dart along the trail back, as they wished they could.

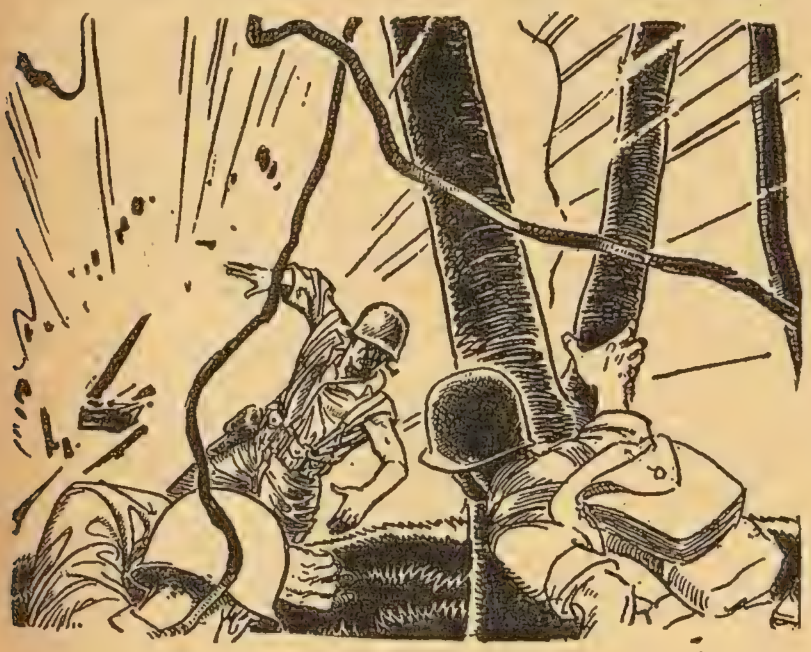
I myself kept looking at Captain Rigaud, to see what he would do with us. His expression had not changed. It had the same look of desperate vigilance that it had worn all along the trail.

The next sign of the growing fear was the way the men started moving around. When a mortar shell would go off near by, they would scramble away from the vicinity to new cover, as if the thing could explode a second time.

The men began to think that it was time to get away from that whole place.

Any men who were men would have taken flight from that impossible place. Some Japanese might not have fled, if they had had specific orders to stay there; but they would no longer have been much use to the emperor. I think even most Japanese would have fled. Certainly Germans would have: they are good fighters; they have the sense to live and fight more advantageously another day. I think it is safe to say that Italians would have fled.

The marines had been deeply enough indoctrinated so that even flight did not wipe out the formulas, and soon the word came whispering back along the line:



"Withdraw."

"Withdraw."

"Withdraw. . . ."

Then they started moving back, slowly at first, then running wildly, scrambling from place of cover to momentary cover.

This was a distressing sight, and though I myself was more than eager to be away from that spot, I had a helpless desire to do something to stop the flight. It seemed wrong. One had heard so much about how the marines kill ten Japs for every man they lose (which is true), of the callousness of the marines (true in a way), and of our endless successes against the Japs (true in sum total). Captain Rigaud had told me that this would probably be an easy job. It sounded so. And yet here were our men running away.

I couldn't do anything about it because I was caught up in the general feeling. It is curious how this feeling communicated itself. Except for the hard knot which is inside some men, courage is largely the desire to show other men that you have it. And so, in a large group, when a majority have somehow signaled to each other a willingness to quit acting, it is very hard indeed not to quit. The only way to avoid it is to be put to shame by a small group of men to whom this acting is life itself, and who refuse to quit; or by a naturally courageous man doing a brave deed.

It was at this moment that Charles Rigaud, the boy with tired circles under his eyes, showed himself to be a good officer and grown man.

Despite snipers all around us, despite the machine guns and the mortar fire, he stood right up on his feet and shouted out, "Who gave that order?"

This was enough to freeze the men in their tracks. They threw themselves on the ground in attitudes of defense; they took cover behind trees from both the enemy and the anger of their captain.

Next, by a combination of blistering sarcasm, orders, and cajolery, he not only got the men back into position, he got them in a mood to fight again.

"Where do you guys think you're going?" he shouted. And: "Get back in there. . . . Take cover, you. . . . What do you guys do, just invent orders? . . . Listen. It's going to get dark and we got a job to do. . . . You guys make me ashamed. . . ."

But the most telling thing he said was: "Gosh, and they call you marines!"

I am certain that, all along, Captain Rigaud was just as terrified as the rest of us were, for he was eminently human. And yet his rallying those men was as cool a performance as you can imagine. I could feel my own knees tremble; I could see the rifle shake in the hands of the man nearest me. But I kept quite close to Captain Rigaud and I could not see a single tremor. If I had, I would have attributed it to anger.

The storm of mortar fire was going on all this while, and so was the lesser fire. Yet now the men, creeping and even running erect, hurried back into the positions they had occupied before. They did this without apparent fear, and yet it was, in effect, the most difficult kind of operation psychologically—a counterattack.

When he had put his men back into position, Captain Rigaud immediately made preparations to get them out in an orderly fashion. There was a big difference between retiring in good order and just running away.

He could see—had seen from the very first mortar explosion—that the position was untenable. Staying there would merely mean losing dozens of men without doing anything to the Japs. He could not get his weapons into play; obviously Whaling's force had not shaken the enemy loose across the river; until he did, this pocket was a place to get killed, nothing more.

Captain Rigaud had talked all his other orders over with his lieutenants, but this decision he made for himself.

"Runner!" he said. "Give me a runner."

One hurried up. Captain Rigaud said, "Give me your message pad."

"It's in my pack, sir," the runner said, and turned his back to the captain, who reached down into the man's knapsack and pulled out a little yellow pad.

It looked like the kind of pad delivery men carry and make you sign when they bring packages. It had printed-off spaces in which to enter the name of the officer to whom the message was to go, the unit of the sender, his name, the place, time, and subject; and then there were several printed lines on which to write the message.

As slowly and carefully as if he were at a desk in Marine Corps headquarters in Washington making out some leisurely requisition, he filled in the blanks.

He addressed the message to Major O'Brien, his regimental commander. He then wrote: "Receiving heavy mortar fire. Unable to get machine guns firing. Request permission to withdraw." He signed it, handed it to the runner, and said, "Major O'Brien and hurry."

Then, without waiting for the request for permission to withdraw even to get out of sight, he began to withdraw his men on his own initiative. It was just as well, because Major O'Brien, who had moved up near to George and Easy companies, had been hit by mortar fire and was a dying man. How he happened to be a dying man and yet not die I shall explain after we have gotten out of this damn valley.

Captain Rigaud did not trust his orders for withdrawal to the whispering system. He moved forward himself, and said quite clearly, "We will withdraw in the same order as we came into the valley: first platoon, third platoon, headquarters, second platoon. The line will double back on itself and form along the trail. Move carefully, keep cover as you fall back. My God, am I ashamed of you guys!"

BY this time Captain Rigaud had given me enough confidence so that although the awful racket was still going on all around, I could look around and observe what terror does to good young men.

Each man had his little preoccupation. One kept polishing the mud off the stock of his rifle. Another alternately removed and screwed on the cap of his canteen. A third seemed to be counting the buttons on his tunic. Personally I discovered that I was ridiculously tearing very big leaves into very small pieces.

The men seemed to be impatient with each other. When Captain Rigaud came back from ordering the withdrawal and whispered, "All right, we're not out of here yet—keep a sharp lookout," noncoms and then men passed the order on as if each next man were shirking.

"What you staring at? Keep your eyes peeled," one would whisper testily.

"O. K., dewy-eyes, wake up and keep a lookout," the next would whisper to his neighbor.

"Watch the shrubbery, fathead."

So, variably and angrily, this order was passed.

THE beginning of the removal was a slow process. Men at the head of the column fell back on either side of the trail. Occasionally the few who had rifles would fire shots into the jungle in the general direction of snipers' rifle reports. Gradually the company peeled back, and when they were far enough along, they converged on the trail in reverse order.

I joined Captain Rigaud again. As we started up, he turned to whisper to me. He was anxious to defend his men. "They sure had that mortar fire right on us," he whispered. "Pretty tough for these guys: couldn't get their guns firing out of this pocket. Don't blame 'em for running."

We were going to have quite a wait there on the trail. The machine guns had to be taken apart. Captain Rigaud did not want to move right out without some answer from his commander (Rigaud didn't know Major O'Brien was wounded). And the wounded had to be removed.

As we waited in the trail, the firing was still with us, though it had slackened off somewhat. The men were much calmer now, with the prospect of escaping. Surprisingly to me, they did not whisper to each other about what they had been through, but remained silent, their faces dull and blank. Many sat down, holding their rifles between their knees. Others leaned against trees, and some leaned against each other, back to back, without speaking.

AT this time the heroism of the medical corpsmen and bandsmen showed itself. They went into the worst places and began moving the wounded. I joined them because I guess I just thought that was the fastest way to get the hell out of there.

Many of us in these United States have a very distorted idea about how war works. Some of us have had sons or brothers who got into the army or navy or marines (apparently to dodge the draft) and then got into something like the signal corps or quartermasters or intelligence or a medical unit or even a band—and we have had an uneasy feeling that this was somehow not very brave. We have the idea that only those who shoulder a rifle or stand watches on a gun platform or drop in a parachute with a Thompson gun—that only these trigger pullers are the heroes. The communiqués, which never mention those others, might give us that impression. The citations for medals certainly do. But medals are being given to the wrong people these days.

I said awhile back that no men are stronger or braver than the runners, who risk their lives carrying messages alone. I think I must take that back. There is one group who have a little, though not much, edge. They are the wire stringers. It is their job to carry out a heavy steel spool of copper telephone wire, two in a team, toting the spool on a kind of axle, so it unwinds as they walk. They go everywhere with the spool that a command unit goes, so that the unit may be in telephone communications with its rear base.

We in this valley never got in telephone touch because our mission failed, but wire stringers penetrated the valley, and there were wires all along the trail. After this operation I talked with a private named Leon Stevens who had walked eight miles up and down those awful steeps with a pal and a spool and no protection from enemy bullets. I was exhausted walking less than that and carrying only a pack—but Stevens and the others, exhausted or not, had to stay up most of the night as "trouble shooters," feeling their way along the wires in the sniper-infested, rain-soaked jungle, looking for a short circuit. Those boys deserve (and almost never get) medals.

But then there is a group who even have a little edge on the wire stringers. They are the medical units. With the marines they happen to be navy medical corpsmen, who are always referred to simply as corpsmen. They are nothing more or less than male nurses. Sounds sissy. But listen to what they do: They go along in every battle, down into every awful valley, unarmed, and they go to the places where the enemy is doing our side most hurt, in order to rescue the wounded. In the face of gunfire, often, they put tags on the clothing of the wounded, telling who it is, what's wrong, and what they've done to relieve the pain. They tell the men who can get themselves off the battlefield where the nearest dressing station behind the lines is; others they carry out or support themselves. They too are liable to have to stay up all night, assisting at an operation. They too deserve medals.

The bandsmen go where the corpsmen go. They are the boys of the regimental bands, the ones you have seen dressed up so fine and marching up the avenue. Only at the front they don't carry their piccolos or trumpets into action; they carry stretchers and syringes of morphine, and they take their chances just like any riflemen. They ought to get some medals.

THE group to which I attached myself were wounded in a dreadful way. They had no open wounds; they shed no blood; they seemed merely to have been attacked by some mysterious germ of war that made them groan, hold their sides, limp, and stagger. They were shock and blast victims.

There were not enough corpsmen attached to Rigaud's company to assist more than the unconscious and leg-wounded men, so they set these men to helping each other. It was like the blind leading the blind, except that they were also halt.

Some of them were in no condition to walk themselves, to say nothing of helping other men to walk. The group careened along the trail, making hurt noises and not much headway. It was clear that alone they would never reach the advance dressing station, perched upon the ridge from which we had started so long ago. Without any authority to do so, I commandeered three unhurt privates, and we began to half carry, half drag the worst of these strange casualties. I took on a boy named Charles Utley.

We must have been a sorry sight, fighting our way along that trail. The rain and trampling had made it so bad now, that a sound man walking alone would occasionally fall, and in some steep places would have to crawl on hands and knees, pulling himself by exposed roots and leaning bamboo trunks.

We, wounded or laden as we were, slid, crept, walked, wallowed, waded, and staggered like drunken men.

At times a wounded man and the two helping him would all go crashing to the ground, the hurt men groaning and the helpers apologizing bitterly. Sometimes such a three would cut down three others, and the injured and apologetic men would be piled up like cordwood. Now and then a man would faint for a few seconds, and it would be necessary for the whole sickly caravan to wait while some one doused muddy water over his forehead and brought him to.

The walking wounded were magnificent. None of them complained about their own hurts, but inquired politely of each other. There were no whimpers or complaints, only deep-seated groans which expressed real pain.

Our order of march was something like this: First there was a man who kept striking the sides of his befuddled skull with his fists. The second kept his hands over his ears. Then there came two or three men whose legs were badly battered, who behaved like football players with excruciating Charley horses; they were able to walk alone, just, but they walked with one leg free and the other stiff, as if it were wooden. The middle of the safari was taken up with the worst wounded and their helpers, and then there were two or three more who could walk—men who generally ached and wished to vomit. In the rear there was a character who shook his head, as if puzzled rather than hurt.

One of the worst blast victims, who kept himself conscious only by his guts, was the man I was with—Utley. He had a caved-in chest, and one of his legs was bruised almost beyond use.

For a while we carried him seated on two rifles. We tried making a stretcher out of the rifles and a poncho, but he was more comfortable standing up. We made a seat of our hands, until we couldn't carry him any more, and kept falling down. Most of the time, though, we took his arms over our shoulders and dragged him along between us, with occasional brave help or accidental hindrance from him.

Before we had gone very far, we were met in the trail by a corpsman, who, seeing what pain Utley was in, got out a little morphine syringe and injected ease into him.

As we moved painfully along, his head lolled from side to side. He would look in the face of the other helper and in mine and try an occasional smile. And gradually he groaned less and tried a few words, which proved in the end to be consecutive, and quite a story.

"BAUER," he said, when he had got his tongue under control.

I thought he was trying to tell us his name, because he had no corpsman's tag and I didn't know then that his name was Utley.

"Bauer," he said again a little farther on.

"O. K., Mac," the other helper said, "just take it easy."

He said it a third time, when we were trying to get him across a stream: "Bauer."

We had a little difficulty on the other side of the stream, and I said, "All right, Bauer, just sit down here until we get up where we can pull you up."

His sleepy-looking eyes opened quite wide, and he tried to look around. "Bauer all right?" he asked.

He was talking rather thickly, and we thought perhaps his mind was rambling a little. But he came back to the same question when we had started moving again.

"Bauer all right?"

"Is Bauer your name?" I asked.

"Name's Utley," he said. "Charles Utley. Bauer all right?"

"Who in hell is this Bauer?" the other helper asked.

"Don't you know'm? Bauer. He all right?"

"Yeah, he's fine, Mac. He's all right," the other helper said. He had decided, and I agreed, that it was better to put his mind at rest.

But Utley wasn't satisfied. He frowned for quite a distance, then he said, "You sure?"

"Sure what, Mac?"

"He's all right. Bauer. He here?"

We asked ahead and we asked behind: "Any of you guys Bauer? You know where he is?"

Bauer was not with us. One of the men with a bad leg said, "Bauer he won't never come out."

We struggled along for almost two hundred yards, and Utley was silent. I thought he had forgotten all about what he had been talking about, until he said:

"Shouldn't've gone back. He never should've."

We knew he was talking about the same man.

"Back where, Utley?" I asked.

"Gun. No use. Never should've gone back."

"Why not?" I was interested in Bauer now.

"All finished. We were all knocked round. Gun was jammed. Bauer he was bad hurt. Japs knew where we were, the —— ——."

Quite a bit farther along, after we had set Utley down to rest beside the stream, and I had washed his face off, and he seemed much better, I said, "Now, do you think you could tell me exactly what happened? About Bauer, I mean."

"Sure," he said. "You know him?"

"No, never seen him."

"Rugged. Nice guy, awful nice guy. Never should've gone back to that gun."

"Would you start right at the beginning?"

"Sure. We had this gun, see? Bauer, he was our boss. He's a sergeant, rugged kind of guy. He told us they had said to get the gun set up beside the river. No use to do it from the beginning—see?—cause we couldn't register on the Japs, couldn't even see 'em, say nothing of killing 'em. Trouble is they knew right where we were at, on account of that was the good place to cross the river. No use to the whole thing from the beginning."

The parade of staggering men began to move again, and as Utley did not offer right away to continue his story, I didn't press him, since it probably wasn't too good for him to think and talk too much. There was no stopping him thinking about Bauer, though, and a bit farther on he said, "He shouldn't have gone back. Who let him go back anyway?"

After another short rest, I asked him to go on about the gun and so forth.

"No use to the damn thing," he said. "We no more'n begun to approach-fire—see?—when the Japs put it right on us and we couldn't see where the hell they was at. We tried the best we could, but it wasn't much use to it. They had us and we didn't have them, not in the least. Then this grenade, or mortar, or some damn thing, it hit us. Oh, gee, that was something bad. All white—see?—it made your eyes go. And a hell of a noise like I never heard and I hope to die I never do again. Well, see, it knocked us around like a bunch of damn alley pins."

"Was that when you got yours?"

"Yeah, that's what done this to me. Geez, I never felt like this before at all. What you guess it could be from, like this? No bullets, no blood. Just around my chest it's so hard to breathe. Well, anyway, Bauer he was dizzy just like the rest of us, and apparently no scratches, just gaga like us. We all crawled back over a hump kind of a place and left our machine gun turned over, but looked like it was O. K. down there."

This was apparently the gun we had heard in unsuccessful debate with the Japanese gun.

"Bauer, the damn fool—I shouldn't say that, you wouldn't find a better man—he lay there hurt like the rest of us behind this mound, but then he got up and said, 'I'll show those —— — ——', and ran right on down, and he was just turning the gun right side to when another one of those big damn things came and landed right behind him. Oh, jiminy, it was awful! You see, we could see his back was all blood and I guess he was dead. We moved back then because it doesn't rain twice, but it rains three times, and we knew there'd be another of those things over with everybody's name on it. That's all it was."

We were silent for a long time. Now that the morphine had had time to ease his pain, Utley's body was stronger, just as his mind was clearer. But from then on, except for little remarks about how he could help us help him, he only said:

"He shouldn't've gone back. Why in the hell did he have to go on back?"

THE farther we went, the harder the going seemed to be. We all became tired, and the hurt men slowed down considerably. There were some steep places where we had to set Utley down in the mud and slide him down ten feet to the stream; in other places, uphill, we had to form a chain of hands and work him up very slowly. It was almost dark by the time we had reached the thin place, and by the time we had negotiated the last open steep, it was hard to tell the difference between the wounded men and the bearers.

Heaven, if it looks anything like the view that greeted us when we regained the top of the ridge, will be a welcome sight. I have never seen anything so beautiful. It was dusk. The air had gone immaculately clean, and all that had been so soft and mysterious in the morning was now hard purple fact. Florida, Tulagi, and Savo stood up out of the crystalline sea positively, and the heights of Point Esperance, uncovered now, were perfectly defined. Point Cruz, Lunga Point, every feature of the landscape was clean and definite—an assurance of reality. I guess that is why the scene seemed so beautiful: it was so real, it was a quiet wakening after a bad dream.

The advance dressing station was set up on the military crest at just about the point where we had gone down into the valley. It consisted merely of a collection of equipment—stretchers, boxes of medicines, bandages, chlorine to purify water, operating gear. Four stretchers had been raised up on their ends and leaned against each other, and a poncho had been thrown over the top, as a crude little tent. As hospitals go, this was basic.

The commanding officer, to whom we turned over the wounded, was Lieutenant Commander William W. New,

U. S. N. R., a kind of young military David Harum. I had met him back in camp the night before we left, and had liked him immensely. He had come up to Colonel Sims' tent and sat down at the root of a tree, with a cigar in his mouth, silent for a long time. Then, without removing the cigar, he had asked, "Reckon we can get any more stretcher bearers for out there?" Colonel Sims had said he thought not. Doc New said that any one who thought two men were enough for a stretcher was very old-fashioned; that in this country there were places where six wouldn't be too many. Colonel Sims said we would just have to do the best we could; whereupon Doc New changed the subject.

The first thing Doc New did when he reached his bivouac on the battlefield was to take things into his hands in a most unusual way. He sent a dispatch to divisional headquarters: "Need additional stretchers and one hundred bearers." Of course the request was countermanded as soon as regimental command learned about it. But Doc New was quite right from the medical if not from the military point of view: there simply were not enough men to help the wounded off the field.

Doc New has a round face, a bristly mustache, and teeth which are not so much repaired as illuminated with gold. He comes from Guthrie, Oklahoma, and he is very careful with his language. When he gets excited, he rolls off such exclamations as "Dadgummitdingwhiz." The morning before we went out into the field, he pressed three cigars on me, and every time we met on the battlefield he offered me another—and through all the rain and mud and work he kept his supply quite dry.

When we turned our decrepit band over to him, Doc New took up his activity as if possessed. He hurried from man to man, and if they wore no tags, he asked abruptly what was wrong and what had been done for them. He tagged them and sorted them and questioned them and put them on stretchers and took their pulse and gave them a drink and threw ponchos over them, and altogether was so busy with them that they looked as if they might almost prefer to be back in the valley. But under his firm hand they soon felt much better.

A GHOST walked up to me on that ridge—or at least I thought it was one. It was Captain Rigaud. I had no idea that he would be out ahead of me.

"What became of you?" he asked. "I looked all over for you."

I told him that I had come out with some of the wounded, and said that I was sorry if I caused him any worry. He hadn't been around when I left Company H, and I had asked some of the headquarters group to tell him what I was doing; evidently they forgot. "But how did you beat me out?" I asked. "I thought I was way ahead of you."

"We took a short cut. We came up over there." He pointed along the ridges. They had come up at the very spot where they had decided not to go down in the morning because of the steepness. A precipice would have been negotiable as an exit from the valley.

Captain Rigaud tried to apologize for his men again. "The Japs sure had their mortars right on," he said. "There was nothing those fellows with the guns could do."

"Too bad we didn't have Lou Diamond to send some mortar fire back at them," I said.

"You know Lou?" he said.

I told him I had seen Lou in action, and that a couple of the men had told me that he was in Company H.

"Yeah," he said, "if we'd had Lou, it would have been a different story."

Lou Diamond was the pride of Company H, a tough marine old enough to be the father of many of these boys, but a marine whom age couldn't down, a man who could fire a mortar with the best of men any time. On the day of battle he had been down by the beach with the holding attack; the heaviest work of the whole battle.

Then, after a pause, he said, "What're you going to do now? You going back to the States?"

"Not tonight," I said. "But soon, I guess."

"What I'd give to be you," he said.

After what I had seen him do in the valley that afternoon, in the face of fear in his ranks and in his own heart, I would have given something to be Captain Rigaud, homesickness and all.

I remembered Bauer, so I went over to one of Doc New's corpsmen and asked if any one had reported him. The corpsman said a group had already gone down into the valley to look for him.

There were both corpsmen and bandsmen in the group. They had stood on the ridge all afternoon and heard the music in that valley, so they knew what they were going into.

It was pitch dark when those heroic boys found Bauer. They were in territory, remember, where snipers had been all around, and where, if they betrayed themselves by the slightest sound, they would have mortar fire pouring down on them.

They found Bauer lying just about where Utley and the others had last seen him. He had dragged himself away from the gun a bit into a place of partial cover.

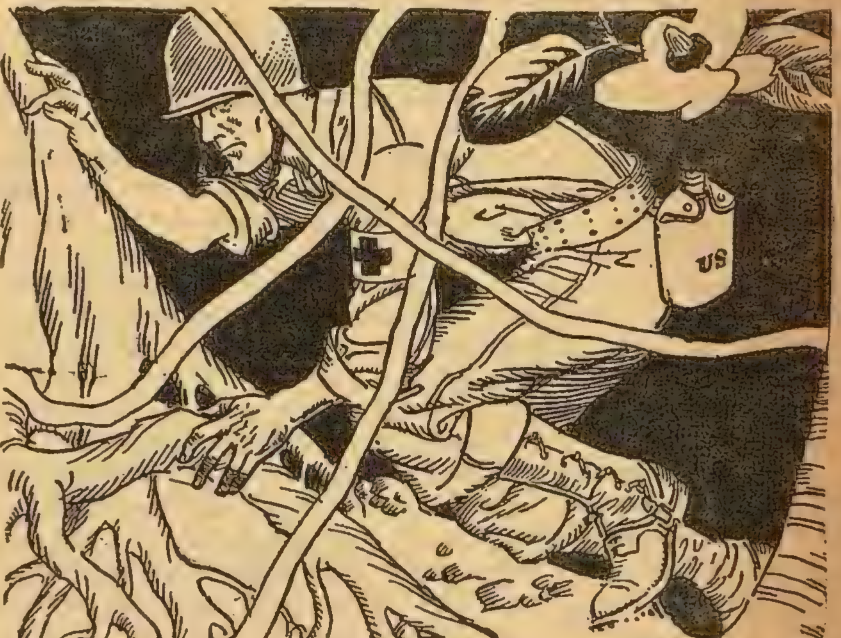
One of the bandsmen whispered to him, "How you feel, Mac?"

Bauer whispered, "I think I can make it."

The men fashioned a crude stretcher out of two rifles and a poncho, and started out. Bauer was in bad shape. He was conscious, but that was about all. He seemed very uncomfortable lying flat on the poncho, and during one of the rests he struggled to sit up. Two of the boys reached down to help him, and one of them, Sergeant Lewis Isaak, a clarinetist, found out the nature of Bauer's wound—by putting his hand right in the middle of it. It was a big, soft, warm, wet place in the man's back, and in the dark it gave Isaak the shivers. Bauer groaned a little when Isaak put his hand in the place.

Now that the wound was located, one of the corpsmen put a crude dressing on it. He just felt for the extent of it, cleaned it off as best he could, and planked a big flat dressing, damn near as big as a bedsheet, over it. He and another gave Bauer two shots of morphine.

The only way the group could find their way was to follow, hand over hand, a telephone wire which some wire stringer had carried into that hot valley. One stayed out in front, tracing the wire and whispering directions. One man took each corner of the stretcher. In the darkness they had a terrible time making any headway. Besides all the things we had had to contend with earlier in the day, they now were carrying a dying man, and they could not see where. They would bump into trees and stumble over roots. It took several seconds to find footing for each step. The load, the worry, and the darkness wore them out fast, and they had to stop for frequent rests.



There happened to be two boys named Cox in the gang carrying Bauer, and nobody, not even the two Coxes, knew that there were two Coxes. That led to some trouble.

One of them was Private Charles Cox, a very tall Southern boy, slightly deaf but nevertheless a bass-horn player in the regimental band. He had been working on some other wounded all day, and he was practically a casualty, he was so tired.

When they came to one of their resting places and put Bauer down, Private Charles Cox announced in a whisper that he was so durn tired he was going to have to snatch a nap; and for goodness' sake to wake him up when they started up again. A couple of the others who knew him whispered O. K.

He picked himself a rootless hollow, flopped down, put his hands back of his head, and turned off his consciousness like an electric light.

About ten minutes later the gang decided to move on. Charles Cox had pulled himself away from the rest, and the ones who had promised to wake him did not know exactly where he was. So Isaak spoke out softly: "Cox! Come on, Cox, we're moving."

"I'm here," said the Cox who was not Charles. "I'm all ready."

The bearers raised Bauer and went along. Charles Cox went right on sleeping. He woke up about midnight. It took him a couple of seconds to realize where he was, and when he did, his first thought was to curse the supposed pals who had failed to waken him.

But then he left off cursing them because he realized what a hell of a mess he was in. He was alone in a jungle full of Japs. He had no rifle because of the work he was doing. He had got separated from the wire, which was his only chance of finding his way out in the dark. He decided there was nothing to do but sit tight and hope for the best in the morning.

Needless to say, Charles Cox did not fall asleep again that night, even though a few hours before he had been so tired he could hardly hold his head up. Sounds grew big beyond proportion, until the rubbing together of two branches seemed like whole regiments crashing through the bush.

As soon as light began to show the pattern of branches and leaves overhead, he started to move stealthily back to friendly country. After day had really broken, he found the trail and walked along it. He had turned around so much that he was not certain he was going in the right direction.

At one point he drew sniper fire. He hit the ground and crawled for cover. Before he showed up again among the friends who had not made sure of his being awake, he crawled, slid, hid, walked, and ran about eight frightened miles.

AFTER they moved on, the corpsmen and bandsmen came to a steep place where they found that they could not handle Bauer without help; and so about three men went up to get fresh carriers.

Sergeant Isaak and one or two others stayed with the wounded man. Isaak tried to soothe his pain and make things easy for him in the only ways he could imagine. He held Bauer's head and spoke to him softly.

Men who are wounded do not talk rhetorically; famous last words are usually edited after the fact. Bauer's sentences were simple requests: "Help me sit up, will you please—oh, God, my stomach. . . ."

Then when he was up he hurt more than ever, so he said, "No, no, I've got to lie down. Do it slowly."

For a few moments his head tossed quickly from side to side. Then he said very softly, "I wish I could sleep."

The wish was fulfilled: he dropped off in apparent peace. He gave a few short breaths and then just stopped breathing. When the others got back, a corpsman examined him, and pronounced Sergeant Bauer, who had not been satisfied to stay under cover when there was a machine gun to be fired, dead.

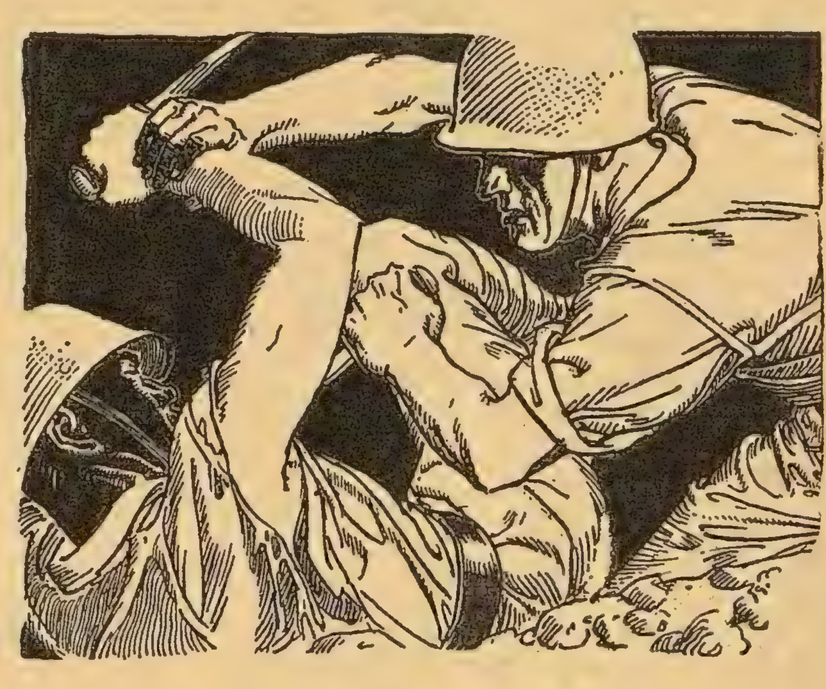
I NEVER did find out exactly how many men were killed and how many wounded in that valley. It would have been hard to be statistical about that little incident. But I do know that one less died than would have, if Doc New hadn't been mighty handy in an emergency.

This one was Major O'Brien, Captain Rigaud's battalion commander—the one to whom the captain had addressed his request for permission to withdraw.

The major had been hurt by the same mortar fire as we had encountered. He was carried out of the valley by corpsmen and was turned over to Doc New at his dressing station on top of the ridge.

At the time when Doc New first examined him, the major was a dying man. He was in absolute shock. He was gray as ashes in the face. His hands were cold. You could not feel his pulse.

He had suffered a bad flesh wound from mortar shrapnel above his left knee, and he had another shrapnel wound in his right hand. He had obviously lost a great deal of blood. Doc New realized that plasma and lots of it was all that could save this man. Administering plasma there, with mud for an operating table and filth and Japs all around, was a ticklish job.



Doc New had to maintain blackout. He had also to try to keep the man warm, to help him come out of shock. To serve both these ends, most of his corpsmen gave up what little shelter they had against the cold and damp night—their ponchos. Working feverishly, interposing such expressions as "Dadgummit" and "Gollydingwhiz," he covered first the wounded man, then his own head and shoulders, with ponchos. I am not positive that Doc New ever took his cigar out of his mouth.

With a flashlight in one hand and a transfusion needle in the other, with a dentist for an assistant and a chaplain for a nurse, he got the major ready to take some plasma. Before the first unit of 250 cc. was all in, the patient came out of his coma. By the time the second was in, he was able to speak. By morning he was able to talk to his C. P. on a field phone, stand the ride on a stretcher down to the beach road, and sit up in a jeep on the way back to the hospital.

WHEN I got back to Colonel Sims' command post, my friends offered me a ready-made fox hole. It was already nearly dark, and all along the ridge the marines, who looked like strangely animated dead men, were wrapping themselves in ponchos, stretching themselves out stiff in their gravelike holes, and doing everything by way of last rites except to scoop the dirt in over themselves. My clothes were soaked and caked with mud, the Japs were much closer than they had been during the first, sleepless night, and artillery fire was just as frequent—but this time I dropped off within five minutes and slept dreamlessly all night long.

I was awakened by the first of an artillery barrage and a responding cry from an exultant marine: "Aha! Reveille, you lousy Japs!"

The sunrise that morning, after the slop and terror of the day before, was one of the most beautiful things a lot of marines had ever seen. One named Bill said, "Any one who can't see beauty in that doesn't deserve to live. My mother would like to see that. 'Dear Mom: You should've seen the sunrise this morning. . . .' "

A few of us felt that we would rather die than start that day without some hot coffee. We scoured around for some dry wood, and finally, at the upper edge of a coral precipice, found some little bushes that had been a season dead and weathered. We broke twigs up into tiny fagots about twice the size of matches. We lit up and found to our delight that the twigs burned with a light blue haze, which was not a betrayal. One fellow who had not helped us gather the twigs kept putting his canteen cup right over the best part of the fire, until one of the others snapped at him: "Didn't you never hear of that old American custom, no work no eat? Scram, Mac!"

After our coffee, feeling much less decrepit, we went out onto the utmost ridge before the valley of the Matanikau. It stuck out over and into the jungle like a promontory intruding on some dark sea.

There were lookout posts stationed on this ridge, and so we could see all there was to be seen of that morning's action. Operations, we found, proceeded according to plan—the formal way of saying "with moderate but unspectacular success."

At eight-fifty we saw two men, then a large group, move up onto the ridge on the other side of the river which lay nearest the beach. One of this group, we could see through field glasses, peeled out yellow and black semaphore flags and signaled: "Have taken hill. Moving down to beach."

Across from us, on higher ridges not so close to the shore, we saw marines spread out white cloth panels to show our aviation where not to bomb. Our planes spread-eagled out beyond, making the valleys sound and resound.

I heard a marine chanting: "All *right,* ladies and gent'men, step right up and take a peek. Ten cents a look. It's wonderful, it's romantic. Don't miss it. Only ten cents. . . ."

There was quite a line of marines waiting to look through this man's observation telescope set up on a tripod at the front edge of a fox hole. Of course they weren't paying dimes to look through it, but each man got down on his belly in the fox hole, squinted, drew in his breath, muttered an exclamation of pleasure, then yielded up the scope. Curious, I took my place in the line.

I saw first a blurred circle. When I had focused, I saw that the scope was trained on the sand spit running across the mouth of the Matanikau. On the spit, in frozen attitudes of prostrate haste, were a whole bunch of dead bodies. It was easy to see by the wrapped leggings that they were Jap bodies.

A FEW hours later I found out why those bodies were there. They were testimony to the bitterest clash of the whole three-day battle. On my way back into camp I went to the river mouth, and as I looked at Japanese bodies curled in fox holes and sprawled on the spit—marine bodies had already been removed—I felt a tug at my sleeve and heard a bitter voice saying: "We meet again." The voice belonged to a captain of the Raiders. He told me what had happened.

Apparently Edson had had trouble getting rid of the company on his side of the river, and so called on the men who do or die in the worst jams in Guadal—the Raiders. During the previous night the Japs had decided to make a break for the spit, their only avenue of escape. They mounted a terrifying attack. About half the Japs started screaming and shouting, while the other half advanced silently and slipped into fox holes with the marines, who had no way of knowing whether their silent visitors were advancing enemy or retreating friends. But in the close-in knife work which followed, the marines evidently got the best of it, to judge by the number of Jap bodies in the holes. Of those who broke through, most were apparently cut down on the spit. There were seventy Jap bodies in the vicinity, members of the Second Company of the Fourth Regiment of the Sendai Division, big Japs in brand-new uniforms, carrying brand-new packs containing brand-new spare socks and brand-new rice bags. The Raiders lost thirteen dead and had twenty-seven wounded.

After my turn at the scope, I rejoined some of Sims' headquarters group who were out on that ridge. One of them told me he had just seen a flare near the beach of the color and type which meant: "No assistance needed." Apparently things were in hand.

Five minutes later a signalman appeared on the hill near the beach and semaphored: "Fox Company has reached the beach."

About fifteen minutes after that two or three wild pigs, such as are to be found on Guadal, were apparently killed in or near the little collection of palm-leaf huts that used to be Matanikau Village, for we heard the most blood-chilling screams, such as you hear at an abattoir. One of the marines chilled my blood a few extra degrees by remarking calmly, "Might be boars screaming just like men. On the other hand, might be men screaming something like pigs."

The action was drawing to a close. I heard a command go out: "Whaling group reorganize and withdraw by beach road at once." And a few minutes later this command went out to Puller, who was leading the deepest penetration of Sims' men: "Execute reconnaissance with your battalion along coast toward Kokombona. Do not become involved in large action. Be prepared to withdraw on order by beach road."

BEFORE the battle was over and the lines dissolved and trickled back into camp, I wanted to see Captain Rigaud again. I inquired around and learned that his bivouac was not far from Colonel Sims'.

His bivouac lay in a kind of amphitheater cupped between two fingers of a ridge. The men were scattered around over an area of about two hundred yards square—sitting on the edges of their side-hill fox holes, holding their shoes in hand and scraping the mud off, cleaning small arms, taking off their shirts and spreading them out to dry.

The air this morning was bland, and in Rigaud's amphitheater it seemed especially soft. The sun beat down and warmed those marines and melted away the cold thing that had settled hard inside them the afternoon before. Now, with their guessing that the battle was almost over, they relaxed in the warmth, and you could hear throaty laughs, the short explosions that follow dirty jokes, bouncing around the bivouac.

Captain Rigaud was sitting near a radio post. He did not seem to be doing anything at the moment when I came up, just looking out between the grassy fingers over Lunga Point, with its exact fringe of bright green palm, on over the sky-blue sea toward the sea-blue sky. He jumped a little when I spoke to him.

"Oh, hello," he said. "You look terrible."

"Thank you. So do you."

I didn't know then about me, but he certainly was a mess. His third morning of beard had begun to put a dark crosshatch on his pale cheeks and chin. His uniform was caked with mud. The circles under his eyes were no smaller and no less tired. His slender violinist's hands were dirty.

He at once began apologizing for the third time for what his men had done. "The Japs sure had us located, didn't they? That mortar fire was right on. No way of telling where it was coming from right in that pocket there."

I couldn't say what I wanted to, so I just asked what kind of mortars the Japs used, and he said the firing down there had come, most probably, from mortars very much like our own 81-mm. Stokes-Brandt. I sat down on the hillside, and two or three of Rigaud's lieutenants meandered over and sat down too, and for a while I asked some questions and they gave the answers on some technical things.

Then I asked what the orders were for Company H that morning.

"We're just supposed to stand by for now," Captain Rigaud said. "I expect we'll have to go in to do some cleaning up sooner or later. Guess there's only one thing we can bank on: we aren't going home."

I asked how the casualties had been in the company in the valley.

"We don't really know yet. Not too bad, I hope." I couldn't tell whether to believe his words or his face.

"Oh, say," I said, "I took three of your men out to help with some hurt fellows. I should have asked your permission. I'm sorry."

All the captain said was, "Good. That's three more."

I asked how the whole three-day battle seemed to have shaped up.

"Not too good," he said. "Just a halfway success, I guess. The Japs seem to have pulled out last night, from what I hear. I don't think we caught as many as we wanted to." I learned later that two hundred Jap bodies were found on the field.

"We didn't move fast enough," one of the lieutenants said.

"We got to be better on communications," another said. "Geez, the way we got scared by G and E companies yesterday!"

"I guess you got a lousy impression of the way us guys operate," one of them said to me. "We're not the bums of the world, really."

I wanted to tell Captain Rigaud how much I admired him and those bums of his, but I just said, "Anything I can do for any of you when I get back?"

"Oh, no, thanks," Captain Rigaud said. "I guess we'll be coming back in this afternoon or tomorrow anyhow."

"No," I said. "I mean when I get back to the States."

The men answered after a pause.

"Say, eat me a piece of blueberry pie, would you?" one said.

"I wonder if you'd give my mother a telephone call in Bronxville," another said. "From New York it's only about thirty cents."

I turned to Captain Rigaud. "Anything for you, captain?"

"You going to New York?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, if you go through a place called Oriskany Falls, wish you'd tell my folks you saw me."

I said I would have to say more than that.

"And then, when you get to New York," he said, "I want you to take a hot bath, in a bathtub, long one, about twenty minutes. Then put on a soft white shirt, with a good-looking tie, and a double-breasted blue suit. And then go out and— What's a good bar in New York?"

"Oh, I don't know, there are lots."

"Well, go to one of them that's good and walk up to the bar and order two Tom Collinses, tall ones. One is for you and one belongs to Captain Charles Rigaud. I don't care how you drink yours—gulp it for all I care; but Captain Rigaud's drink—sip it, take a half an hour if you got to. And you may as well mumble something formal, like a toast. Drink a toast to Company H. If they aren't on Guadal, they'll be way the hell and gone out somewhere. Yeah, that's a good idea. Do that."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

LAST year a book called **Defense Will Not Win the War** urged the necessity of an immediate United Nations invasion of Italy to knock out Hitler. It was written by Colonel W. F. Kernan of the U. S. Army—no man to mince a word.

Colonel Kernan has done it again in another blunt book that will prove a bombshell to those of us who thought we were doing all right lately. It is called **We Can Win This War** (Little, Brown, Boston, $1.50) and it argues that the invasion of Europe is still our paramount necessity.

It is a strange and stirring book. Strange because it is a combination lecture on strategy and homily on war and democracy. Stirring because if Kernan is right (and I wonder if any civilian is competent to judge this) the American people is being lulled into a complacency about the conduct of the war that is nothing short of criminal.

W. F. Kernan

According to the colonel, the taking of Guadalcanal, the raid on Dieppe, the invasion of North Africa were mere garrison charges of negligible value. They dispersed our forces, had no strategic value to us, and may indeed have helped the enemy, since they forced us to fight on the enemy's terms.

Unless we are to lose, Kernan insists, "The strategy which must be used . . . will not consist of fighting a global war on five continents, but . . . in fighting our way step by step, concentrating every foot pound of energy at our command, at one selected spot, in one selected country."

Alan Hynd

This must be done now, he argues, at once, before dispersal of our fighting forces has allowed the enemy to consolidate beyond our power ever to dislodge him. "In this war it is always later than you think," he points out. "It was only yesterday that an initial force of 200,000 men landed in Italy and aimed straight at the center of Nazidom would have upset Hitler's equilibrium. . . . It is not much more distant . . . than tomorrow when a million men will fail to budge him, and by day after tomorrow an army of ten million will still be too little and too late." There is not time enough, the colonel warns, to wait until the last shoestring is tied.

He then restates his earlier pronouncement that we could strike through Italy, though he now adds that we could instead choose France through Toulon, or Salonika through the Aegean. But, wherever it be, he warns that strategy demands we strike, and soon, before we lose the war waiting to begin it.

THERE are no differences of opinion about the war we are still forced to fight on the home front. While we have gone a long way toward licking sabotage within our borders, it is not a battle that we have completely won, and **Passport to Treason,** by Alan Hynd (McBride, New York, $3), demonstrates the necessity for not slackening our efforts.

Parts of this book have already appeared in these pages. But Mr. Hynd offers now a great many hitherto undisclosed and often startling facts about Nazi spies and saboteurs who operated here from 1939 to 1943. Moreover, the plotting still goes on. If the weight of arms goes against him on the fighting fronts, the enemy's efforts will redouble here. Both as a revelation and as the kind of truth that is stranger and more exciting than fiction, this is well worth reading.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

INDIA (LAND OF MYSTERY—OR SUMP'N)

HI, Ol' Sarge:
Happened to be reading an old (very old—that's all we have out here) copy of my stand-by Liberty, and thought I'd drop your column a line or two.

India's a great place, but the population sure saw us coming—prices have gone sky-high. All the boys at this outpost could go for some American smokes in a big way. As for some good old G. I. barracks—oh, man! Our "barracks" are grass huts that may or may not be able to take the coming terrific monsoon season.

"THERE YOU ARE!"
MARKOW

Commodore

The only American music we get is Command Performance, and does our radio receiver take a beating then! An American woman is as rare out here as an Indian woman is at home. Yet there is less griping here than in any of the Army posts in the States. You can bet on that.

Well, s'long, Ol' Sarge. Say hello for me to all my buddies-in-arms in God's country, the U. S. A., or, to be more specific, Boston, Mass.

Yours for victory,
Cpl. B. L.,
China-Burma-India Command.

P.S. We of the CBI claim we've got *the* C. O. in "Uncle Joe" Stillwell.

P.P.S. Who won the Bowl games?

For a long time I've been hoping for a letter from India and yours was worth waiting for. Thanks to you from all Liberty readers for the news from your sector.

* * *

I understand that the U. S. Army in India is using elephants in lieu of trucks to move supplies and heavy equipment, also that there is need of experienced elephant men to supervise the natives in working the elephants. I had seven years' experience as an elephant trainer before coming into the Regular Army in 1940, and although I have been in foreign service since May, 1941, I could stand a change of climate. How can I get a transfer?

S. Sgt. L. C. W., Overseas.

With the approval of your C. O., and sending it through channels, explain your experience and qualifications and apply for possible assignment to duty in India, in a letter to the Commanding General, Army Service Forces, Washington, D. C.

* * *

My husband wants to join the Army and I approve of his motives, so we both went to our local recruiting office, where he was told that he could no longer enlist but that he could volunteer for induction. Then we went to his draft board, and were turned down with no apparent reason. The men there just said, "Oh, you can't do that."

Now, what does a man have to do to get in the Army? My husband is not in a deferred business nor a defense plant. Although we have three children, they and I are provided for, and friends of ours similarly situated have been accepted. I have given my written consent to his volunteering. Will you help us out of our dilemma?

Mrs. R. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without knowing your husband's age and physical condition I'm rather at a loss for a positive explanation. If he is not over thirty-seven years old, is physically fit, and is not in a deferable job, I'm sure I can't see why his draft board does not allow him to volunteer. I suggest that he try once more, and ask to execute Form 165, which is the Application for Voluntary Induction. If he is again rejected, he might write to the Director of Selective Service, State Office, Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

Here we are, two Army men squabbling about a Navy question, and looking to another Army man (that's you, Old Sarge) to settle the scrap. I claim that Commodore in the Navy is a purely honorary title like Kentucky Colonel. My pal claims that there really is such a rank. How about it?

Pvt. C. H. M.,
Selfridge Field, Mich.

You lose—but not by much. Only last April was the rank of Commodore restored. Not since 1899 had there been an officer of that rank on active duty in our Navy. Shortly after signing the bill which revived commodores, the President nominated four Navy captains for promotion to the new rank, which corresponds to brigadier general in the Army.

* * *

Is there any chance for a man who has been placed on limited service to get combat duty? The only thing wrong with me is eyesight, and that is correctible to 20/20 with glasses, so why am I not in "unlimited"? I volunteered, and did so because I wanted to get into actual combat.

I have asked for overseas duty, but am told it is impossible. Why?

Pvt. W. P. C., Fort Eustis, Va.

I can't answer your "why" without knowing a lot more than you wrote me. But I can say that if you have been informed officially that you cannot be given combat service due to your limited service classification, then you will have to accept that decision as final and make the best of it.

* * *

As an enthusiastic amateur photographer, I am anxious to know whether or not I can take my camera with me when I go overseas.

Sgt. J. A. W.,
Camp Claiborne, La.

Your C. O. can give you authorization, and will tell you to surrender it to him before you embark, so that it may be kept sealed or under lock while you are at sea and until you reach your destination.

* * *

I am an ex-Marine (World War I) with a fine son now a Marine (World War II). Are the men of our armed forces still issued New Testaments by the government? When I enlisted I seem to remember being given a Testament as part of my equipment; but that was many years ago and I may be wrong.

J. V., Akron, Ohio.

RECRUITING OFFICE

Turned down

Bibles are given to our soldiers, both at home and abroad, by patriotic religious groups. The Army issues Bibles to its chaplains, but not otherwise.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

LET THEM EAT SNAILS

Continued from Page 35

fort in the unoccupied. I saw none of either. "Cheese is nutritious and the Boches like it," I was told.

French cattle have been slaughtered in large part because there is no feed for them. What are left go chiefly to the Nazis. While I was in France, practically every sheep in the country was carried off to Germany, in the campaign to clothe the forces in Russia.

In February of last year I was in Lyons, once a gourmet's paradise, on one of the two days a week when meat was permitted to be served. I had one precious 3-ounce ticket left, half a week's allowance. Hopefully I made the round of the five leading restaurants. Not one had been able to find its meat allotment. All were serving snails.

French cafés and restaurants never serve sugar. No longer can they even produce a saccharin tablet on request. Early last year I saw the big saccharin factory near Lyons shut down. Saccharin is a coal-tar product, and the Nazis are using all the coal.

"We are as near starvation today as a people can get and still go on living," a French Red Cross doctor told me.

HORSE meat was advertised as an attraction and delicacy every Wednesday and Saturday at the Category I restaurant on the Cannebière where I sometimes ate. I was told that dog meat is better, but I never felt like trying it. I hardly ever saw a cat in France. One man I know in Marseilles bought a rabbit for 150 francs—but invited a veterinary friend to dinner and asked him into the kitchen for a preview. It was a cat. "We ate it anyhow," the man told me.

Real rabbits are very seldom found even on the high-priced black market. Any one who has one holds on to it and eats it. For live chickens there are no scraps, corn, or bran, and, without grain, chickens don't lay. That's why I found the distribution of one egg per person in a whole month a front-page story in a city as big as Lyons.

Outside of black-market professionals, no one will sell anything for money. They want to trade for some other food or commodity. My chambermaid in Nice told me she couldn't feed her family without exchanging for other foods the occasional tin of milk the Red Cross gave her for her baby. Peasants want clothing and cigarettes, not cash, for their products.

Through the bitter winter cold in Vichy, I watched the queues for the children's milk allotment shivering in an alley. Oldsters usually did this waiting, to save the time of the families' working members. Thinly clad in nondescript leftovers against the biting wind, they often stood in line three or four hours for the pitifully meager daily ration.

Children of thirteen and over, like adults, get no milk at all in most cities. At the close of the winter the Paris newspaper Aujourdhui estimated fully 8 per cent of France's 40,000,000 population, or over 3,000,000, as actively tubercular. Adolescents made up a large proportion of this figure. Anemia and intestinal ailments are common.

Instituteurs in various parts of France told me the school day had had to be shortened because of the children's weakness. Ink was frozen in the inkwells in some schools I visited.

CHILDREN of thirteen and over get the adult wine allotment, thus adding a few vitamins to their diet. But the Germans get fully 90 per cent of all France's wines, including those from the colonies. They transform the ordinary wines into alcohol. Champagne and cognac they keep for their own use, and for foreign exchange purposes.

By having killed France's glass-manufacturing industry, and supplying all her bottling plants (at exorbitant prices), the Nazis are able to keep tabs on these products. One merchant I know needed 5,000 bottles. He had to tell the Nazis they were for wine. He got them—but with them a requisitioning order for 4,500 of the bottles, filled.

People congregate in the cafés on winter evenings simply for the illusion of warmth and the animal heat generated by crowds. Their unheated homes are usually colder than outdoors. They regard with greatest apprehension a coming winter, particularly because they are so underrationed on fats. In the departments of Var, Alpes Maritimes, and Bouches-du-Rhône I saw the peanut-oil factories working double shifts. But, as with the busy canneries I saw in the same district, the product all goes to the Germans. As for France's fine olive oil, not an ounce of it remains. Vichy blocked the crop of olives, then turned it over to the Nazis.

Lack of fats and related food elements may be responsible for the great increase in nervous diseases and insanity which I am convinced exists in France today. I heard of a strange wave of hysteria and melancholia among girls from fourteen to twenty-five. The daughters of many of my friends were afflicted. A number made suicide attempts, several successfully.

In Vichy at the Hôtel des Princes there were never fewer than three or four unmistakably balmy specimens, usually women, during my stay in the hotel. I should say that wasn't a high relative average. None appeared dangerous or violent. They were merely part of the current daily procession of misery in France today, under the heel of the lunatic Berchtesgaden Caesar.

THE END

DON'T TIRE YOURSELF

Continued from Page 22

also promote efficiency. So does proper ventilation. And nutrition is still another factor. Dr. Howard Haggard and Dr. Leon Greenberg of Yale University experimented on giving women clerks in a commercial office a between-meal snack at ten thirty in the morning and three thirty in the afternoon. They found that "late afternoon restlessness" disappeared and that the amount of work done shot up rapidly.

All these things affect your daily output whatever job you do. There is a simple untiring way to do everything. By studying the job before you tackle it and planning how to reduce the number of motions to be used, you can save yourself much wasted effort.

Suppose, for instance, that you are a housewife, engaged in spring house cleaning. Studies have shown that the work can be done far more quickly and easily if you will first sweep all the rooms, then dust all the rooms, then polish all the furniture, then arrange all the contents, instead of dealing with one room at a time. Learned studies show that the best dishwashing method is to finish the collecting before beginning to scrape, finish the scraping before starting to wash, finish the washing before starting to dry.

BUT even when you have applied all these conscious methods by which to increase your efficiency and avoid fatigue, the chances are that you still will not have drawn on your great unconscious reservoir of power. All of us fall far short of taxing our best capacities.

The problem of getting each man to give his best has naturally been of considerable interest to industrialists since the war began. Most of them are pledged to belief in the value of added incentives. They have found that workers who believe, quite honestly, that they are doing their best work will find it possible to do considerably better if a prize is offered.

In a factory study reported by the Industrial Health Research Board, the same ten girls were studied while working on a straight wage, under a bonus plan, and on a piecework basis. The bonus raised their production 50 per cent above the flat wage level, and when they were put on piecework, they increased their output 40 per cent more!

These girls were working faster for more money. There are other incentives, too. Yours may be greater leisure time or more free hours a day for puttering in your Victory garden. By contriving an incentive that is strong enough, you can undoubtedly speed up your normal day's work, with no increase in fatigue, and leave yourself more free time to spend as you wish.

THE END

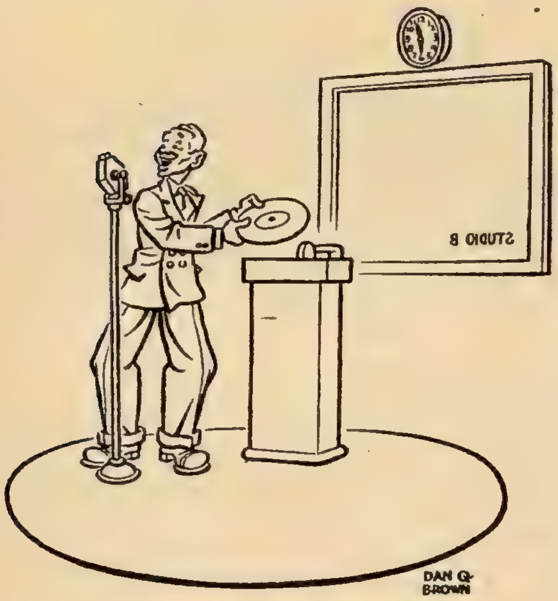
THE CARE AND FEEDING OF HUSBANDS

Continued from Page 31

When the idea first came to me about getting a husband, I decided to read up on the species. I am still reading up, although sometimes the type seems to be upside down.

It's the little things that count. For instance, I would never think of sending George to match a piece of cloth. Not only because once when I did he got caught at a bargain counter and I had to identify him by a piece of cloth he was wearing. No. Because I remember a picture in a geology book of a fossil found in Colorado, with a strip of petrified bark in his hand. Close behind was the Ice Age, clutching a rolling pin.

Being a wife is a great responsibility. She must help her husband.



"Here is a new one. It's a record of a thick juicy steak frying!"

I knew a girl who married a man and within three months she had made a millionaire out of him. Of course, he was a multimillionaire to begin with, but that's just a detail.

One of my aunts wasn't any stimulus at all for her husbands. They used to die off like flies. In fact, she got so used to burying one husband and marrying another, that she could cry with one eye and wink with the other.

It's the little things that make a home what it is. A wife should see that her husband has no little annoyances. For instance, there was a nightingale that used to sing just outside George's window at night and keep him awake. A good wife has a solution for everything. I merely filled the bird's drinking fountain with soda pop and now the bird is afraid to open its mouth for fear it will burp.

George used to bite his fingernails a lot too, but he was soon cured of that. I simply changed his laundry, and now George has all he can do to keep biting the threads off the edge of his shirt cuffs.

It's the little things that count.

THE END

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IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Johnny, home again, finds a wiser Tessa, who has learned that any marriage, to endure, must be bigger than one mistake

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

CONCLUSION

CARLSON LOCKHART watched his wife speculatively as she stirred a silver pitcher of Martinis, the silhouette of her face lovely and calm and undisturbed. It occurred to him, with a touch of cold amusement, that he really had never given her proper credit. He had always known her to be a remarkable woman, but nothing like this. To come home coolly and quietly, to give no hint whatsoever of that other man in her life, to take up precisely where she had left off, and to assume either that Carlson didn't know, or that, if he did know, she could get away with this last indiscretion as she had gotten away with so many others.

He knew her well, because it was his business to know people and to outwit them. Now he was trying to save a few lives by outguessing his wife and by playing on her shrewdness and her selfishness. People who plan usually outplan themselves in the end. Catherine wasn't quite sure of Johnny, obviously. She wasn't quite sure that he was going to be able to divorce his wife and marry her. Meanwhile she was not relinquishing the security and prestige of her marriage to Carlson.

BY holding so ruthlessly to both men, she was likely to lose them both. That was what Carlson's mind was planning for her as he accepted a silver cocktail glass from her, as he watched her wide mouth curve at him so charmingly and listened to her say:

"I'm not at all sure I want to go to the club tonight, darling. You know how dull most of those people are—"

Carlson smiled back at her. Her selfishness, her ruthlessness, sickened him. But he would have to play the game, smiling at her and kissing her hand lightly when it rested for a moment in his. For Tessa Barnes' sake, he would have to do all that, and hope that it would work, and then, in the end, break things off with Catherine as tactfully as possible, hurting her as little as possible. Once he had loved her deeply. Bits of that love still lingered on. But he no longer liked her as a person. He couldn't go on living with her after tonight.

"It won't be dull tonight," he told her. "I can promise you that."

Tessa, coming into the Linton Heights Country Club at nine o'clock, had the feeling that all this had happened to her before. This is where they had come on the night Johnny went away. There, on those stairs, she had sat with George, and he had leaned over and kissed her and Johnny had found them like that and had looked at her as though to say, "So you feel that way, too?" That look of his, she thought now, should have warned her that something was very wrong between them. But it hadn't. She had gone to Washington and ruined everything.

The orchestra, in honor of all the men who were here in uniform and whose overseas medals were bright on their tunics, played some tunes for them: This Time Is the Last Time, Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree, You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To.

"I wish they wouldn't play songs like that," Tessa said across the table to Johnny. "I wish they'd play old songs instead." And then she paused, and added, "No, I guess it's better that they don't play old songs, after all."

Johnny stared at the dinner menu. He knew, without looking up, that she was crying. He knew her that well. He knew the funny little shake in her voice. Oh, God, he thought—oh, God, why do lives get all balled up like this?

"What about a drink?"

"Fine. A Daiquiri. They make them awfully well. Not too sweet."

"I think I'll have one too. They had the lousiest liquor in Africa." Then he realized that Africa wasn't the thing to talk about either. And looking up to search around the room for another subject to talk about, he saw Catherine Lockhart and her husband walking across the room toward them, straight toward them, and he knew that this was the end. The end of everything.

Tessa froze. She could not have stood up had her very life depended upon it. Catherine was cool and arrogant and sure of herself. She stood at their table and fitted a cigarette into a long holder while Carlson inquired pleasantly, "Mind if we sit down?"

The whole performance was incredible and unthinkable and unbelievable. This was carrying civilization too far, if Catherine and her husband thought that this was the civilized thing to do.

A funny little muscle in Johnny's cheek was beating hard. The hand that pulled out a chair for Catherine wasn't very steady either. Johnny didn't think so much of this. The room was quite crowded by now, and Tessa was aware of many feminine eyes turned speculatively in her direction. People knew, then. Or guessed. And were curious to see how she would take it. She lifted her head. She could feel the color burning in her cheeks.

CATHERINE, seated between Johnny and Tessa, was saying, "Did you know that Johnny and I ran into each other in Africa? Saw quite a lot of each other, in fact. That was quite a show—Africa."

What does she think I am? Tessa thought furiously. What sort of a fool does she take me for?

"Johnny told me all about your meeting with him," she said stonily. "Let me be the first to congratulate you, Catherine."

"On my work?" Catherine asked pleasantly. "Yes, I did get some wonderful stuff down there. Sold a series of articles to International Features for a small fortune."

Johnny looked at her sharply, biting his lower lip and frowning as he did when he was puzzled and irritated. He didn't say anything. Obviously he was waiting for his cue. Tessa thought, What is this? What's her game?

Carlson leaned forward and smiled around the table at them. "Catherine's a very smart woman, you know. Even in Africa, even in the midst of blood and war and agony, she did all right for herself. Didn't you, darling?" He put a hand over hers on the table and Tessa saw Johnny watching intently. Catherine did not withdraw her hand. Johnny had not kissed Tessa or touched her hand since he had come home. He was that idealistic. Tessa could have laughed, watching Catherine and Carlson. Catherine wasn't putting herself into any spots where Carlson could divorce her and injure her reputation. Oh, Johnny! You poor blind, idealistic fool, you!

Catherine said sharply, "You needn't make it sound so ghoulish, Carlson. Of course I sold the articles. You didn't expect me to give them away, did you? I'm a writer by profession. It's the way I make my living. And those articles will make a lot of people sit up and realize what the war is all about."

"They'll make them sacrifice, darling," Carlson said softly; "make them realize they have to give up things—sons and husbands and brothers—and not complain. Half the people in the world are making a comfortable living telling the other half how to make sacrifices cheerfully."

"Oh, Carlson, really. You're so tiresome when you get into that vein. Johnny, you're looking well. Thinner, of course. When are you leaving again?"

"Tomorrow morning. Six o'clock. This was a twenty-four-hour leave. Don't know where they'll send me next."

"Oh," Catherine said.

The tension was tightening now. Tessa began to understand that Carlson had had quite a bit to drink before coming here, and that he had something on his mind. Something was going to happen. It was just a matter of minutes now, Tessa thought, her hands going cold on the realization, before something would happen and it would all be over.

The orchestra playing one of last summer's favorites: I Don't Want to Walk Without You. Johnny leaning forward to ask, "Dance, Tess?"

"Yes, thank you. I'd love to." Only the briefest shadow of emotion flickering across Catherine's calm lovely face. Wonderful to be in Johnny's arms again, thought Tessa. Wonderful to find that her head could still fit so neatly into the small hollow of his shoulder. Johnny, Johnny, I love you so. Don't leave me!

"Music isn't bad at all, is it, Johnny?"

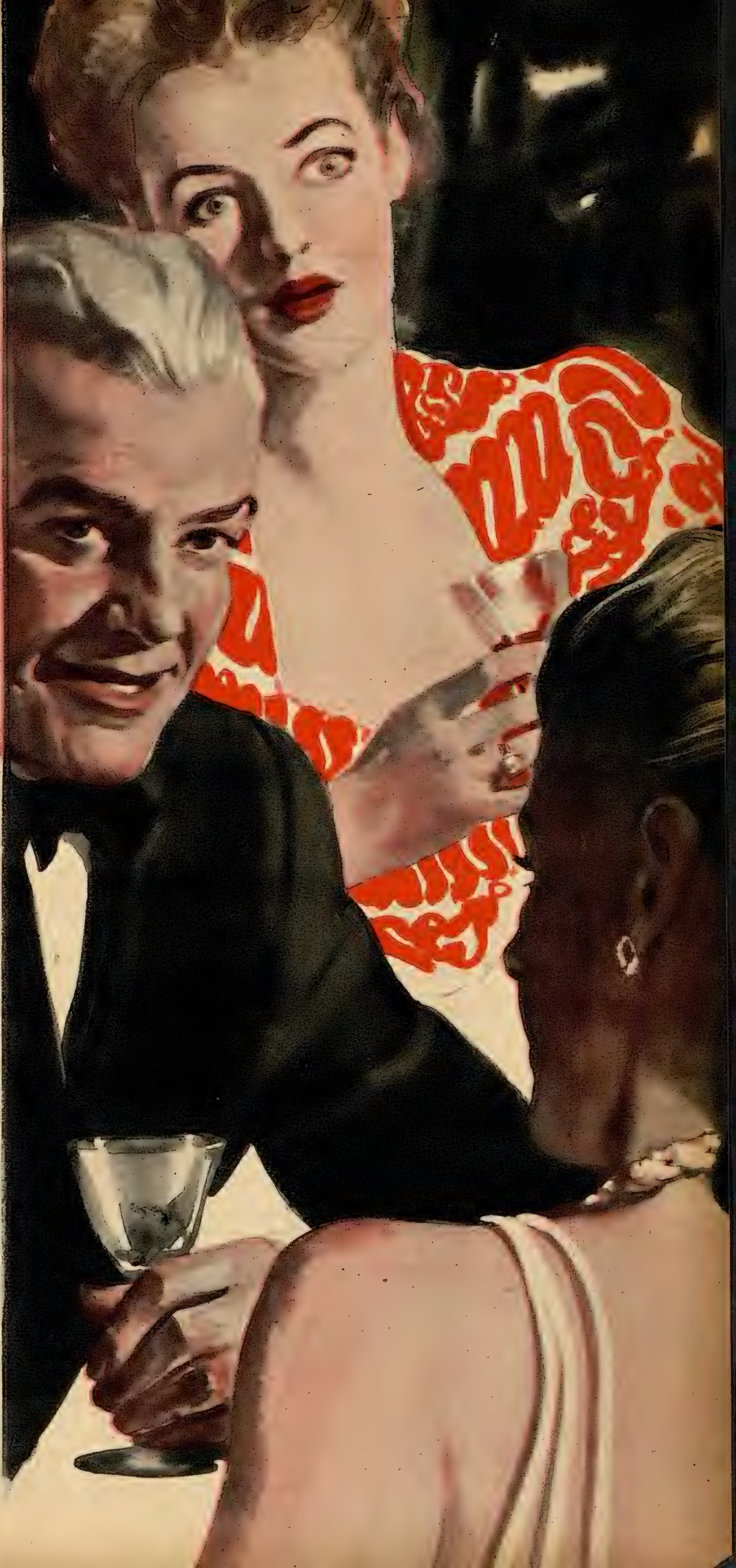
"Pretty good, I thought."

AND then back to their table. And over drinks and against the beat of the latest jive that nobody danced to, since the ones who might have were a long way from here, Carlson exploded his bombshell. He did it very quietly, and he even smiled. He put a hand on one of Catherine's and spoke very gently.

"Darling," he said, "I've got great news for you. Very great news. Tessa's your best friend and Johnny —well, Johnny's your friend, too, and I know you won't mind their being in on it. It's something you've wanted for a long time, and I'm going to make you very happy by giving it to you."

Beside her, Tessa could sense Catherine stiffening, growing wary, alert. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about a divorce." Catherine's breath caught sharply, noisily. "I'm going to let you have a divorce. Isn't that fine? I suppose I ought to be a gentleman and let you divorce me, but I've been a gentleman so long that I'm a little weary of the role, I must say. I think I'd like a trip out West. Or maybe I



Carlson exploded his bombshell. "I'm going to let you have a divorce," he said. "Isn't that fine?"

won't even bother going West," he said. "Who knows? I might be able to stay right around here and get one. You don't look as though I'm making you happy, darling. I thought I was doing something wonderful for you."

Catherine's thin face was rigid, drained of color. "You're drunk and you don't know what you're talking about. You're humiliating me here in front of my friends. Johnny," she said, "I think I'd like to dance, and Carlson is drunk. Would you mind dancing with me?"

CARLSON watched them go. "You see," he said to Tessa, "she won't do it. Oh, she'd do it in her own way, and in her own good time. She'd get money from me first, and arrange everything so there'd be no notoriety or anything that would upset her career. And when the stage was all set, it would be done for her convenience. She's one of the few purposeful people I've met in my life."

Johnny was saying the same thing to Catherine, standing with her in the small trophy room.

"Would you mind very much," Johnny said, "telling me just what goes on here? Didn't you tell Carlson that you loved me and ask him for a divorce? Isn't that what you said you were going to do as soon as you got home?"

Catherine rubbed her hands up and down her arms as though she felt suddenly cold. "Oh, I know I said that, but that's stupid, Johnny. We're not a couple of lovesick kids. We're adult. I adore you, of course, and I want to marry you. But why can't we do it my way? After all, Carlson's got a lot of money, and I've earned some of it. I don't see why I should throw it all away."

Johnny watched her, listening, and all at once he grinned. All that great love in Africa, all that much talked-about courage to live one's own life and live for work and love alone and never mind possessions boiled down to this scene at the Linton Heights Country Club, and it was pretty funny. It had all resolved itself into a conventional wife not wanting to risk a scandal or a few thousand dollars. He found himself despising her. Lord, but she was selfish, ruthless! Hanging onto Carlson, allaying his fears until she was in the driver's seat, and then walking out on him!

Her arms went up around his neck in a sudden imploring gesture. "Darling, don't be angry with me. I've got to be careful. But we can have fun, and within six months I'll have Carlson where I want him and I can come to you."

Gently he disengaged her arms. "As they said in Africa after a battle, Catherine, it was a good show. Let's not drag it on into something so damned cheap that it makes me sick at my stomach. I'll take you back to your husband, if you're ready."

"Johnny, please—" She looked at his face and stopped. There was nothing there to appeal to. He wasn't even angry. He waited quietly. It frightened her. What if Carlson left her? What if Carlson poked around and found out about her and Johnny? Suddenly she blamed Johnny. She hated him.

"All right," she said, "crawl back to your little suburban wife, then. That's where you belong."

Tessa was ready to leave. She had her wrap, and she was very tired, and she didn't too much care what happened to any of them. Johnny's hands lingered on her shoulders in an old familiar gesture as he helped with her wrap. She turned her head and smiled at him. So he was beginning to want to crawl back into the fold, was he? she thought bitterly.

It was amazing to hear her own voice saying that quiet restrained good night to Catherine Lockhart. Yet even now she didn't hate her. She just didn't want to see the other woman ever again.

It was twelve o'clock. Every one was leaving. Waiting in the lobby for Johnny to get his hat and coat, Tessa looked back into the big room.

Over at a corner table young Sally Anders sat talking quietly and earnestly to a boy who wore the uniform of an ensign in the navy. He had known Sally's husband, and since he had come home he and Sally had become fast friends. Tessa hoped the girl could find a second promise of happiness with some one like that.

Beth Sanders was having the last dance with her husband. The rouge on her thin pale cheeks was like two bright gallant little flags, covering her weariness and the pain that came so often lately and that Beth tried not to let any one know about.

EVERY home in town had been hit in one way or another. And though Tessa was a woman who did not like women, her heart swelled now with sudden pride in them. Oh, there had been some who had failed. Curt Marshall had come home to find his wife sodden with drink. Yes, there were a few, like Jill, who had gone under, but there were these women who were not going under. There were these women who had learned that wars are no longer fought only in trenches but in nurseries, where women care for other women's children; in factories and in kitchens and, most of all, in the hearts of women who wait for their men to come back, confident that they will come back, and that there will be something worth while to come home to. Yes, she thought, we can be a little proud of ourselves!

"Ready, Tess?" Johnny spoke beside her.

They began the long walk home along blacked-out streets. Johnny said, "Jackie was swell about having me go away again. He looked as though he was going to cry there for a minute. Then he just swallowed hard and said, 'That's swell, pop.' He's a great kid, Tessa."

"I think so."

"And you've been swell yourself. You've grown up. You've changed."

"I suppose so."

They walked on in silence. Johnny wanted to speak, but you couldn't just say to a woman you had hurt and humiliated and betrayed, "Look. I've been a fool. Let's try to forget it and go on." You couldn't say that to a woman like Tessa, who had courage and pride and self-respect and who felt as Tessa did about such things. And so he said nothing, and in the morning he would be gone and it would be forever too late.

BESIDE him, Tessa said suddenly, "Johnny—the children! Something's happened to one of the children. There's a police car in the driveway!"

They began to run, Tessa stumbling, her hand clinging to his. "We shouldn't have left them! Your mother's not been well since Bill was killed, and Chloe's no good and Janice is out tonight—"

But the two policemen who stood respectfully in the hall, their hats off, waiting for Tessa and Johnny to come in, had not been summoned because of the children. Chloe, ludicrous in a huge multicolored flannel wrapper, explained:

"I didn't want to call Miz Barnes, Mr. Johnny. She's just about got to sleep, and the doctor he said she cain't take no more 'citement. I told the gen'lemuns to wait for you, suh. It's somepin about Miz Nicky."

Tessa was ashamed of the wave of relief that swept through her, but she couldn't help it.

"All right, Chloe," Johnny said, "we'll handle it."

The older policeman handed them a note. "We found this in her purse," he said. Tessa read it over Johnny's shoulder. It was very brief:

> Now that I know Bill isn't coming back, I don't see anything else to wait for, or live for. You'll all understand. It's been lonely without him. NICKY.

"What happened, officer?"

"A train. A town about twelve miles from here. A lady standing on the platform saw it. She said the girl just seemed to walk into it. Like it was something she'd been waitin' for. You're her folks, aren't you?"

"She was my brother's wife,"

Johnny said. "He was reported killed in action about a month ago. I never met her," he said.

"Oh," the policeman said. "Well, I'm sorry. I guess it's pretty tough. First one and then the other. If there's anything we can do. Here's where she's at now. You'll take care of—of things, I guess?"

"Yes. We'll take care of everything."

IT was four o'clock in the morning, but Johnny couldn't get to sleep. He lay rigid beside Tessa in the big old-fashioned double bed, and sensed that she couldn't sleep either. They had talked for a long time. About Nicky— "I think I saw her downtown," Johnny had remembered finally. "I think she thought I was Bill. And I thought she was a pick-up. Lord! The poor kid. If I'd known—" And about the children, and about the work that Tessa was doing, and about all the things they had learned since they had stopped living their small life and begun to live a bigger life.

And now, out of the confusion of thoughts that were in his heart, Johnny Barnes had to speak. He could not go away without letting Tessa know how he felt.

"Tess," he spoke into the darkness, "I know it doesn't matter to you one way or another, but I'd sort of feel better if you'd let me say a few things before I go away again."

"Yes, Johnny. What is it?"

"Catherine and I are through." Tessa didn't speak. "It looked pretty fine and noble out there, but back here, with the kids, and mother, and Bill getting himself shot up, and you—well, Catherine looked pretty cheap there at the end."

Still Tessa didn't speak.

"When you love somebody an awful lot, you feel you've just got to get through to them somehow and make them know how you feel. You've got to know, Tessa. I'm not asking for anything for myself. I threw all that away. I don't deserve anything. But it'd just help if you'd tell me that you know, that you understand how much I love you, and how sorry I am—how damned sorry, Tess—about everything. Well," he said, "I guess that's all."

She was quiet for a long time. Johnny loved her. How could he have loved her and wanted Catherine? Yes, she had made mistakes, too, but did anything justify or excuse Johnny's being unfaithful to her?

"I wonder," Johnny said softly beside her, "whether Nicky would have forgiven Bill had he lived to come home to her, and had he told her he'd thought himself in love with another woman?"

Tessa stiffened, tensed beside him. "That isn't fair, Johnny!"

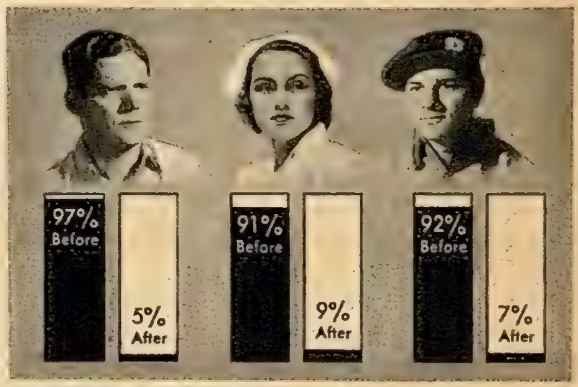
"Probably not. But, Tess, I know you love me, and we've got years of happiness ahead of us. I'm asking an awful lot. But you're a pretty big

(Continued on page 69)

KEEP
AMERICA
MARCHING
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

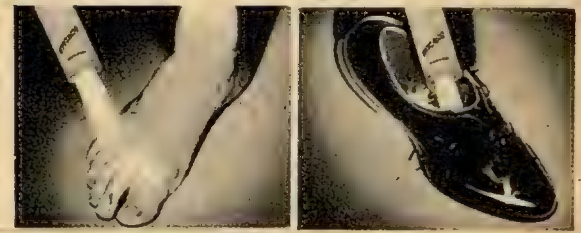
NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT HELPS KEEP AMERICA MARCHING

EVERY American should keep his *feet* in most perfect condition, to keep working and marching to victory. *But* over 70% of adults, including war workers, are infected with *Athlete's Foot* at some time each year. Fortunately a new fungicidal powder—*Quinsana*—is scoring great successes against the disease. Quinsana action is based on knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under definitely *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings, as well as on feet, creating a vicious circle of *re-infection.*



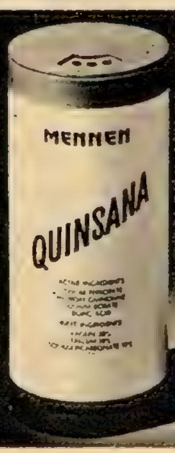
AMAZING SUCCESS among thousands of persons is shown above; note incidence of Athlete's Foot before (*left*) and after (*right*) 30-days Quinsana treatment. Quinsana is also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor.

ABSENTEEISM due to Athlete's Foot is fought by war plants. Some use rays of powerful Westinghouse Sterilamp to combat re-infection from fungi in shoes. You can't do that at home, but you can use Quinsana in *shoes* (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection); use also on feet. Watch for usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot—chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Even mild cases may suddenly become serious.



2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana should be used daily to help *prevent* and relieve Athlete's Foot. Inflammation may mean *germ* infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana regularly). Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, highly absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

MENNEN
QUINSANA



for Athlete's Foot

LANDLUBBER—Continued from Page 16

clutched at Bert's body, but he beat his way to the surface, fighting for air. After the first shock, the water seemed warmer than the wind had been, and he tried to swim, weighted down with his mackinaw and shoes. Only then he realized that he had no life jacket on. The other men were bobbing lightly in the water, their jackets holding their heads high above the sea. Windell was towing the skipper along. Big Pete saw Bert come up sputtering and go down again, and he swam over and grabbed a handful of Bert's collar.

"You damned landlubber!" he swore.

Bert felt as if the void inside of him was completely filled with salt water by the time his feet hit sandy bottom and Big Pete jerked him forward and he fell stumbling through the shallow water and onto the beach, where he lay face down with his sick misery. After a while he raised his head and saw that they were all there. Big Pete was standing next to him with hands on hips, glaring angrily at the sea.

"I'm thankin' you," Bert mumbled. "You saved my life."

"O. K., landlubber," Big Pete said without turning his head. "Here's your land. Stick to it!"

For a moment longer he looked at the sea, then turned to the other men.

"We'll freeze to death out here in this wind. Let's split up and hike along the beach. There may be a house. You stay with the skipper, landlubber."

The men were gone some time, but when they staggered back they had not found any sign of civilization.

"This is a hell of a climax to my eyewitness story," Windy Windell said through chattering teeth. "*Saved from the deep to freeze on a deserted beach.* If only we had a couple of matches, we could get a stack of driftwood and at least have a fire."

Bert opened his mouth, then shut it quickly.

"Let's get back in the woods," the man who looked like an Indian said. "Maybe the wind won't be as bad."

"Well, it couldn't be any worse," Big Pete said. "Come on, let's go."

They stumbled through the waist-high drifts of snow until the sound of the surf was lost in the softer sighing of the snow and the wind through the spruces. They came to a little gully choked with snow.

"There don't seem to be much wind down here," Gus said. "How about piling some of this snow back and shutting some more of it off?"

"One spot is as good as another in this Godforsaken land," Big Pete growled.

"There must be houses near here," Windell said. "Or a town. We ought to look before it gets too dark."

"You're soakin' wet," Bert ventured to say. "You'll freeze to death while you're lookin'. Time enough for that when we're dry. What we need is a scorcher of a fire."

"Sure," said Big Pete. "And a big steak and French fries and hard rolls and ten gallons of Java. Why don't you shut up?"

The color mounted in Bert's dark cheeks, but he shut up. He turned away from the men and plowed slowly through the snowdrifts. His stomach was still heaving and his legs felt soft and wobbly, but the sickness began slowly to wear off. He coursed back and forth through the woods like a hound dog on a cold trail, gathering strips of birch bark along the way. Once he found a dead birch trunk, its rotten wood held together by the tough bark. He shouldered it over and filled his pockets with the tinder-dry dust. Then he snapped off small balsam branches close to the trunks where the outer screen of foliage had kept them dry, and stuffed them inside his shirt. At last he saw what he had been hunting for: a few dead splinters of wood stuck up above the snow like shattered bayonets. He broke off the tip of one and sniffed it.

"Fat as a milk-fed hog!" he chuckled happily.

The cold stabbed at his fingertips as he dug down along the long shafts of fat spruce and broke them off deep. He gathered all that he could tow, and returned to the gully. The men were piling the snow back, pounding a wall against the wind, and he dragged his load to a spot that they had scraped bare of snow, and began emptying his pockets.

"Whatcha got there?" Brooklyn asked. "Whatcha doin'?"

"Makin' a fire."

"Whatcha goin' to do for matches? Rub a couple of Boy Scouts together?"

"I got dry matches."

In the ominous silence that followed, Bert looked up at the threatening semicircle of faces. He stood up slowly.

"SO you been holdin' out on us," Big Pete snarled.

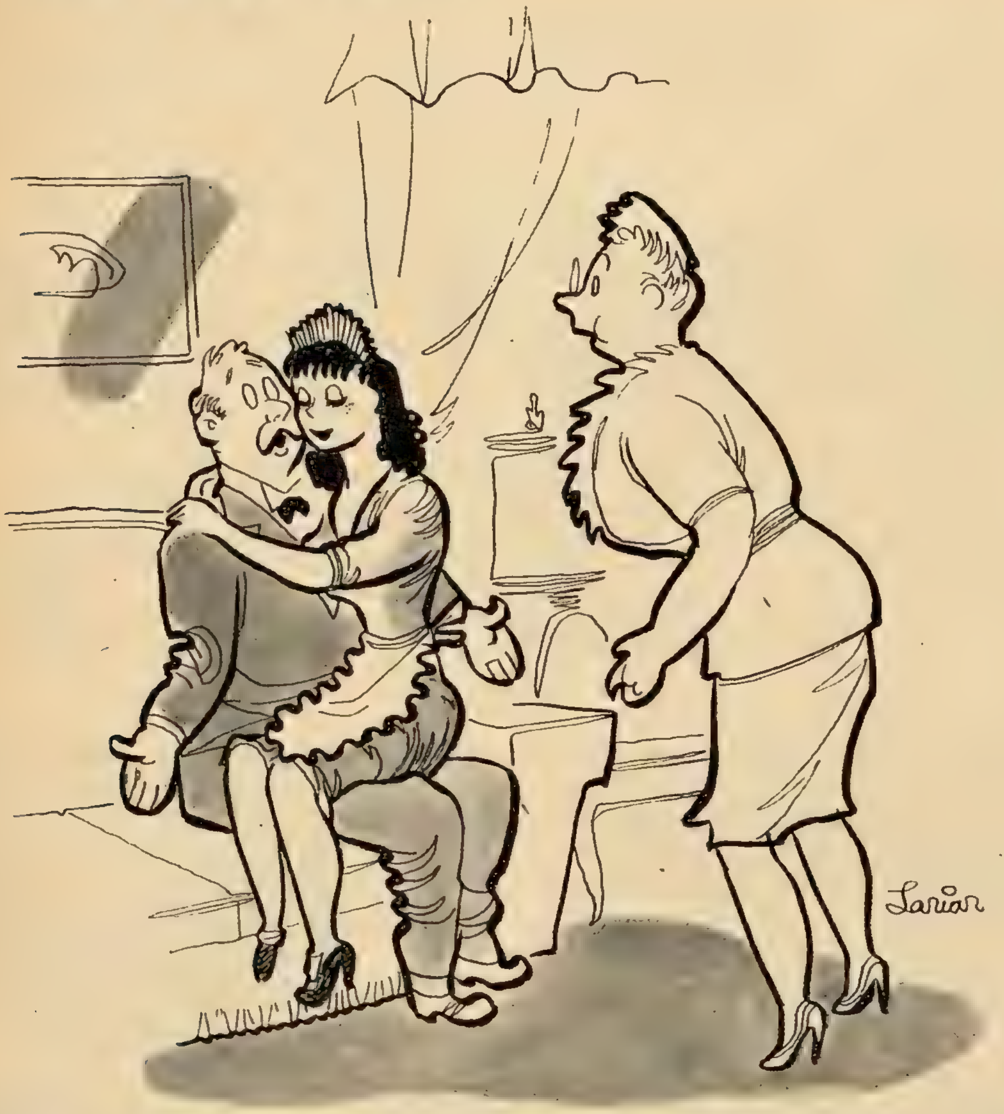
"They would be wasted on wet driftwood," Bert apologized. "You'd need five-ten gallons of kerosene to get that stuff burning."

Big Pete came forward.

"I oughta wring your scrawny neck!" he raged.

Bert tried to tighten his fists and step up to him, but his fingers were too frozen. He tightened his thin lips instead and turned his back on him and squatted down beside his kindling. He broke off a piece of fat spruce and pared curling splinters with his knife. The wood inside the root was yellow brown and oozing with pitch. His matchbox was just a sixteen-gauge shotgun shell jammed tight into a twelve-gauge shell, but it had kept the matches dry. He scratched one with his thumbnail and held it under the fat spruce parings. They sizzled into dark yellow flame and black smoke. He touched that to the wet birch bark, and that too hissed into flame. In a few moments his whole pile of wood

THE HOME FRONT



"You told me to promise her anything to make her stay—so I promised to marry her!"

was burning fiercely, smoking like an oil-well fire.

"Pretty near anything you put on it now will dry out and burn," he said wearily.

The men crowded the fire, ignoring him. It did not matter. It was good to have land under his feet and a blazing fire.

It was not exactly a cozy haven for the survivors of the Anabelle that first night. The snow thinned out and stopped, but the wind blew harder, driving sharp icicles into their unprotected backs. They huddled in a tight circle around the fire, nodding and sleeping fitfully against one another's shoulders. Only Bert could not sleep. He fed the fire. He banked more snow on the windbreak. With his jackknife he whittled a traction splint for the skipper.

AT sunrise the temperature dropped below zero, but the men's spirits rose.

"Now for civilization and a telephone," Windell declared.

"And a triple portion of ham and eggs and three shots of rum. Cripes, it's cold!" Big Pete rubbed the circulation into his stiff legs.

"Come on, let's get out of here. There might be a house just over that hill there."

"There ain't." Bert looked up from his contemplation of the fire. "I looked up there soon as it got light. Fact is," he went on slowly, "near as I can figger with the little scoutin' I done, there ain't been a human in these parts for a mighty long spell. There's no trail; only some real old blazes, five-six years old, runnin' down to a stream that looks mighty promisin' for mink. They don't lead nowhere."

"Well, we ain't on a desert island!" Big Pete said angrily. "We're in a civilized country!"

"May be a mile to the nearest settlement," Bert continued softly, not looking up at them, "or it may be ten miles or twenty. Then again, not knowin' which way the nearest town is, we're prone to walk through the mountains right past it. Done it once back home when I was a kid—walked for near three days before I hit a road, and all the time I'd been follerin' that road not more than quarter of a mile away from it in the woods."

"Now, ain't *that* interestin'!" Big Pete said sarcastically. "Real clever, too!"

"Seems to me it makes some sense," Windell said.

Bert glanced up at him.

"Well, the skipper he ain't farin' good," he said. "We got to make him a toboggan, to get him through these drifts. By rights, we ought to take time and make us snowshoes, too, but I guess you're rarin' to go . . ."

"You said it!" Big Pete cut in. "The sooner the better. All this gab . . ."

" . . . even though you don't rightfully know which way," Bert finished. "Guess I'll get the makin's for a toboggan and get us some vittles at the same time."

He rose stiffly, went over to the skipper, and took the pistol from his pocket.

"Dried it out a bit last night," he said. "Nobody mind if I use it a time or two?"

Big Pete opened his mouth to say something violent, but the pistol was pointed at his chest as Bert examined it, and he changed his mind. The men stood aside as Bert walked past them and plunged into the deep snow.

"The guy's crazy," Brooklyn said.

"I'm not so sure," Windell said thoughtfully.

Twenty minutes later they heard the pistol bark once, and in another ten minutes Bert stumbled to the campfire with a young doe slung over his shoulder.

"Figgered there'd be a deer yard around that creek bed," he panted, dumping the deer and starting to skin her. When it was skinned, he stretched the skin out on the snow, fur side down, and patted it into a concave shape.

"It'll freeze solider'n a jailhouse cot!" he explained. "Ain't much of a toboggan, but with the help of a few saplin's and a couple or three men haulin', it'll ride high and dry. How about some roast liver or a couple of chops? Might be tough, seein' as the meat ain't yet cold."

There was not much left of the deer when the hungry men were through. Bert made a cone-shaped cup of birch bark and boiled some meat in melted snow. He roused the skipper and fed him the broth.

"A man can freeze himself to death from the inside out," he said to no one in particular. "Venison broth is a mighty comfortin' thing."

They packed the skipper into the crude toboggan, padding him in with any clothing they could spare, and made a tandem rope of their belts.

"Anybody got a guess which way we should go?" Bert asked.

"West?" Windell ventured. "It's inland anyway. We're bound to hit some civilization."

"Suits me," Bert said.

"Who cares what suits you!" Big Pete snarled, and Bert turned away and busied himself with the toboggan straps.

It was tough going in the woods. As they worked their way uphill, the snow deepened into a clutching barrier. When they fell, and they fell often, they sank into the soft snow almost out of sight. They climbed slowly, gasping for breath, their clothes soaked with snow and perspiration. When they stopped a moment, the wind stabbed icy fingers through their wet clothes and they had to move on before they were rested.

The makeshift toboggan was an anchor that grew unbearably heavy as the mountain steepened. It needed constant attention. It had to be guided to pass through the closely clumped trees, prevented from capsizing or slewing into every gully and depression. Every man took his turn at it. Bert led the line, breaking trail.

He's like a steel spring, Windell thought.

But when they stopped for a short

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

COWCH: A sofa for Elsie.

SOMEMOREGASBORD: A second helping of Swedish hors d'oeuvres.

SNUGGESTION: An invitation to bundle.

GEHRIGTER: What Larrupin' Lou had.

AHBUTRATOR: An umpire who keeps saying, *"Ah, but you are wong."*

FARMERCY: A drugstore for agriculturists.

ARRESTOCRAT: Police chief with a social background.

BITALIAN: A company of Mussy's shocked troops.

CHANGEL: Little Willie on his birthday.

GALLONTRY: Chivalry at a gas station.

breather in the lee of a clump of balsam, he saw the drawn lines of fatigue on Bert's lean face, and he realized that Bert was no steel spring, no superman, but just a wiry little guy with a big job to do. Their eyes met and they grinned foolishly.

"Shucks, it's better than being seasick," Bert said.

By midafternoon they had climbed the shoulder of the mountain and reached the razor-back ridge. On the other side the mountain dropped steeply away in a smooth white slope, broken occasionally by outcroppings of rocks and stunted spruce. Bert looked down at it, shaking his head.

"Looks like a shale slide," he said. "We can't go down this way. We'll have to travel right along this ridge up to that wooded shoulder and go down that way."

"Are you nuts?" Big Pete exploded. "That shoulder's two miles from here!"

"I know it's tough goin'," Bert said. "But this way ain't safe."

"Safe, hell!" Brooklyn argued heatedly. "I ain't goin' to walk two miles in this wind up here."

"You said it! Why, I used to coast down worse hills than this when I was a kid."

"It looks like a shale slide," Bert insisted stubbornly. "It ain't safe."

"Aw, shut up!" Brooklyn ordered.

He started down the hill by himself, and one by one the men followed him. Big Pete and Windell turned the toboggan around and let it slide. The soft snow heaped up ahead of them. Large chunks of it rolled down the slope, leaving long scars in their trail. Bert watched them as they let themselves down, step by step, using the snow to brace their sliding feet. He wanted to call them back, but he did not dare.

Suddenly he saw a great slice of the snow bulge out and spill down the slope. He knew what that meant. He started yelling at the top of his lungs. The snow above that gap began to spill slowly down to fill it, and suddenly the whole slope began to break up. Brooklyn lost his footing and they heard his hoarse scream for a second before it was lost in the roaring of the snow.

"Across!" Bert yelled, but his words were drowned in the sound of the rolling thunder of snow.

The men turned and started to clamber back, but it was hopeless. Bert ran down the slope toward them, waving his arms, yelling, "Across! Across!" He turned at right angles from them and started running across the face of the slide. They saw him and understood what he was doing, and they too turned and scrambled across and up at an angle. The huge mass of snow at the lip of the ridge roared down the mountain and filled their empty footprints as they clawed and stumbled their way out of its path.

Bert dropped down to Windell and Big Pete and grabbed the toboggan traces. They ran stumbling across and up, and each step they took started a slide beneath their feet, but they were past it before it gained momentum. In back of them, Brooklyn was going down with the slide, but they could not help him.

When they gained the ridge with the toboggan, they sank down on the ground, blind with the numbness of overexertion. One by one the others staggered up to them and dropped. They lay on the ground, panting and swearing, until the echoes faded to their eternal whispering. And deep in the echoes was Brooklyn's terrible scream.

Big Pete got to his feet and walked to the edge of the ridge and stood staring down at the torn slope. There was no anger in his face now, as there had been when he had stared out at the sea. There was doubt there, and wonder, and fear.

"He's gone," he said. "Like the sea swallows a man, and there's no power on earth can stop her."

Bert got to his feet slowly and faced Big Pete with his fists clenched at his sides. His face was white and quiet but his eyes burned with fury.

"Yes, he's gone," he told Big Pete. "He's gone because he was a pigheaded fool. And you're another. You used to coast down worse hills than this when you were a kid, remember?"

BIG PETE turned and looked down at him, and for once he had nothing to say. Bert took a step nearer.

"You saved my life once, and I thanked you for it," he said evenly. "Well, now we're even. I don't owe you a damned thing. But I'll tell you this much: I'm gettin' out of this mess because I know how. If you want to come along with me, you're welcome. But I've taken all the kicking around from you that I'm goin' to take!"

He saw Big Pete's fists begin to tighten and move restlessly, and he turned his back on them deliberately. He walked back to the toboggan and picked up the traces.

"Come on," he said roughly. "We got to keep movin'."

The men came to their feet slowly, numb with shock, glancing apprehensively toward Big Pete to see what he was going to do. He walked over and gave Windell a hand to get to his feet. Then he turned to the uneasy group of men and said:

"I guess we'd better make for that wooded shoulder. Come on, you guys, grab these belts. Want to go ahead and break trail, landlubber?"

Landlubber, Bert thought angrily. Still landlubber. The outcast. The guy that gets sicker than a cow when the first wave hits the boat. Only half a man, with a busted hand and a belly like a frog.

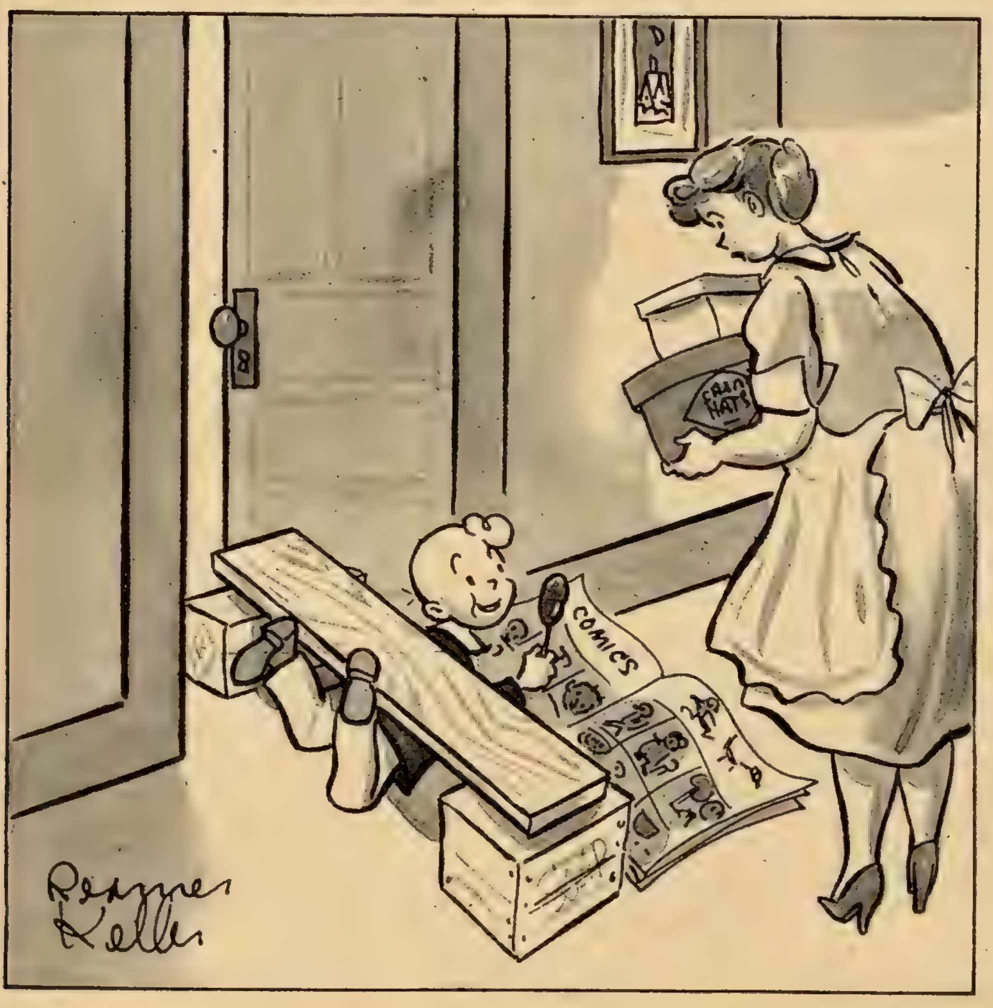
Bert slowed up and waited until Windell fell in beside him.

"You wouldn't be tellin' me a lie," he said. "What are the chances I could get me another ship?"

"Lousy," Windell said. "As a sailor, you're six varieties of a dunked goose."

Not a chance. The men wouldn't want him. Big Pete would see to it that he didn't get another berth. He might swing along with him now, but if they ever got back to civilization, he'd square with Bert for that little speech. There'd be no more dreaming of the sea for Bert. There

HARDTACK



"You're all the time kickin' about havin' to step over me, mom!"

was nothing for him but this plodding through snow, hauling at a deerhide toboggan so that a good skipper would live to take other ships across the ocean.

There was no comfort around the campfire that night. The wind howled through the flames, stabbing steel-tipped fingers into their exhausted bodies. The men slept, shuddering and groaning in their sleep, oblivious of the small dark figure that patiently tended the fire and stacked up balsam branches and snow against the shifting wind.

There was no roasted venison the next morning to replenish the ebbing strength in their bodies.

"Won't find deer up this high," Bert told them. "The cold's driven them to low ground."

But when they had clambered slowly down to the mountain valley, there were still no signs of deer. They were hungry, and their legs were trembling with the exertion of down-climbing through the snow, and they were silent.

"We ain't hungry yet," Bert warned them. "Only thing is the skipper needs some vittles."

He plodded ahead of them in his zigzag coursing, peering at the drifts beneath the spruces. The men saw him stop suddenly, then dive headfirst into a drift. He came up covered with snow and grinning, with a partridge clutched in his hands.

"They dive into the drifts to keep warm, out of the wind," he explained. "Keep your eyes open for ice around their breather holes. There might be more of them."

But they were not able to find any more, and after Bert boiled the bird and fed the broth to the skipper, there wasn't much to go around. That afternoon Bert shot a snowshoe rabbit, and when they cooked it that night, there wasn't more than a taste for each of them. They sat around the fire, grotesque in the dancing flames. Their eyes, inflamed with snow glare, stared dully through the black patches of charred wood that Bert had made them paint around them.

"THERE'S no end to the mountains," Gus said hoarsely.

"Shucks, we ain't gone as far as the crow flies."

"As the crow flies . . ." Windell laughed to himself. "As the crow flies . . ."

"Sometimes when I'm walking I close my eyes and I can feel the snow creepin' over me. It's warmer . . . like the partridge . . ."

"Let's see them fingers," Bert said curtly. "Here, dip them in this water. Then put them under your armpits when you begin to feel them hurt."

"It gets inside of you. You feel the heat of the fire, but the cold is inside of you."

"Tomorrow we'll find a place," Bert said. "Tomorrow we'll get somewhere."

But it was tomorrow that the cold was such a soft weight, so heavy, so patient. It was so easy to fall, so easy to lie in the soft smother of the snow and no longer feel the wind and the cold. Only Bert would not let a man lie down in the soft warmth of the snow. Bert was always there to say, "What's the matter? Slip again? Here, lean on me and get up."

The hunger bloated up inside of them and they grew thirsty, but when they started to suck the snow, Bert stopped them.

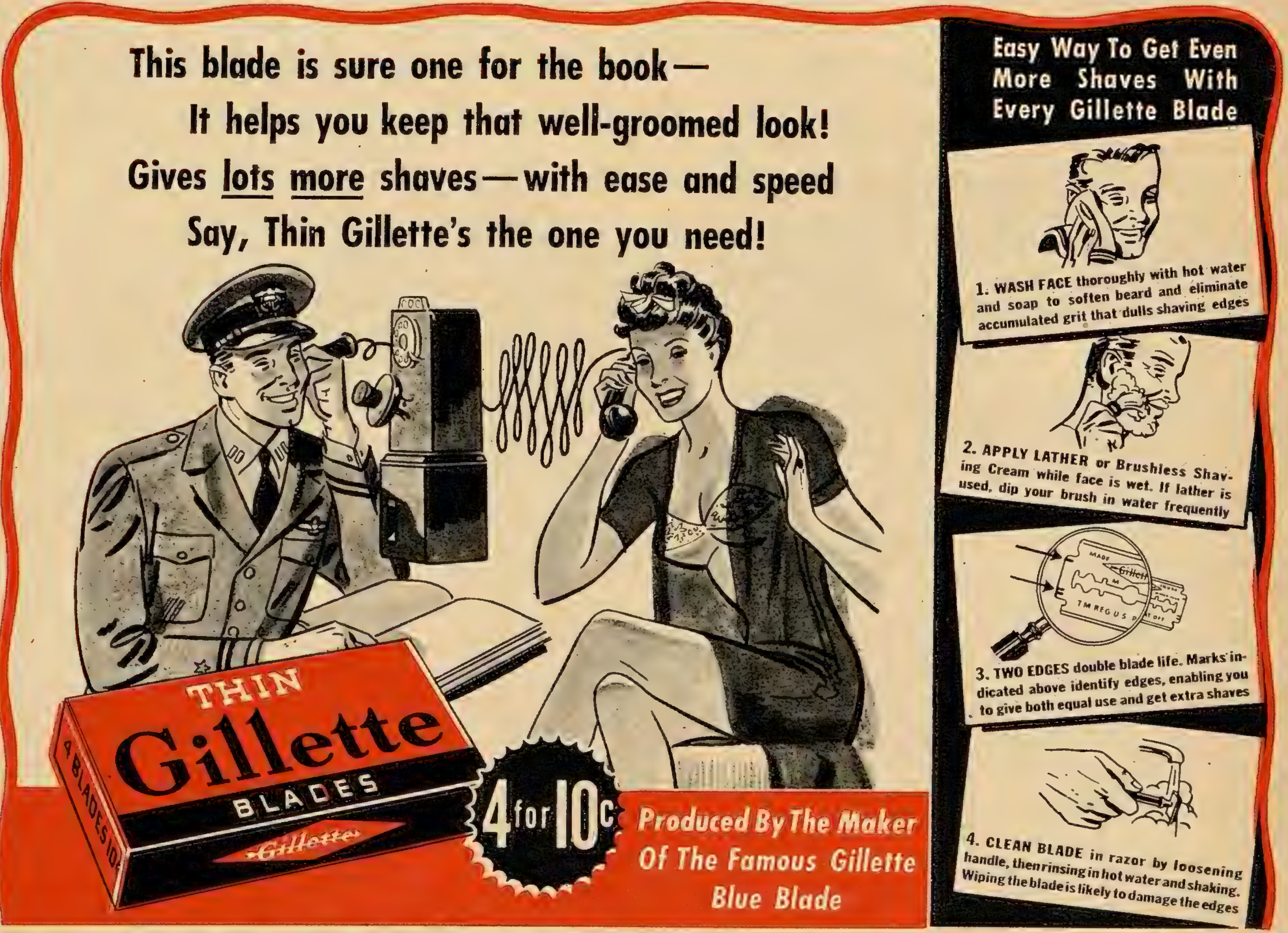
"Eatin' snow'll give you the cramps like to fold you in two," he said. "Here, I'll boil some of this down."

And every couple of hours Bert would stop and light a little fire and make birch-bark kettles and boil water. It was hot and comforting.

Around noon the sky began to cloud over, and it was a blessed relief to their eyes. Bert looked up at the sky occasionally but he did not comment. They came off the mountain onto a flat frozen swamp, and all around them the ring of mountains rose sharp green up to the clouds. No matter which way they looked, the ring of mountains was the same. But for the torn snow in back of them, they might be heading directly for the mountain they had just left.

"Wait here," Bert told them. "I'll be right back."

They nodded, not understanding, too weary to ask. They dropped to their knees around the toboggan,



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huddling together for warmth and support. When Bert returned, he said, "Come on!" abruptly, and they dragged themselves up and followed.

He did not tell them what he had found. He did not dare. They were in a beaver meadow, not a natural swamp, and he had found some old beaver houses. There were no beaver in them now. They had been trapped out. Please God, they had been trapped out and the trappers had left a trail not too many years ago.

"They're old houses," he prayed silently. "Please, God, let there be a trail."

Windell puffed up beside him.

"I don't like this," he said. "Look at those clouds."

"I did," Bert said.

"We couldn't live through a blizzard."

"No," said Bert.

There were two matches left in his matchbox.

HE found the first trail blaze on a large beech tree. It was an old scar of a blaze, almost invisible against the gray trunk. There was no trail that he could see, yet there was an imperceptible change in the woods, in the tree-branch pattern overhead, in the underbrush, as if a path had once been cleared through there. How long ago? Sometimes the pattern faded and Bert had to scout around for another blaze. When he lost the blazes, he followed the contour of the ground, the way he would have walked it, the way any trapper would have walked it if weighed down by a full pack of green pelts. Then there would be the blaze again and the undefinable change in the pattern of the woods.

Bert's heart was pounding like thunder, half hope, half fear. He did not dare say "trail" where there was nothing that their eyes could see. Only a ghost of light through the trees and a few old beaver houses where trappers may have passed and may have not.

It began to snow. The first snowflakes were thin and sharp as powdered quartz, then gradually the wind beat them together, hammering them into whirling curtains that filled the opening between the trees. The trail disappeared.

"We've got to stop!" some one called.

Bert turned around. The dark man who looked like an Indian said, "We can't go on in this snow."

"We can't stop," Bert told him. "Keep close and keep goin'. It's your turn on the toboggan."

The man stopped still, and every one else had to stop.

"Keep going . . ." the man began to laugh hysterically. "Keep going! We ain't gettin' anywhere. We're lost. That's what we are! We're lost!"

"Can't get lost if you ain't sure where you be in the first place," Bert assured him. "Better pick up those traces and get goin'."

"Who are you to give me orders!" the man shouted hoarsely. "I don't have to follow you unless I want to! And I don't want to! I'm not goin' on forever through these damned woods. I don't want to die leanin' back against a tree. I'm goin' back to the boat. You can't stop me!"

He floundered off through the drifts, flinging himself blindly against the obstacles in his path.

It mustn't happen now, Bert thought. Not now, with the light failing and the storm breaking and the matches gone. Fear was contagious. Where one broke, they might all break. And there *was* a trail. All the years of his life spent in the woods told him that there was a trail. He had to find it. He had to use every minute of daylight to find it. Their lives depended on it.

He snatched the captain's pistol from his pocket. Before the outstretched hands could reach him, he pointed the gun at the sky and shot. At the sound of the shot, the running man dropped and lay quivering.

"It's pretty hard to catch a man in the woods and smack his face," Bert said through tight lips. "Sometimes you can stop a man with the sound of a shot. Sometimes, if the lives of others depend on it, you aim a little better."

He stuck the pistol in his mackinaw pocket and walked over to the man in the snow. He helped him up, talking to him earnestly. They walked back slowly, and Bert said in an even tone:

"I guess I plumb missed that rabbit. Can't neither of us find hide nor hair. Let's go."

Big Pete opened his mouth, then clamped it shut again. The man who looked like an Indian avoided their eyes. He walked over and picked up the toboggan traces and the line moved on.

Bert pushed ahead. They had lost precious moments. It was almost dark, but they had to keep going. Their lives depended on a trail that he could only sense. They skirted a ridge, and he heard the low murmur of a brook running sluggishly beneath the choking ice. He turned them toward that, and when they hit its frozen surface he stopped and listened again and led them downstream.

IT was almost dark when the black bulk of the log bridge that crossed the brook materialized out of the snow as suddenly as an apparition. But it was real. There were three long stringers resting on the banks and a row of logs spiked into them. Bert swept the snow off the logs and dug into them with his knife. They were rotten.

"Sound as nails," he said. "Come on."

The men dragged themselves up the brook bank and onto the flatness of the logging road. It was an old logging road, filled with underbrush. It had not been used in years.

"Which way?" Big Pete asked, looking both ways along the road.

"Downstream!" Bert said, his voice choking. "Always downstream, sailor! Folks always live downstream!"

Folks had to live downstream somewhere along this old road that had not been used in years. Bert leaned against the wind, against the snow, moving forward because stopping meant death to himself and to the men he guided . . . the tenderfeet who found it tough, but took it, and kept on going, more dead than alive, because they didn't know what it meant to quit. They took it on his land better than he had taken it on their sea. . . .

It was pitch black when he smelled the first hardwood smoke. It was not real, he told himself, his heart pounding. It was a cruel trick of the storm, cursing him with hope. Then he saw the logging road dip down, widen, meet another road . . . a deep-rutted, fresh-rutted road. Ahead of them now were patches of dark square houses and bright orange rectangles of light. They started to run and holler and laugh.

THE survivors of the Anabelle staggered into the village of Three Rivers, dragging the crude toboggan behind them. They dragged themselves to the log-cabin trading post, shouting like men gone mad. Doors opened and heat rushed out and hit them, and their knees buckled under them like melted wax. Hands dragged them in out of the blizzard and leaned them against a bar, and some one called Doc Banton shouted orders in a loud distant voice. They threw more wood on the fire and stripped off their ice-caked coats, and every time one of them opened his eyes, they poured brandy down his throat, until they all opened their eyes and sat there against the bar looking at one another and grinning at some deep secret that they shared.

Bert sat drunkenly against the bar, grinning at the red-hot pinwheels exploding inside of him like the State Fair. Big Pete took another three fingers of brandy and shouted thickly:

"The jerry hasn't licked us yet! Three times down and three times up, by heaven . . . and now another ship. We'll show 'em a thing or two . . . hey, landlubber?"

Bert stopped grinning and shook his head. "You don't want a guy like me. I ain't . . . I ain't so good at navigatin'."

Big Pete threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"You think we'd ever sail again without you, landlubber? A guy that can navigate the land like you can! All you need is some pills and a lot of rum . . . and a bit of salt water in your blood."

He leaned over and made a fake pass with his huge fist at Bert's chin, but he missed, and fell sideways, with his head resting on Bert's shoulder. They sat there chuckling together at their crazy secret joke.

THE END

PATRIOTS
WITHOUT
UNIFORM

THE MINING McDANIELS

BY GRACE IGO HALL

The McDaniels examine a specimen of almost pure zinc from their "Big Four."

IF the Japs hadn't attacked Pearl Harbor, the McDaniel family could have quit mining zinc and lead. With plenty of money in the bank, they might have taken life easy.

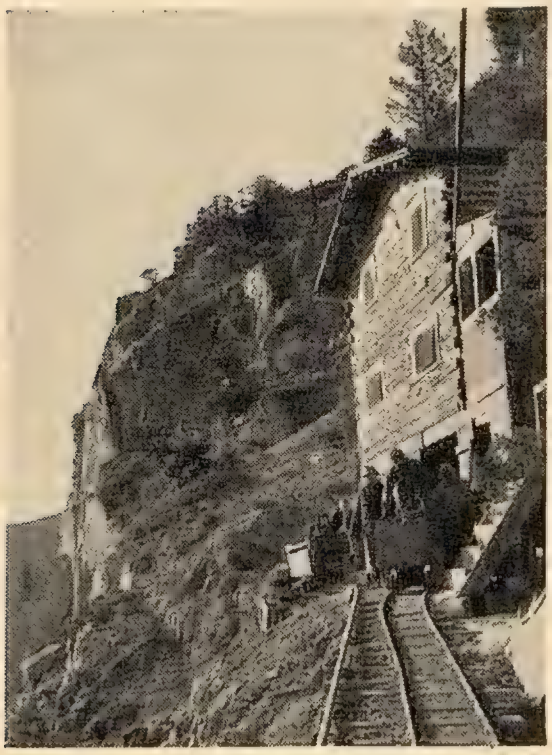
But Uncle Sam told them to stay on the job—and of course they did. Back into production went the "Big Four" mine—perched high on a mountain slope near Kremmling, Colorado.

The McDaniels are a good example of the kind of folk who in quiet and unspectacular ways are helping to win the war—and whose very lives are a testimonial for the way of life we are defending.

In 1903, Tex McDaniel, then only twenty-three, started prospecting in Arizona and California. It was healthy outdoor work and he enjoyed it. Like every prospector, he felt he'd strike it rich some day. But the years passed and there was no bonanza. Finally he gave up in despair.

Then the depression came, and Tex—by that time a family man with a wife and four children—decided to take another whirl at prospecting. The McDaniel family moved to Colorado and settled on the site they now occupy.

There was no money for a house, so they lived in a dugout on the side of Green Mountain. From sunrise to twilight every one worked. In the evening Mrs. McDaniel tutored the children. And when they had been put to bed, she and her husband studied mining engineering.



Here are their mountainside home and, under it, the entrance to their mine.

Long months of drudgery preceded the discovery, on a hot July day in 1937, of a sticky heavy black mud deposit near the main opening of the mine. The assay revealed that this mud contained 482 ounces of silver to the ton. They had struck one of the richest mines in Colorado.

From that day forward the McDaniel family worked even harder, but now they knew what they were working for. At first they took the ore from the mine in gunny sacks, which they carried on their backs down a trail eight inches wide along the precipitous face of the mountain. Later they widened the trail and used a horse to haul the ore. The horse slipped over the embankment and was killed. They finally installed a track for ore cars.

In five years, with only a little help from the outside, they took more than $100,000 worth of lead, zinc, gold, and silver from the mine. There was a day when gold was a magic word to the McDaniel family, but now they ignore the metal. "It's zinc, lead, and silver our country needs," Mrs. McDaniel says. "The gold can wait until after the war." They don't know how much more lead-zinc ore there is in the mine, but they believe it is a vast amount.

Today they live in a modern two-story log house, built two years ago on the side of Green Mountain. It overlooks the Blue River valley, where gangs of men employed by the Federal Reclamation Service are constructing a huge dam to impound water for the Colorado River-Big Thompson irrigation project.

"Big Four," once a family enterprise, is being turned into a large-scale producer for Uncle Sam. With modern machinery and hired miners working twenty-four hours a day, a mill solely for refining the ore from this property will soon be built by the government.

Besides the McDaniels, there are only twelve men working at "Big Four" now, and Tex is anxious to add to this number. He has very definite ideas about the type of miner he is looking for.

"One who can do half as much work as my wife does," he says, "and that doesn't include her swell cooking or the way she keeps the house."

THE END

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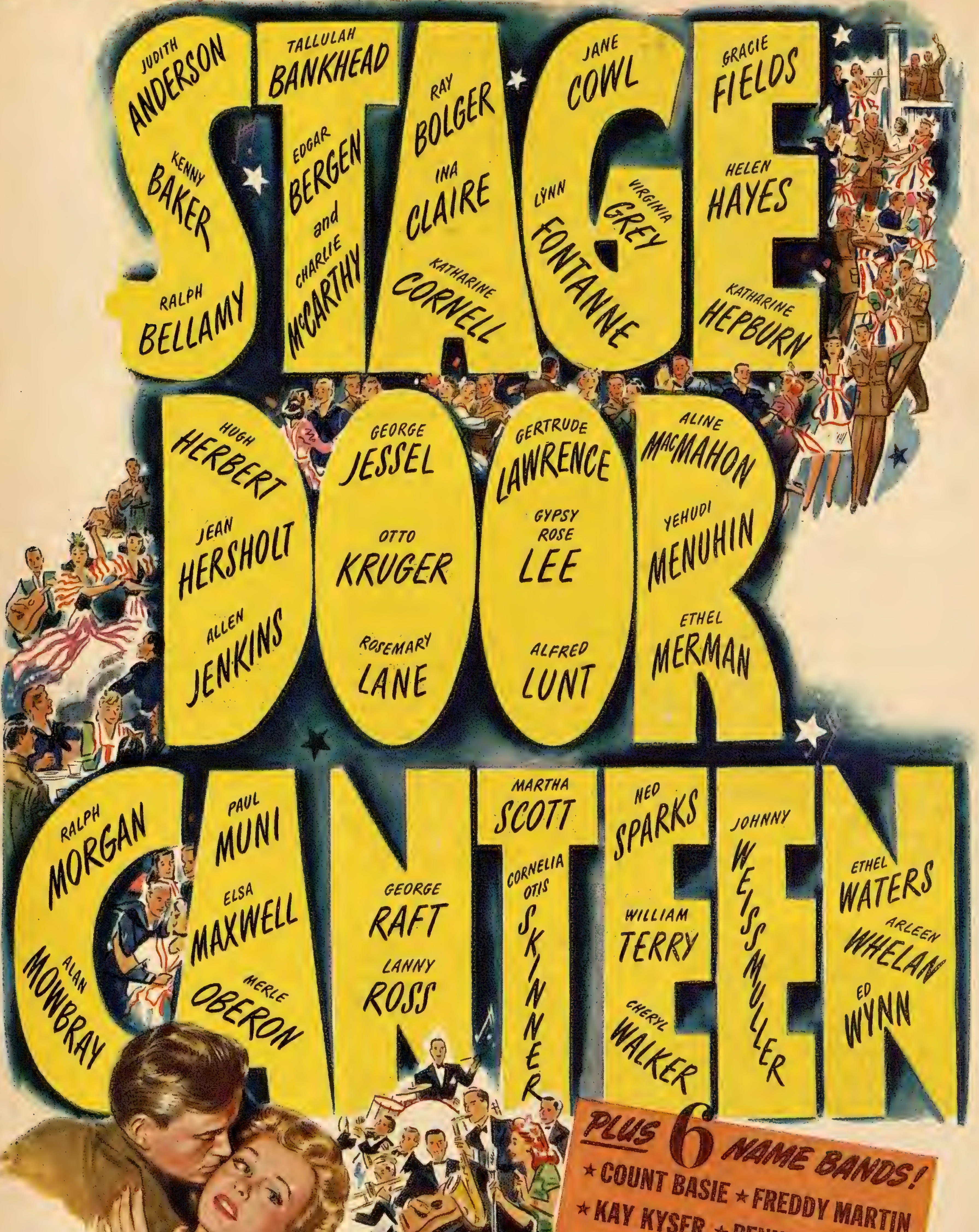

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Jane Cowl
Gracie Fields
Kenny Baker
Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy
Ray Bolger
Ina Claire
Lynn Fontanne
Virginia Grey
Helen Hayes
Ralph Bellamy
Katharine Cornell
Katharine Hepburn
Hugh Herbert
George Jessel
Gertrude Lawrence
Aline MacMahon
Jean Hersholt
Otto Kruger
Gypsy Rose Lee
Yehudi Menuhin
Allen Jenkins
Rosemary Lane
Alfred Lunt
Ethel Merman
Ralph Morgan
Paul Muni
Martha Scott
Ned Sparks
Johnny Weissmuller
Ethel Waters
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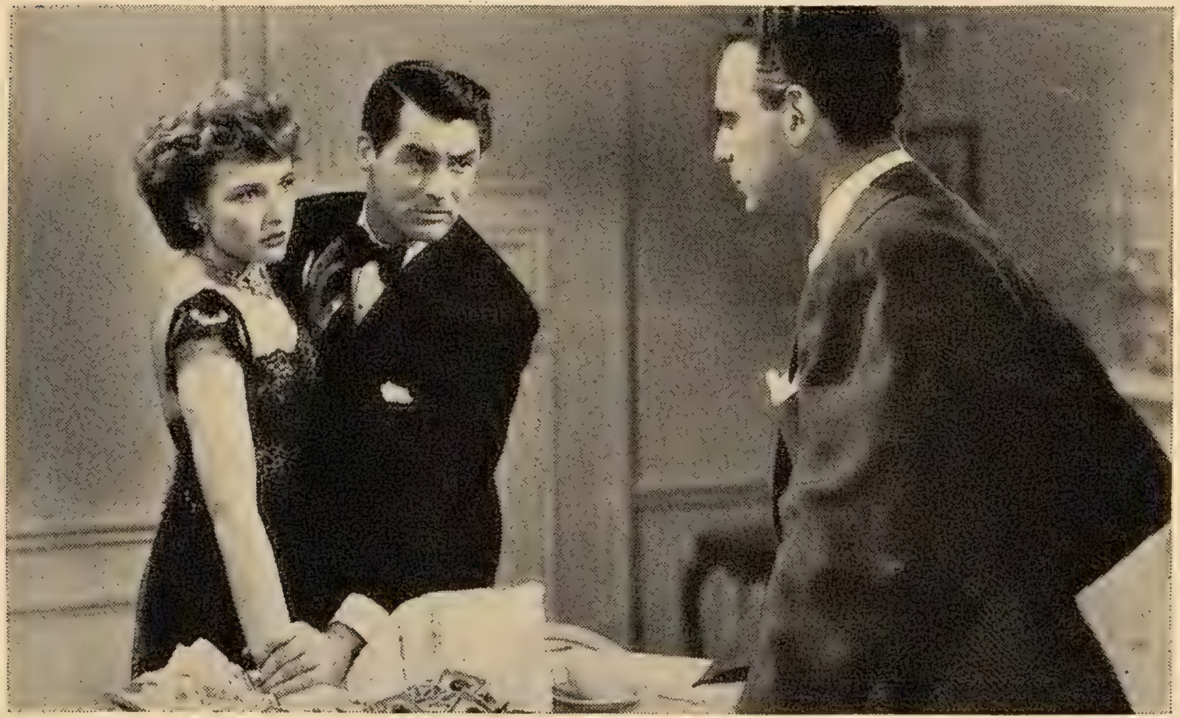
Produced by SOL LESSER
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by DELMER DAVES
A FRANK BORZAGE Production

Released thru United Artists

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Joe goes to work at War Relief and almost convinces Dorothy of his sincerity until—



She discovers Joe and his henchmen trying to steal the proceeds of the Charity Ball.

Alan Ladd and Loretta Young comfort a victim of Jap terror in this scene from China.

BY HARRIET GOULD

MR. LUCKY

(RKO)
Cary Grant, Laraine Day,
Charles Bickford, Gladys Cooper

NOW that the market is glutted with war films (a couple of dozen of which are all ringing minor changes on a single theme—Europe's resistance to the Nazis), a swing back to more escapist entertainment seems to be the order of the day in Hollywood. Production has already been halted on several war pictures, and one company is cutting down 75 per cent on straight war subjects to make way for a flood of musicals, comedies, and romantic dramas in which the war effort will get secondary emphasis.

Mr. Lucky is one of the first of this new crop, and though it goes way back to the gangster-meets-up-with-society-girl formula for its plot, it's a lively mixture of comedy and melodrama.

Cary Grant is the gangster—a smart gambler known as Joe the Greek, who has always managed to stay just within the bounds of the law. When he gets his 1-A draft card, though, Joe decides to make one last big haul before he up-anchors his gambling ship and lights out for South America. The gambling concession at a charity affair looks like the perfect set-up to him—but he doesn't count on the society girl (Laraine Day) who has organized the party to provide funds for War Relief, Inc. A neat, and novel, plot twist makes for a surprise ending to this entertaining movie.

CHINA

(Paramount)
Alan Ladd, Loretta Young,
William Bendix

PARAMOUNT seems to have been doubly motivated in producing China. It wanted to eulogize our Eastern ally, and—more important—it wanted to add to Alan Ladd's string of tough-guy-with-a-heart-of-gold roles. This merger proves unfortunate for both China and Ladd.

Ladd does his best, and Loretta Young and William Bendix give him plenty of help, but everybody bogs down in a story that is by turns melodramatic, preachy, and ridiculously frivolous—without ever achieving a note of realism.

The film exhibits bad taste more than once in its thoughtless portrayal of the suffering and courage of the Chinese people. Along with China Girl, a Gene Tierney opus that preceded it by a couple of months, China proves that there are still a lot of people in Hollywood who aren't quite convinced that the war is anything more than a vehicle for a movie star.

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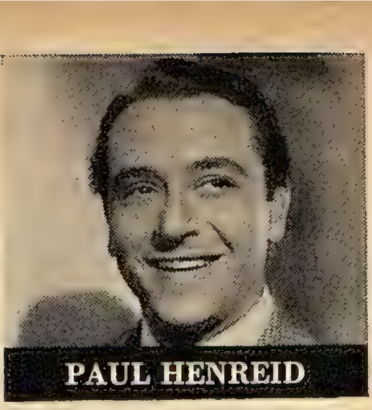
PAUL HENREID

JOAN LESLIE

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) **Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly**	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles as a French traitor to do a job behind the German lines).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY **British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox**	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) **Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson**	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	*Romantic drama* (an ambitious aviatrix, reminiscent of Amelia Earhart, is drafted by the navy for a secret mission).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) **All-star cast**	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) **Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan**	*Drama* (the Czech people unite to protect the killer of the Nazi Heydrich the Hangman).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) **Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc**	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine Technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) **Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson**	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) **Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne**	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOS (Columbia) **Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor**	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) **Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan**	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MOON IS DOWN (20th-Fox) **Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers**	*Drama* (from Steinbeck's novel and play—another film about resistance to the Nazi occupation forces).	A not too strong story about Norway's patient fight . . . fine performances save it. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) **Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea**	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy**	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) **Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak**	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

WHO OWNS THE AIR?

Continued from Page 15

with the ocean of water. In ordinary times the ocean is free. No matter what flag a ship flies, she may touch at any port without permission, provided she abides by port regulations and national tariff laws. She may steam through the English Channel, the Straits of Gibraltar, the canals of Suez and Panama. She may even ascend rivers to discharge or take on passengers and cargo far inland.

Now turn to the airplane. Is it free to travel anywhere? It is not. The International Convention for Air Navigation of 1919 made that clear in this rule, which is now part of the written law of nations: "The High Contracting Parties recognize that every Power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." What the lawyers call "the right of innocent passage" is a natural right at sea. In the air it is a privilege to be granted or withheld. Here we have an extension to whole nations of the old common-law doctrine that a man owns his land to the center of the earth and to the sky above. If that doctrine were applied to the letter, we would today have no air lines that crisscross the United States and other countries. It is, however, applied only internationally.

WHY was this old common-law doctrine grafted onto international law? One reason is the fear of war and nations' unwillingness to have pilots of foreign planes observe and possibly photograph fortifications. More information about industrial centers and strategic points can be acquired from the air in a day than could be acquired by other means in months and years, and international pilots who fly for commercial air lines in peace learn exactly where to drop bombs in war. Hence most European countries compelled foreign airplanes to follow stated courses.

Before the war there were only four permissible air lanes between France and Germany, and there was only one between France and Italy. Over its extensive mountainous northwestern, northern, and northeastern frontiers Italy provided only six lanes, and in addition barred whole areas. An airplane could enter Yugoslavia at only one Italian-controlled point on each of its seven frontiers, for the prohibited areas comprised all frontiers and penetrated inland for an average distance of thirty miles. Sweden barred flying over the entire Finnish-Swedish frontier, and the Finns over much of the Finnish-U. S. S. R. southeastern land frontier. One third of Latvia was prohibited territory. Bulgaria, Rumania, and Turkey forbade international flying over extensive areas. All the flyers who winged their way around the world before the war had

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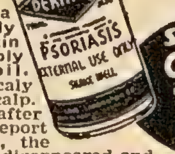

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to get their government to obtain "the right of innocent passage" over thirty or more countries—negotiations which took weeks.

For espionage, the airplane is far superior to a ship which must cast anchor in a harbor or be tied to a wharf. Hence the vast existing difference between the full freedom of the seas and the limited freedom of the plane. This difference is a symptom of a phobia which afflicts the world—a form of madness. After centuries of experimenting we achieve a conveyance that can cross oceans, mountains, deserts, whole continents. Yet no airplane can fly from one country to another without permission, because of the fear of war.

So here is our first point of departure in discussing freedom of the air. Before any such arrangement will be possible, the nations of the world must completely and permanently disarm. Only when war and the fear of war are totally abolished will nations rest easy with the skies thrown open freely to the men and planes of other nations.

We can go a step further. With freedom of the air a reality, countries with small airplane industries will probably be nervous in the same world with big industrial nations that can outbuild them many times over. Small countries will feel safe only if some sort of international control is established over aviation.

AT the international Disarmament Conference of 1932 the French clearly saw the relation of war to aerial commerce and came forth with an elaborate proposal. Military and naval aviation was to be abolished entirely. All commercial air lines were to be placed under the control not of their home governments but of international commissions. The world was to be carved into regions, each under the jurisdiction of its own International Air Transport Union. An international police force was to curb aggressors. Compulsory arbitration, the technical improvement of the airplane, the covering of deficits—everything was considered. The plan was voted down. Something like it undoubtedly will be discussed at the peace table, but with international aviation under the control of a single authority.

Suppose the plan were adopted. How would we be affected? We would have to relinquish to the international authority control over the far-flung network of bases and landing fields we are building for the prosecution of the current war—not only those abroad, which we would give up in any case, but also those on our own islands in the Atlantic and Pacific. We would have to dispense with the mighty navy we are building and, like other nations, trust for security to international fellowship and good will, policed and enforced by this new supergovernment of the world, the international air authority.

We might even have to forgo further technical development of the airplane on our own hook, and turn over to the jurisdiction of the international authority our plane and engine plants, technical staffs, research facilities, etc.

Even if America stands ready to co-operate to this complete extent, can we expect the same from other nations—Russia, Great Britain, China, the smaller countries?

Thus it can be seen that while "freedom of the air" is a very desirable goal, there are many hurdles to be crossed before we can achieve it.

We must, however, find some system of international air commerce which will prevent a repetition of the gloomy history of the years before the war when international aviation was thwarted and was the subject of diplomatic clashes.

BEATEN in the last war, the Germans were never permitted to send their commercial airplanes to North America and for a time were not permitted to enter France. When French prestige was at its height in the Balkans, the government monopoly, Air France, received important concessions from Poland and Yugoslavia. But the concessions were tightened when Germany and Poland were temporarily on friendly terms. Dutch, English, and French planes were kept out of Spain because of Franco's affiliations with Hitler and Mussolini, but German and Italian planes were admitted.

Before the Russian invasion, air traffic between Germany and the Soviet Union varied from good to bad in accordance with the relations of Hitler and Stalin. When Russia began to woo Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, air lines were promptly established between Moscow and Prague and between Odessa and Sofia. Transatlantic flying was held back for years because of the diplomatic parleys that had to be conducted between this country and Great Britain. Always reciprocal rights were demanded, which Great Britain was not always prepared to exercise within the stipulated period. The history of Pan American's extension into the Caribbean Sea is a history of British and French opposition.

We have been more liberal, yet we too were haunted by the specter of war and European economic invasion. Long before the war, Germany's giant Zeppelins plied regularly between Lakehurst and Friedrichshafen, but only because we preserved the fiction that their flights were "experimental." And the "experimental" flights were limited in number. Though our international air lines are not government monopolies, they cannot branch out in new directions without the State Department's approval. We have engaged in horse trades for landing rights in Europe, South America, and the Pacific. We seem to have no settled policy. For lack of one, the President recently appointed an interdepartmental committee to make recommendations.

What these are we do not know. The deliberations have been kept secret.

Even when a small state without military ambitions becomes of aerial importance, a hard bargain is always driven.

Sometimes the number of air schedules that can be operated in a given period is limited; sometimes foreign companies must share business and receipts with some inefficient local company. In the Near and Middle East the art of charging all that the traffic will bear has been intensively cultivated. Stops must be made for no commercial reason; nationals of the territory where landings are necessary must be employed.

Turkey permits no foreign flying over its territory. As a result, Dutch aircraft had to fly along the Persian coast on their way to the Indies, and British craft along the Arabian.

Perhaps it would be possible to get an agreement among nations to set up a limited international authority which would grant transit and landing rights directly without diplomatic jockeying or trade bargaining.

This authority could further be charged with the establishment of uniform air laws and safety and operating standards. Also, with the prevention of cutthroat competition through the granting of certificates of convenience and necessity for the opening of new air routes. In fact, it could take under its wing the regulation of many matters of international air commerce which nations are unwilling to trust to one another.

WHEN the true stratosphere plane comes—a colossus that will rise to a height of 50,000 feet and hence to a region where the weather is always the same and where head resistance is so far reduced that speeds of 500 miles an hour are possible—we may hear less of this bickering. When pilots fly out of sight, national regulations are meaningless. Countries may actually implore operators to make use of their airports simply for the sake of the business.

But the true stratosphere plane, able to circumnavigate half the globe on a single charge of fuel, is still in the blueprint stage. An immense amount of research must be conducted to give us new engines, new superchargers, new alloys, not to mention hermetically sealed cabins in which passengers will breathe air at a pressure that prevails at an altitude of no more than 10,000 feet. At present we must reckon with actualities—with planes that will incorporate military experience and that will probably rise no higher than 35,000 feet. They present problems enough.

THE END

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Continued from Page 57

person. There's just a chance that you're big enough."

She sobbed suddenly. A small lonely sound beside him in the darkness. Johnny's hand reached for hers, found it. "If you knew how much I need that small hand of yours, Tess, you wouldn't turn me away. Where I'm going I'll need your hand to hang onto. Sometimes I get scared as hell out there."

"Johnny," she said. She buried her face against his shoulder, and his arm pressed her there so hard, so tightly, she could hardly breathe.

"Stay there," he whispered huskily. "Don't ever leave me. A marriage," he said—"a marriage such as ours once was—is bigger than one mistake. These days especially, Tess, it's just got to be. Will you give it another chance?"

She knew what people would say. She knew they would accuse her of having held her husband by the oldest trick in the world. Even Catherine. Catherine might say such things. But there was a home that could be kept together. There were two children who had lost enough already. Women grew up in such times if there was any strength in them at all. They grew beyond pride and beyond selfishness. They had to.

"Of course," she said. "And, Johnny—Johnny darling, it's so good to have you home again!"

IN the morning he left. He kissed them all good-by and they were cheerful about it, called bright little jokes back and forth to one another, and the children waved and waved until the train began to move. Then Tessa reached up, and Johnny kissed her, deeply. Their eyes exchanged their love for each other.

"Time for good-by again," Johnny said. "But it won't be for long."

"I'm sure it won't be," she said, and her smile held for him, bright and steady. It wouldn't be long, because this time they were all right. This time they knew what they had that was worth working for and hanging on to, and worth any sacrifice. They had each other.

"Good-by, Tess!"

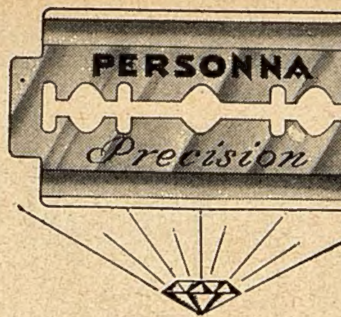
"Good-by, Johnny!"

She took each child by the hand and they turned and walked back along the platform. Johnny watched them. His heart swelled, looking at them walking away like that without a tear, without a backward glance. If that wasn't something to make a man mad enough to go out and kill anybody who stood between him and them, he didn't know what was!

"Good-by, Tess," he said again. "It won't be long." He promised that, speaking the words aloud grimly.

And then he turned and walked on back through the train.

THE END



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IN MEMORIAM

President Roosevelt, Nicholas Craw, and Mrs. Mary V. Craw; the latter receiving a Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to her husband, Col. D. T. Craw, killed in action Nov. 8, 1942.

MEMORIAL DAY is a day of tribute to the heroic dead . . . to the dead and to those they leave behind--the widows, the children, and the old folks. These are the ones who pay for war in the coin of the heart and the soul and the spirit.

What sacrifice can compare with that of the wife bereaved in the springtime of her love, her dreams and hopes gone glimmering in the crack of a sniper's rifle or the roar and flame of bursting explosive? What recompense can there be for the child whose baby fingers clutch a beribboned medal, sole memento of a dad who will never return; whose guidance and companionship will be longed for wistfully in the years to come? What comfort can there be for the parents whose son, cut off in the first flush of manhood, lies dead at the hands of his country's enemies?

For these, the toll of war is heavy indeed and is paid without let-up in black days and anguished nights. For these, the sacrifice is permanent and continuing and not to be mentioned in the same breath with gasless Sundays, food rationing, overtime work, or only three pairs of shoes a year.

We are getting deep into the war now and the price of victory mounts daily in the irreplaceable coin of our young men's lives. On this Memorial Day let us resolve again to complete the task for which these lives were given: to overthrow and destroy totally the predatory forces abroad in the world and to erect a structure of lasting peace, friendship, and dignity among nations.

Only then can our honored dead rest easily and those they leave behind find solace.

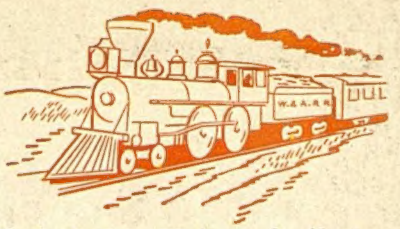
Only in the establishment of hope and justice for all men will their sacrifices find recompense.

Paul Hunter

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

since the early days of the railroad



1 THE GENERAL—built in 1858, the year America first heard of Corby's; object of a raid by Union soldiers in Georgia in 1863. The raid failed and the General is now a revered relic.

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BLENDED WHISKEY
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PEORIA - ILLINOIS
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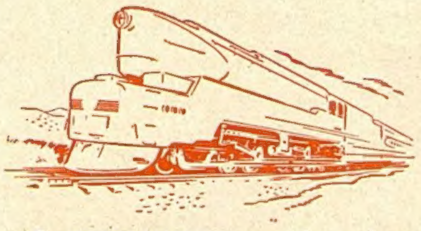
2 GOLDEN SPIKE—first railroad line to the Pacific was completed at Promontory, Utah, where the golden spike was driven in 1869. By then, Corby's had been a respected whiskey name for eleven years.

3 OLD 999—pulling the Empire State Express, 999 made 112.5 miles an hour at Crittenden, N.Y., in 1893. In those days, Corby's had been a firmly established whiskey name for 35 years.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A.—*under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

American railroads and Americans everywhere are out to win this war. The distilleries that produce Corby's are now completely devoted to war production. Supplies of Corby's are limited and your dealer may occasionally be out of this light, sociable, blended whiskey with the famous Canadian name. Do not blame him. It is due entirely to war conditions, and he may have Corby's next time you ask for it. Corby's is well worth asking for a second or even a third time. And after victory, you'll be able to get Corby's every time!

86 Proof—73.4% Grain Neutral Spirits • Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited • Peoria, Ill.



4 STREAMLINER—with trains making 80 miles an hour, railroads are today performing miracles. And Corby's, too, for 85 years a respected whiskey name, is carrying on through a fourth great war.

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